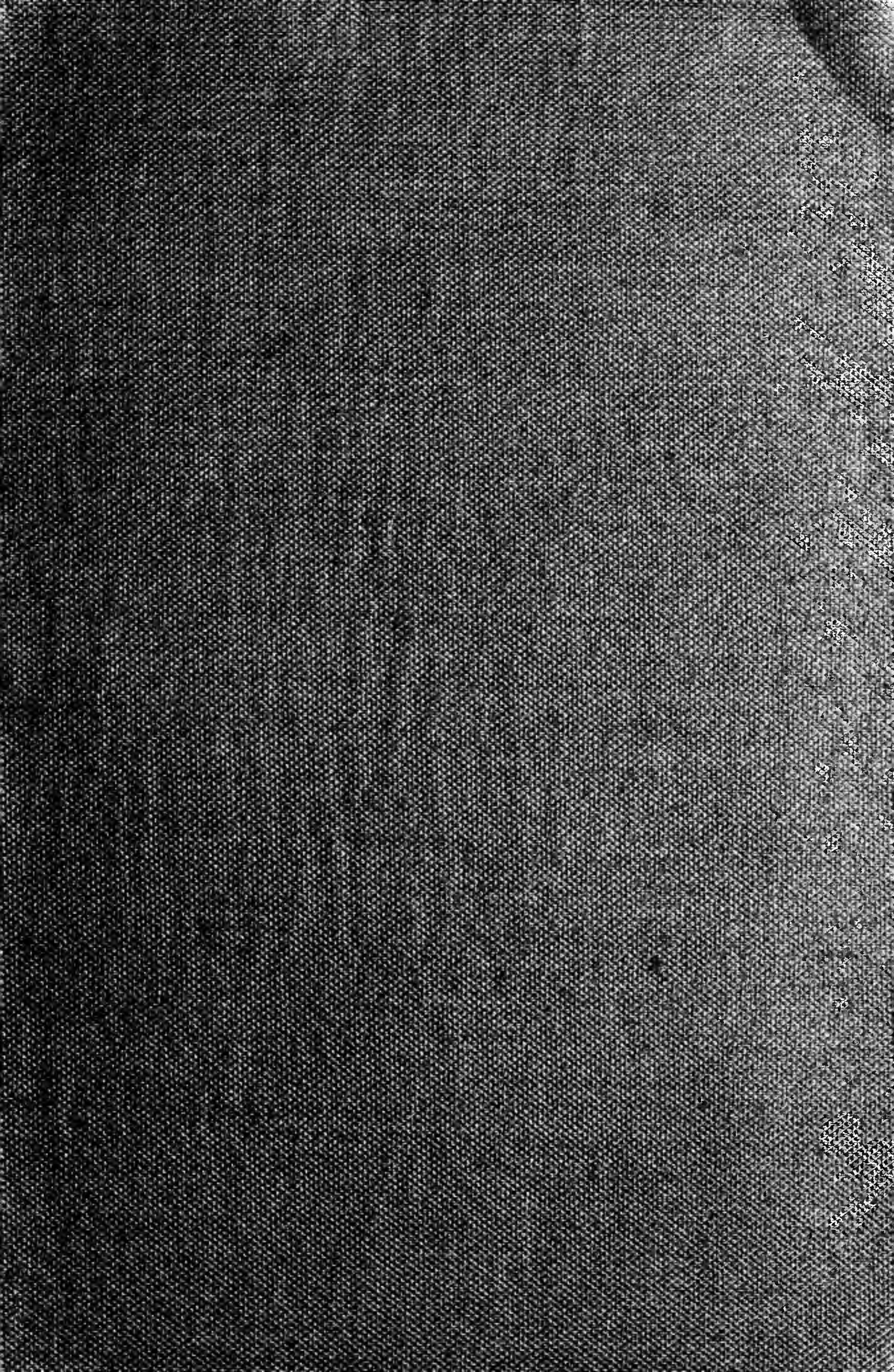
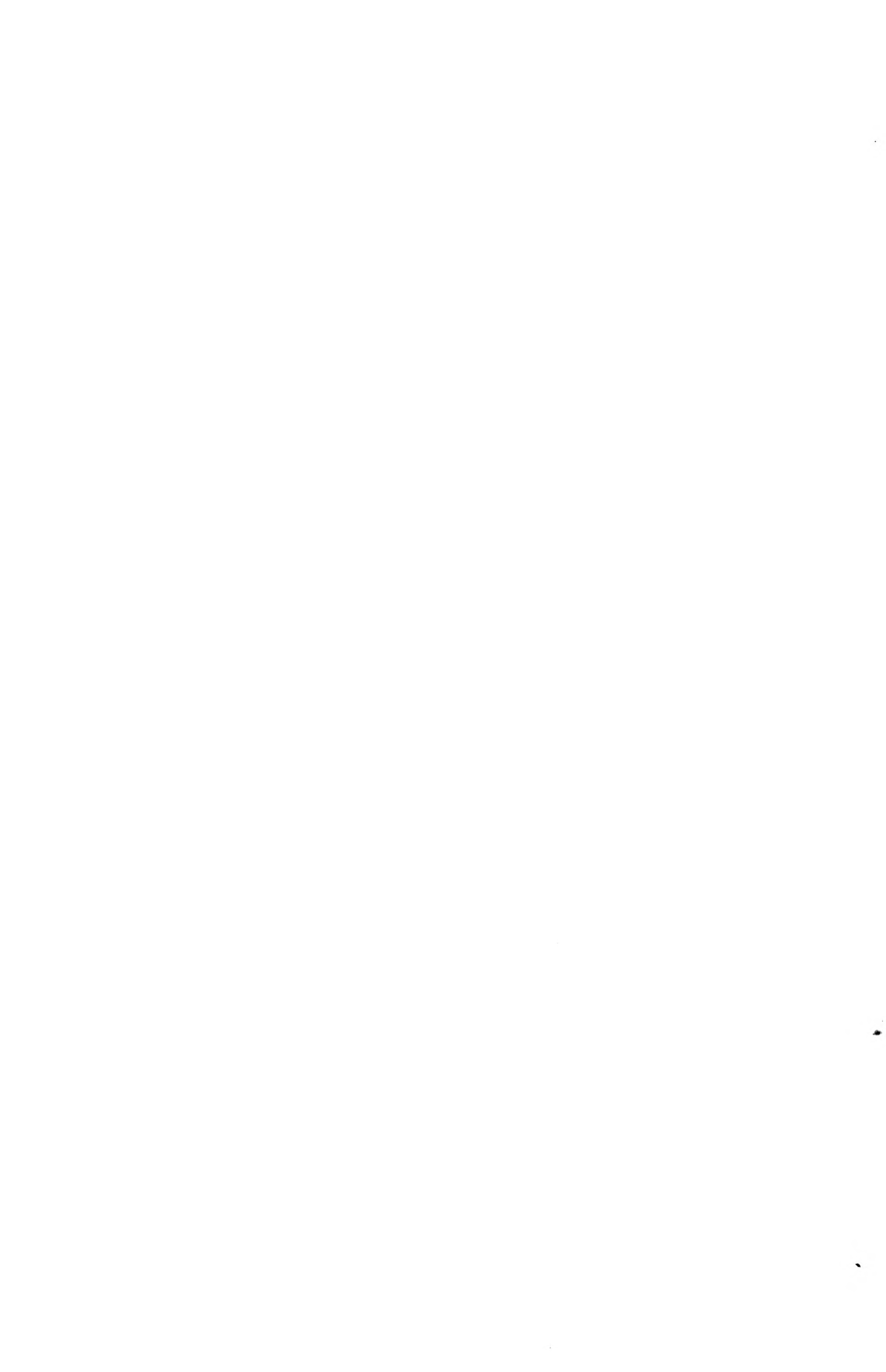
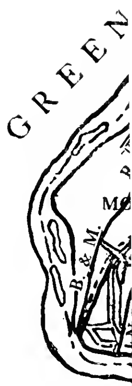
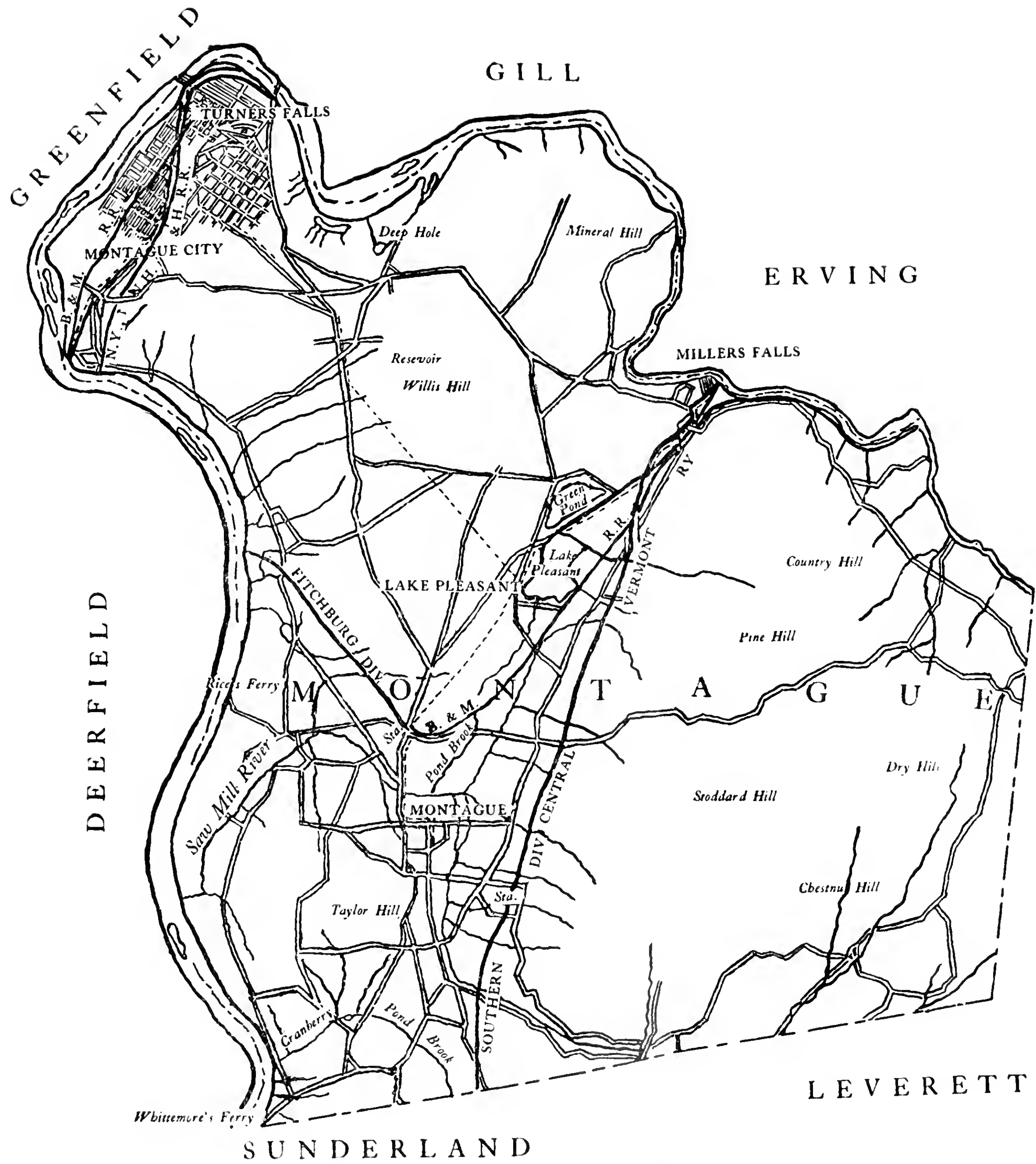




HISTORY OF MONTAGUE



DEERFIELD



GREENFIELD
GILL
TURNERS FALLS
MONTAGUE CITY
Deep Hole
Mineral Hill
ERVING
MILLERS FALLS
Reservoir
Willis Hill
Green Pond
Lake Pleasant
Country Hill
LAKE PLEASANT
FITCHBURG DIV.
VERMONT
CENTRAL
R.R.
RY
Pine Hill
WENDELL
DEERFIELD
Rice's Ferry
M O N T A G U E
B. & M.
Sta.
Pond Brook
Saw Mill River
Dry Hill
Stoddard Hill
MONTAGUE
DIV
SOUTHERN
Chestnut Hill
Taylor Hill
Cranberry
Pond
Brook
LEVERETT
Whittemore's Ferry
SUNDERLAND

HISTORY *of* MONTAGUE

A TYPICAL PURITAN TOWN

[Illustrated]

By Edward Pearson Pressey

INTRODUCTORY

By Robert P. Clapp.

Including
SHORT HAND NOTES
of CONVERSATIONS *with the* OLDEST
INHABITANTS, A.D. 1895
By Mr. Clapp

&

a HISTORY *of the* GUNN FAMILY
By Mrs. Lyman O. Gunn

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HISTORY OF MONTAGUE

Book I ✦ Invocation

THE tale of human life is enchanting. The life of a community is a beautiful, a divine mystery. In it we have the law, the orderly customs of men, which are a part of nature, akin to those laws which fix the orbits of the stars. In it we have deposits of tradition and ancient lore which spring from the subsoil of the imagination and heart of the childhood of the race. We have manlike loyalties which hold the people true to some pole-star of nationality, even to the crack of doom. We have great visions and ideals which beckon them from afar and make the work of their hands, in time if they prevail, to blossom into beauty. And finally we have in the hours of fulfillment the feasting and the song, the joyous contemplation of all the things that God and man have done amongst us.

FELLOW CITIZENS: I invite you to the feast and song, to celebrate a stage of this community's life journey, to close the books of two centuries' ideals and deeds, while the twentieth century, on fresh fields and pastures new, is dawning. A former minister in Montague, David Cronyn, was asked what salary he got. "Fifteen hundred dollars," was the reply. Surprise was expressed, whereupon he explained: "I get five hundred dollars in money and a thousand dollars in scenery." The scenery of our banquet house is superb and its walls are frescoed and tapestried with memories. I invite you to the feast of memories and traditions of folks whose names our hills and streams and

old homesteads still bear, of a once little town, so modest, in 1833, that a citizen of Worcester described it as "one of the most obscure towns on the river"; yet it was unfailingly faithful over a few things and has been entering into a large joy.

Newcomer: When you look out hereafter upon Mt. Toby I want you to see a beautiful mountain above a lovely valley; and I want you to see besides the spirits of the air and of its wooded heights, the *Mikumwess*, the little folk of the rock and the "Thunder family" which the Indian saw there. I want you to read the pretty legends of our brook banks with their 150 kinds of blossoms. I want you to see the stream of travel and traffic (of the days of Uncle Elisha Ward's gig), which once poured over our ancient turnpikes and more ancient river. I want you to sit with me around old tavern fires and listen to tales of the old time. Join with me, if you will, in a song of tender memory over old hearthstones. Dream over with me the old dreams of cities by the water, Montague City, Peskeomskut, Grout's, and the summer city by the gem of waters in the Plain. Raise with me the pæan of progress as new and larger enterprises supplant the old ones and the old ones rise newborn, Phœnix-like, out of their ashes. Sing with me then the new song of our craftsmen and school children and plowmen. And in fellowship and the fear of God let us eat, drink and be merry; for to-morrow we sleep with the fathers on the dunes above the meadows.

I have undertaken to write a town history on a new plan. Most New England town histories are things of shreds and patches, of recollections, annals and genealogies, promiscuously thrown together. I have tried to assimilate a lot of the usual material, rather than to print

haphazard every available fact. I hope the result is a *book* rather than a student's notebook. I may have failed; but that is another story. The aim is to tell the progressive development from Puritan principles of a typical New England town. If America at the end of the nineteenth century is comprehensible at all, it is in some such miniature, under some such magnifying glass as I have used. I have found an interesting plot here as in those popular novels, truth stranger than fiction. I find absorption and excitement in the problem of what, out of all these beginnings, we *shall* be, when we reach that ideal, to the promise of which two centuries have clung and towards which our little firmament still earnestly moves.

At the outset of the book your own flesh and blood greets you old town folks, as I have greeted the neophyte and the stranger and now greet you all with reverent memories. My task is to commend Puritan Democracy and the romance of its coming to a twentieth century, cosmopolitan Montague and to the general reader. Issues that live through time and overstep the bounds of race and creed, imaginations that for their beauty never grow old are the inspirations of my story, and simple facts tersely stated are its chosen substance.

I write this history because I must. When I was nine years old, Sebastian Griffin, an old man of Auburn, New Hampshire, where I lived, wrote *The Legends of Lake Massabesic*, which charmed my imagination. My distant kinsman Benjamin Chase, published a history of the noble town of Chester. And it was in those years I made up my mind to find a New England town to write about. Local traditions since then everywhere stick to my memory. I brought it up on Parker's *Londonderry*, McGregor's *Nutfield*, Morrison's *Windham*—burning the midnight oil,

when a boy, and all the world was an undiscovered country and the past was my fairyland. And when I became a college student I made annual pilgrimages to Lexington and Concord and memorized the New England poets about old places and legends. Finally I was more than half a man at Rowe, when my recreation was recovering some knowledge of the people who once lived on the site of every old cellar hole in that mountain town. The late Warren Bardwell of Montague once said to me: "When I was a young man and we got five cents to spend, we bought a glass of beer; now they take a trolley." But mine, when I got enough, was some old town history. Ten years ago I began to collect material for this history of Montague. My first installment of lore came from a conversation with Rufus Thornton about Indians. Now it has grown to these proportions with material to spare. Some day I shall have to print a second volume. Meanwhile I offer this as the first fruits of a life long interest in such things.

And one word more: I make this offering not to the antiquarian and the graybeard amongst us alone; I hope the style will interest and inspire the young especially. I invoke the new American especially as well as the old, the general reader together with the locally born. I have told the story in an orderly way with epic brevity and a keen sense of life and beauty.

I dedicate this history to the fifteen hundred school children of Montague and to their teachers.

Book II ✦ Introductory

AN ADDRESS BY ROBERT P. CLAPP, 1895

FELLOW TOWNSMEN:—It was the custom with a pious clergyman of Georgia, a gentleman of color, in the days which followed the war, to begin the exhortations to his congregation with the simple salutation, "Bredderen," immediately adding, however, "and by 'bredderen' I mean de sisteren, too, for de bredderen do embrace de sisteren." With like brevity I may greet you, to-day, well knowing that the good citizens of Montague on this occasion embrace with the arms of a generous hospitality our friends from across the peaceful river, giving a most cordial welcome to the members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

Believing, under the influence of that local pride which easily possesses us on an occasion like the present, that our town affords as attractive a place as any in the county for a "field meeting" of your venerable society, and acknowledging the honor which your presence here implies, I can but regard it as a matter of mutual regret that your visit has so long been delayed; and I am directed by the committee to impress upon your resident members at the outset the fact that Deerfield Mountain and Taylor Hill, nature's barriers against the incursion of hostile Indians in the remote past, were never intended to cut off an interchange of friendly courtesies at the present day.

Mr. President, and members of the committee, in honoring me by your invitation to speak for the old town,

though you have rather illustrated your kindness than shown evidence of good judgment, you have kindled a warm feeling in my heart. Adopted by the town of Lexington, a town whose heritage of historical treasure, though justly shared by all in the commonwealth, yes, by our whole country, is held dearest by Lexington citizens themselves, I might be thought to have renounced my earlier allegiance beneath the spell of her charms. But not so. Each succeeding year, as I return to Montague, more and more do my feelings find expression in those lines of Goldsmith, fervid with patriotic devotion to home and native land:

> Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.

The subtler charm with which the associations of boyhood invest nature in the region of one's birth is the germ from which springs love of country; and in so far as a man is unresponsive to this sentiment he lacks that element in character which sets before him an ideal involving the consideration of other than mere selfish ends. There is, I am sure, no native of Montague who will not join me in saying to her, with tender appreciation, as he wanders through these green meadows or climbs your stately hills,

> Thy shades are more tender, thy sunlight more dear
> Than descend on less privileged earth.

Your speaker to-day would have been glad to satisfy the voracious antiquarian appetite of this society, which justly demands that every town gather the minutest details of its early history, the exact age of every old house, the names of every settler and a circumstantial account of early life and manners. But such a task would have been far beyond the opportunities at his command and

contrary to express stipulation made by him when consenting to speak. Departing, then, a little from the custom which has usually prevailed, the address to-day will show less exhaustive research among the old records and will deal with the past in a somewhat general way. It will, I trust, be found of interest and profit to recall a few characteristic incidents, to contrast the old life with the new, and to see what may be the promise of the future. Such facts as have been gathered are intended merely as clues which may be of service hereafter to him who shall write a history of the town. May this work not be much longer deferred; and do you, citizens of Montague, see to it that the town records, now in a confused and dilapidated condition, with some parts missing, are speedily cast into as good shape as the services of an expert copyist can put them.

As this is a day for considering the old town we need not pay further regard to our suburbs of Turners Falls and Millers Falls than to point out what a privilege it has been for them to possess a share of our soil. Besides, we may to-day fairly indulge a spirit of mild resentment at the former of these thriving villages for having captured and carried away from us our town meeting. As one of the institutions established by the fathers, it deserves to be here now, close by the site of the first school and church, the three together symbolizing the practical sagacity, the learning, and the piety of New England.

The origin of Montague as a town carries us back in the history of this fair valley of the Connecticut *only* a hundred and forty-two years. I say *only* a hundred and forty-two years, because the date of our incorporation in 1753 is but halfway in the course of events, traced backwards to the first settlements in the valley. When the yeomen who

occupied lands within the limits of our present boundaries, accepting the provisions of the incorporating act, found themselves citizens of Montague, granddaughter of the venerable town of Hadley, they were as far distant from the early days of the grandparent as we now are from the first administration of Thomas Jefferson. Deerfield, Northfield and Sunderland also, were well advanced in years, the first bearing scars which the tomahawk had left in 1675 and 1704, and the other two rising above the perils and disasters which had thwarted their first attempts at settlement in the closing half of the seventeenth century. In the dignity, therefore, which mere years confer, Montague falls below most of her neighboring towns.

Though settled too late to share, as a town, the perilous experiences and heroic sacrifices which consecrated with blood the soil of Deerfield, Hadley, Hatfield and Northfield, Montague was ready to do her part, and more, at the first opportunity she had to acknowledge the debt which all posterity owed the heroes of Pocumtuck Valley. In the final war against the French and Indians, which began in 1755, and ended in the subjection of Canada by the English in 1760, Montague furnished more than her quota of soldiers, and we shall find that in later days of peril and disaster the fires of patriotism never burned low within her borders.

Until the outbreak of King Philip's War in 1675 the settlers throughout both Massachusetts and Plymouth had, in the main, lived on friendly terms with the natives; and though the deluge of fire and blood which swept over these two colonies at the command of Philip during the succeeding two years, the busy hand of the red man during the "woeful decade" of William and Mary's War (1688 to 1698), and the bloody raids made by the Indians and

their French allies upon the frontier in the ten years following 1703, kept life filled to the full with the discipline of grief and pain, yet the power of the savage, at the time to which our minds revert to-day, was broken, and the people in this region, save for two short periods hereafter noted, had little occasion to fear his further attacks.

When, therefore, Ebenezer Marsh began the settlement at "Hunting Hills," now Montague, by building for himself a rude cabin at the southerly foot of Taylor Hill (near the Nathan Hosmer place), in 1726 or '7, the scene enacted at "Bloody Brook," two hundred and twenty years ago to-morrow, was an event which had occurred before he was born; the fight at Turners Falls was almost as far in the background of the history of Indian warfare; and, though the horrors of the event lay clearly in his recollection, twenty-two years had elapsed since that cold December morning in 1704, when the half-starved and blood-thirsty French and Indians fell, with firebrand and tomahawk, upon Deerfield's sleeping inhabitants, while the darkness yet obscured the dawn, and led away a full third of them captives, as the flames of the burning houses lighted up the scene of pillage and murder.

The savages had not, however, yet quitted this section forever. The peace of Sunderland and Hunting Hills was never, in fact, disturbed by any serious attack, but the intermittent raids made up and down the valley, under the influence of the French, from 1722 to 1726, and again in 1744–48, were such as justly to give the inhabitants much alarm. Under the self-imposed burdens of blazing out roads in the primeval forest and clearing lands which might yield a scanty subsistence while they builded for themselves homes amid the privations of the wilderness, the settlers were unable alone to provide for their defense.

Farmers at Northfield, in the autumn of 1723, having twice been surprised and killed, or taken prisoners by bands of roving Indians, the General Court tardily made provision, the following year, for a fort called the "Block House," on the northerly side of that town. Sunderland, in the winter of 1724, sent in a complaint because men whom the government had provided the preceding summer had not appeared, the petition averring that the inhabitants had been put to great difficulties in guarding and scouting for themselves. The Court responded by ordering that nine men be posted at Sunderland for the purpose of guarding the farmers "when getting in their harvest."

Following 1726 were twenty years of comparative freedom from depredations, embracing the period during which a considerable number of farmers were building homes at Hunting Hills. Though they saw the Indian only as he roamed through the woods killing game and paddling his canoe up and down the Great River in quest of shad and salmon, prudence required that they keep themselves armed against such stragglers as they might casually encounter. Some of the houses were provided with palisades. Deacon Clapp's father, Eliphaz, who built the substantial residence now occupied by his son, on Federal street, found, rotting in the earth, the stubs of palisades which surrounded the house occupied, on the same commanding site, by Lieutenant John Clapp, common ancestor of the several families of that name still in Montague. The old house was bought by John in 1754. That enthusiastic and well-informed lover of antiquities, Mr. Jonathan Johnson, is authority for the statement that a few rods northwesterly from the barn on Dr. Shepard's place (afterwards occupied by Emery Ball) traces of a fort are discernible to-day. It was called Fort Ellis, or Allis, probably

contuckquash and Corroheagan, lying over against ye mouth of Pocomtuck river"—was nine miles from Mohawk brook (Indian name, Nepesoneag), which was taken as the boundary between Swampfield and Hadley. The line drawn east cut off a small portion of the upper end of Lake Pleasant. A map, now to be seen among the State Archives, shows that the proprietors petitioned, in 1714, for an addition to their territory three miles wide on the east. The court disallowed the petition, but confirmed the plat showing nine miles in length and four in width. In 1729 or 1730, however, a strip two miles wide was granted, making the width six miles. This, and not, as some have said, a strip lying east and west, next north of the Papacontuckquash, was the so-called Two Mile Addition.

The act creating the northerly part of Sunderland, or Hunting Hills, a separate parish or precinct, was passed June 17, 1751. The territory embraced began at the Connecticut River, twenty rods north of the mouth of Slatestone Brook (now known as Whitmore's Brook); thence ran east to the corner of the town bound—i. e., six miles;—thence north, on the town line, to the northeast corner of the town; thence on the northern boundary line, west to the river; and thence on the river to the brook first mentioned. It was, however, ordered in the same act, that the lands lying between said north line of Sunderland and Miller's River should be annexed to the Parish, "to do duty and receive privilege there." These were a part of the so-called unincorporated, or province lands. The act further directed that such portions of these lands as were then "unappropriated" be sold at public auction, the purchaser undertaking to settle ten families on the tract, build ten houses, eighteen feet

square, with seven-foot stud, and bring into condition for tillage five acres of land for each family, within three years from the sale.

Within the limits of this addition lay the Bardwell grant. It has been a pleasing tradition among the Bardwells of the present generation, that the General Court, in grateful remembrance of a service rendered by their ancestor, Robert, who settled in Hatfield, by bearing an important dispatch through to the Connecticut Valley, under circumstances of great peril, voluntarily bestowed upon him a tract of land a mile square. But alas, the cold facts of history, unearthed from the State Archives, dispel the romance of the event. It turns out that Robert Bardwell was a survivor of the Narragansett fight, which occurred in 1675; and that his grandson, Samuel, of Deerfield, the great-great-grandfather, I think, of our Warren, more than fifty years later, in 1733, petitioned for a pension! The court responded by granting to the heirs of Robert, 100 acres on the east bank of the Connecticut. Upon this tract Gideon Bardwell settled in 1761, moving over from Deerfield with an ox team, which bore his worldly goods, and his two-year old son, Samuel, the grandfather of the generation now living. The car in which the boy came was a portable wooden cupboard, divided into compartments, and pressed into service on this occasion as a sort of improvised Pullman sleeper. The infant was given the lower berth, while a pig was snugly stowed away in the upper. Gideon, we are told by his living descendants, built as his homestead the Chauncey Loveland house.

The first corporate meeting of New Parish was held July 29, 1751, in the house of Joseph Root, possibly the oldest house in town now in existence,—the present home of Spaulding Pierce; its covering boards, fastened on with

wooden pins, and the solid oak partition walls within, attest its great age. Beyond the simple record of officers chosen, the only vote recorded is, "That we will hire preaching among us." Joseph Root was chosen parish clerk; Messrs. Joseph Alvord, Eliphalet Allis and Samuel Smead, assessors; Enoch Bardwell and Ebenezer (or Ephraim) Marsh, collectors; and Samuel Bardwell, Simeon King, and three others, a committee to warn future meetings. I can find no record of another parish meeting, nor any of a town meeting previous to December, 1755.

It would be hard to name many of Montague's earliest citizens. Not until 1774 were they numerous enough to entitle the town to a separate representative to the General Court. By the original act, the new town was to join Sunderland in the choice of one. Either Ebenezer Marsh, or possibly Samuel Taylor, was the first settler, the time being about 1726. Mr. Taylor threw up a house lot granted him in that year at the south end of Hunting Hill,—the hill that now bears his name,—and received one in return situated at the northerly end, though the exchange was made in 1730 or 1731. Samuel Harvey, William Allis, Joseph Root and Nathaniel Gunn (the latter the great-grandfather of the late Elijah and Phelps Gunn) came among the earlier settlers. Nathaniel's homestead occupied the site of Edward P. Gunn's home. The latter's great-grandfather (also named Nathaniel) kept a tavern there, until some time later than the birth of his son Elihu in 1763. Being the place where wayfaring Baptist ministers always stopped, it came to be known as the Baptist tavern.

In 1745, a field on Millers Plain was divided into eighty lots, and it may be assumed that the grantees of these lots were nearly coincident with the persons then inhabiting

our territory. Among them, the only names familiar among the inhabitants of to-day are Marsh, Root, Taylor, Sawyer, Graves, Gunn, Scott, Smith, Billings, Wright and Field.

It is worth while here to note that Montague village was never formally laid out or plotted. The grouping of houses here as a center was an accidental result of the scattered locations chosen by the first settlers. Always eager to possess land, and land in abundance, the pioneers from Sunderland first occupying the south part of the township, the Meadow and Taylor Hill, spread over the eastern territory, possessing themselves of Harvey, Bald, Chestnut and Dry Hills, and pushed on even to the northern bounds. The Scotts becoming numerous as holders near the present village, this portion of the town was known as "Scotland." It was naturally selected as the site for meeting and schoolhouses, because the settlers had built on all sides of it—not especially in the central tract. The Sunderland proprietors divided a large field in Montague among themselves in 1719, into two tiers of lots, 43 in each; but these lay in the meadow west of Taylor Hill, and not, as local history says, in Montague village. In quite a different way arose the village streets in the older towns, where grants to proprietors preceded actual settlement. When Sunderland, for example, was planted, the proprietors, thirty-nine in number, laid out a broad street and plotted forty "home lots," twenty on either side, taking thirty-nine for themselves and reserving one for a minister. This seeming digression has a value for us on account of its relation to the common lands which were not finally disposed of in this town until forty or fifty years ago. Let us briefly review the situation.

The grantees of a town like Sunderland were at first

simply a land-owning community, or it may perhaps be better said, an ordinary commerical corporation, organized for the purpose of assembling families, settling a minister and getting ready for the making of a town. Of course the families brought together were usually those of the proprietors. In this work they were under the parental guidance of the General Court, represented by a special committee, and when ready to receive the gift of political rights they obtained them by further action of the court. But these rights, when conferred, belonged to them, not as proprietors of the land, but as inhabitants of the place. The land-holding community and the political community were separate and distinct bodies, capable of dealing with third parties and with each other. If a new inhabitant was admitted he must buy or trade for his land as best he could.

When, therefore, the thirty-nine proprietors in Sunderland took possession of their home lots, all the remaining territory in the plantation, including all lands in present Montague, belonged to them as undivided or common lands.

While these were the legal relations existing between proprietors and inhabitants, they were often lost sight of after a little, especially in slow growing towns, where the number of new comers was small; though in some of the older places there were contentions between the two interests, which became bitter in the extreme. Sometimes the demands of new inhabitants were satisfied by allowing them an undivided share in the common lands alone, again by setting off a specified tract in fee simple, with no further rights of division; and still again by admitting the new comer into full proprietary rights with the others, hus recognizing a sort of moral trust as to t he entire tract

of common land in favor of all the later inhabitants. The divisions of the Sunderland lands were made among the proprietors on a basis of strict equality, except that a large tract, embracing nearly all of the Two Mile Addition, divided about 1730, was apportioned according to the assessors' valuation of those who participated in the division. This was probably because the grant was made to the town or its inhabitants in their corporate capacity. It is a curious fact that allotments in certain towns were often made out of common lands according to rank, social condition and property values of the proprietors, such division being made by mutual agreement, thus showing that the Puritan fathers were not influenced by any visionary theories of equality. They had great respect for rank and official position. In Hadley a division was made on this principle, the wealthiest receiving about four times as much as the poorest; and yet we are told that "the equity of the division was never called in question." When Leverett was incorporated in 1774, the General Court ruthlessly confiscated the Sunderland proprietors' rights by providing that all common lands lying in the territory cut off should belong to the inhabitants of the new town. In the Montague act no such provision was made, but Sunderland, at a later date, generously released to the inhabitants of Montague all rights in the common lands lying within our bounds. Montague sold them from time to time for the benefit of the town treasury. In connection with the disposition of them, there appears, in 1772, one of the first recorded protests in our town against forcing the people to support the ministry. Moses Harvey and Nathaniel Gunn, Jr., the tavern keeper, in behalf of themselves and others who had embraced the Baptist faith, entered their protest in town meeting against appro-

priating money rising from the sale of common lands towards repairing the meetinghouse.

Thus we are brought back to the point from which we ought not, perhaps, to have departed—the meetinghouse. Obedient to the earliest recorded resolve, the inhabitants settled a preacher in 1752, in the person of Rev. Judah Nash, and the meetinghouse itself came into existence one or two years later. This house remained standing until 1833, when it passed away, the last visible memorial of scenes amid which the church and town life were one. A plain, two-story structure, with a belfry at one end towering above the gable, it stood north of the common, with side toward the road, on the site of Mr. Chenery's building, so long occupied by the post-office. There was an entrance at either end, one of them leading through the belfry, and another entrance in front, on the side next the street. To the right and left of this entrance led a passage way connecting with two flights of stairs which conducted to the gallery, both flights being against the front wall of the building. Opposite the main entrance, and against the rear wall, stood the pulpit, with deacons' seats railed off in front of it. From the pulpit to the easterly and westerly walls, and thence across these, save for the two end entrances, ran a row of square box pews, all of them adjacent to the walls. The body of the house, excepting the space taken by three aisles running at right angles to the pulpit side, was occupied by pews of the same description. The gallery extended along the front side, opposite the pulpit, and also across both ends. The windows you must fill in to suit your imagination. A town vote, in 1755, declares that there shall be six on the back side, two of them back of the pulpit. The pews were constructed from time to time by individuals, under restric-

tions imposed in town meeting. Four of the leading citizens were, in the same year, reimbursed for money expended for rum, being no doubt, rum dispensed among the public at the "raising" of the meetinghouse.

In 1757, that difficult and delicate task of seating the meetinghouse was entrusted to a committee of nine, divided into three sets or subcommittees. Each set was to seat the house by themselves in the first instance, and then compare notes, the committee as a whole to adjust the differences. We may imagine the fancied slights and heartburnings which the committee's work produced, however wisely they acted; Mrs. Samuel Harvey, perhaps, complaining because she had been assigned a seat inferior to that given Mrs. Lieut. Clapp, and others making similar criticisms without end. Too poor to buy a bell, the people voted to hire Lieut. Clapp's "conk" shell to be blown as a "sygnall on the Sabbath day," and it was afterwards purchased by the town for one pound and ten shillings. It exists to-day, a treasured relic, in the hands of Deacon Richard Clapp.

Going back, in imagination, say one hundred and twenty years, to some bright Sunday morning in summer, we hear the deep, harsh blasts of the shell reverberating between the hills. The villagers issue from their houses in proper order and walk with pace dignified and slow toward the house of worship, husband and wife taking the lead, the children closely following; the dwellers on the outskirts jog along the thickly wooded way on horseback, a wife or daughter often seated on a pillion behind the rider; all coming in dutiful response to the same summons. Only as a deer, frightened by the approach, here and there capers into the thicket, the brush crackling under his feet, does aught occur to break the silence which prevails along

the lonely road. Arrived at the meeting house, the women, decked out in such primitive finery as they possess, exchange greetings and gossip while they await the coming of the minister. The Rev. Mr. Nash, a little belated (for he has allowed not quite time enough to compass his circuitous route all the way from the Marsh house, opposite Lieut. Clapp's down Federal street, and across the southerly swamp road), enters and ascends the pulpit, the congregation rising out of respect for his personal worth as well as for his high office, and lastly the boys, having quit their secret wrestling in the horse shed, scuffle up the stairs to their pews in the gallery. We will not follow the long service, nor take more than a passing notice of Mr. Judah Wright, the tything man, who perambulates the aisles, seeing that everybody is an attentive listener except himself. Carrying a staff, tipped at one end, perhaps with a squirrel's tail, he thrusts it in the face of a sleeping maiden; and with the other, capped with a deer's hoof, he silences some mischief making boy. The interest in this scene for us lies in the fact that here are the town and the church all in one. Gathered as church members to-day, the men may assemble in the same place as citizens and voters on the morrow. Communion table and moderator's desk—one and the same—what unity of needs and aspirations this fact implies! A people held together by bonds of mutual sympathy and sacrifice almost as strong as the ties of family affection. In 1758, it was "voted to make good the damage sustained by the Widow Pryson by the burning of her house," and also "to make good the damage sustained by the Widow Rose by the burying of a feather bed that —— —— died on of ye small pox." Puzzling questions of administration arising, these men solved them in their own practical way, creating,

not following, precedents. Developing as a plucky, self-reliant, freedom loving people, they were quick to discern the necessity of organization to oppose the British oppression and ready to contribute treasure and men when the conflict came.

In April, 1773, the town chose its committee of correspondence, consisting of Moses Gunn, Elisha Allis, Stephen Tuttle, Judah Wright, Nathaniel Gunn, Jr., and Moses Harvey, and during the same month they sent to Boston a letter, which closed with the ringing declaration "that a criminal and scandalous inattention or indifference to our rights may be an infamy never justly charged upon us, esteeming a tame submission to slavery more infamous than slavery itself." In the following July, the fourteenth day of the month was set apart, by vote of town meeting, as a day of religious observance. Boston harbor being closed, by command of the royal government, our townsmen pledged themselves to suspend all commercial intercourse with Great Britain, and to abstain from purchasing or consuming any British wares from and after August 1.

The alarm from Lexington, where the first blood was shed, April 19, 1775, reached Northfield, and probably Montague also, on the following day. Provision for minute men had already been made as early as January of that year, and there is no occasion to doubt that a company of Montague men answered the alarm by marching at once toward the scene of conflict. [We give the roll in a later chapter.—E. P. P.]

Another company, under Capt. Robert Oliver, of Conway, who marched, as their muster roll explains, "to the releef of the Country, April 22nd, 1775," included nineteen Montague men.

Every year during the progress of the war our citizens

exerted themselves to the utmost in supplying men, clothing and provisions. In 1781, the bounty given by the town for one year of volunteer service was twenty yearling heifers. The list of Montague men who served in the war, exclusive of the minute men, numbers more than one hundred and sixty. Time's relentless scythe has spared until to-day but few own sons and daughters of the Revolution; and so it is a notable circumstance that there resides with us now a son of one who served in the army of Washington. A third son, Joel, passed away only two years ago, but the genial presence of Henry Shepard and of his brother Frank, still abides. May they continue in health and happiness for many years to come.

In 1790 Montague had one hundred and fifty houses and a population of nine hundred. We need not follow the statistics through the decades, but they are such as to show a steady and healthy growth down to the time which marked the beginning of decadence in country towns. Including Turners Falls, the first drop, I believe which the census volumes show, has occurred in the five years just closed. The inhabitants numbering 6,054, as against 6,296 in 1890.

Of Montague's industries I had proposed to speak briefly, but time passes, and the subject must be left for special treatment on another occasion. The manufacture of scythe snaths, wagons, hats, chairs, furniture, rakes and wallets, has at one time or another given to village life that diversified, healthful and interesting character so well known and appreciated in Massachusetts during the past two or three generations. If you must inquire something about the very beginnings, time may be taken to say that the first mill in this region was, in all probability, on or near the site of the present Billings mill near North

Leverett. It was already there when the committee for Swampfield in 1716 granted to Benjamin Munn and others the privileges of taking lumber on "Saw Mill Brook," they to sell "bords" to the inhabitants for twenty shillings per thousand. The grant was not to be allowed to interfere with the erection of a corn mill near by. Lying half buried in the bed of the river, just above the Billings mill, is to be seen to-day an old millstone, worn by the rush of waters almost beyond recognition. This stone, a relic of the corn mill referred to, is probably the oldest mark in existence of the hand of civilized man in Montague.

The old taverns and roads are worthy of special treatment, but time fails me now. I have here a tracing of a map of the town, made by Elisha Root in 1794, showing the main roads, the ferries, mills and taverns. Three corn mills, seven saw mills and one fulling mill are shown, the latter on or near the site of Col. Lawrence's, that many of you remember. Four taverns appear, with these locations: Gunn's (already mentioned), Kinsley's, on the west side of Main street in the village, where Mr. Martin afterwards kept; Severance's on the east side of Federal street, a little south of Dry Hill road, and Taft's (afterwards Durkee's), nearly a mile south of the mouth of Miller's river on the Northfield road. Was Martin Root's tavern, then, in 1794, abandoned? It is not shown on the map. The old sign, dated 1785, now in the Memorial hall at Deerfield, used to swing from the original Joseph Root house, already mentioned, and it is supposed to have invited the weary traveller to a good dinner and a plentiful supply of "flip" and new rum until a much later date. Martin was but thirty-two years old in 1785, and died in 1833.

The present hotel in the village was built by Col. Aretas

Ferry, about 1830. Col. Ferry is well remembered as the shrewd, affable Yankee store-keeper, who, boasting one day of his accomplishments in the trade, said that he could "do up" a pound of tea in a smaller bundle than any other man in the country. "Yes," quickly answered a customer, "and you can put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle!"

Let us now look, for a moment at the history of our schools. Prior to 1757 there was no regular schoolhouse, but each committee was expected to provide a suitable place. In that year it was voted to build a house, sixteen by eighteen feet, of hewed or sawed logs, and to put it by Ensign King's barn, near the Mill swamp, a site in the vicinity of the Amos Rugg place. The vote provided that during the winter the school be kept "in Joseph Root's corn house;" but this seems to have provoked serious opposition, for at a later meeting in the same month, the town declared that the school should be at the house of Widow Smith, till the committee could provide a more suitable place. In the winter of 1758, the record shows a vote to provide the "stuff" for the schoolhouse which it was "in order to build next spring." This is what you taxpayers have to do on occasion at the present day; but the "stuff" contemplated in the old vote may have been the material for the house rather than the funds with which to supply them. The town appears not to have built the proposed house, but to have bought from John Scott, in 1759, a dwelling house, which was put to school uses. Its location is not known. This building the town voted, in 1762, to move to the south of John Gunn's land. It appears to have been burned during that year, for, in a petition to the General Court by the towns of Sunderland and Montague, in May, 1763, asking for the remission of a fine of ten pounds laid upon them for not sending a repre-

sentative the previous year, the excuse alleged was that their numbers were small and their public charges large, "besides which, they had had the misfortune to have two schoolhouses consumed by fire." The petition was granted.

About forty years ago the workers on the highway dug up, near the present fence on the easterly side of the common, and midway between the brick church and Mrs. Hollis Chenery's, some brick which mark the location of what those now living remember as the "old schoolhouse." Either this building, or its immediate predecessor, was built in 1766. The town vote provided for a building eighteen by seventeen, and directed that it be placed next to Deacon Gunn's fence, about eleven rods southeasterly of the meetinghouse. Measuring from where the meetinghouse then stood, you will reach the site just described. Mrs. Louisa Root (born Rowe), whose memory well preserved, goes back to about 1816, attended school there, the first teacher whom she remembers being Mr., afterwards Rev., Durfee. The house was moved to the westerly side of Main street, to a lot lying between Joseph Clapp's and Henry Morse's house, where it stood till 1842. Abandoned in that year, it was separated into halves and sold, one of which halves stands to-day down the "Lane," incorporated into the house occupied by Everett Scott.

Prior to the division of the town into school districts the winter school was kept at the Centre, but in order to satisfy the demands of different localities, the summer term was shifted from place to place.

To Asahel Gunn's wife is due the honor of being the first teacher mentioned in the records, the entry being in 1755. Joseph Root, Moses Gunn, Jr., and Aaron Esta-

brooke were among her successors, they receiving from thirty to forty shillings a month for their services.

In 1764 every person was ordered to send wood to the schoolhouse and pile it where the master should direct, neglecting which his children should be sent home. This primitive custom continued well into the present century. What penalty was imposed, do you ask, for not complying with this regulation? None at all, except the restraints of public sentiment, for any one who refused to send his share of wood was considered as exhibiting the extremity of meanness. A former inhabitant of Federal street, refusing to do so on the ground that the school was not in the center of the district, the older ones at the school would not let his boys come near the fire.

Crude, indeed, must have been the schools kept here down to, and even later than 1800—deficient in appeal to the reasoning faculties, in sentiment, and often in refinement; deficient, in fact, in pretty much everything except earnestness and high moral purpose on the part of the teacher; and but scanty funds were furnished for their support. But in proportion to the resources of the time, the little that was done bears testimony as creditable to the fathers as that which the liberal appropriations to-day bears to the sons. From the day when a majority demanded better accommodations than could be afforded by Joseph Root's cornhouse, the tendency has been ever upward, until now, when whatever is asked for is cheerfully given.

The "little red schoolhouse" you hold in affectionate remembrance, not only as a symbol of the importance attached to education in American life, but as a reminder of what the common school has done for New England character. We hear much about improvements in educa-

PARSONAGE ON FEDERAL STREET 1753.

tional methods, and speak of the advances made during the past and present generations. They have, indeed, been substantial; but in one respect, perhaps, there has been a loss. The new system, following the tendency everywhere manifest to aggregation, combination and operations conducted upon a large scale, is inevitable—at least in the more populous towns. In no other way can the large numbers of pupils be taught with due regard to economy. Grading, classification, and, to a certain extent, instruction in different branches by teachers assigned to them alone, become a necessity as a matter of mere administration. By these changes the quality of instruction has been vastly improved, and pupils have in many ways received a better education than that obtained in the district. But these schools possessed, at least, one virtue which should be carefully noted when the old ideals are sought to be replaced by the new. The centralized school of to-day turns out children with larger and more diversified attainments; its graduates have fivefold the knowledge of history, geography and natural science that one obtained at school half a century ago; but it is to be feared that they are more in need of praying that their knowledge may ripen into wisdom. Less in mental and moral contact with an individual teacher, and held throughout the course in the iron vice of a system designed for ordinary and usual needs common to all scholars, they leave school with corners well rounded and special aptitudes undeveloped, better *average* graduates; but has the school-trained youth of to-day, to the same degree as of old, the elements in him of the strong, self-reliant man, one on whom may worthily fall the mantle of his father as a public-spirited citizen, devoted to the welfare of the town and state? If not, let us see to it that, so far as public instruction is con-

cerned, no blame can be laid to its door. The direct, constant presence in the olden times of a single master or dame, exercising the moral influence of his or her individual mind and studying, as occasion offered, the characteristics of each pupil, impressed the mind and moulded character in a manner never to be equalled by methods, apart from personality. The good, strong men and women, many of them natives of this town, who so instructed our youths in the days of district and select schools, would make a noble list; and there lives to-day in your memory some to whom you owe a debt of deepest gratitude.

The subject of Montague's schools should not be dismissed without mention of the valuable and devoted service given in their behalf for more than a quarter of a century by one who is here to-day. His modesty appeals for the suppression of his name, but in obedience to the higher demands of the historical record I shall give it. Your recent school reports show that, under the present committee, of which he continues chairman in virtue of his capacity and experience, the ever present and legitimate demand for advance and innovation shall never be allowed to make of the elementary school anything else than training grounds, where the mind and heart may be put to the development of what is highest and noblest in them. If there be any short cut to the honest acquisition of a fortune, or if people shall persist in placing riches above character, instruction in the means to be employed must be sought after school life has ended, and against the influence of its counsels. May the schools of Montague always have the guiding hand of so devoted a friend as Seymour Rockwell.

An institution that occupied a conspicuous place in this town from 1835 to late in the "fifties," was the village de-

bating club, or lyceum, which did much to furnish wholesome amusement, and to quicken intellectual activity. Though common to many towns, this kind of an organization probably never received a more generous support, or produced better results, in any place having as small a population. In the winter of 1834–35, Samuel Bardwell, his brother Warren, Erastus P. Gunn, Moses Root and Elihu Gunn met and organized, the first named being chosen president. Others immediately joined; and that perennial question, whether capital punishment should be abolished, received its first public discussion in this town, Erastus and Elihu Gunn leading the debate. Many times during the existence of the society its members, young and old, wrestled with the same question, and once, if we may believe Mr. Gustavus Bissell, with disastrous results. Samuel Bardwell, having undertaken to demonstrate the futility and barbarity of this method of punishment, Mr. Bissell retorted that the speaker, with strange inconsistency, had hung himself, and that he need do nothing further—by way of reply to his opponent—than to let him swing!

In changing hands the lyceum flourished until near the outbreak of the war. During a greater part of the time, it should be remembered, the active participants were mature members of the community, as well as young men not yet beyond the "select" school. The ministers, Merrill, Bradford and Elder Andrews, will be remembered as among the leaders; and also those gifted school-teachers, Cephas Brigham and Charles A. Richardson. In the later days, John and Seymour Rockwell, H. B. Gunn and Emery P. Andrews may be mentioned as among those who worthily maintained the spirit and work of the institution. A regular feature with which you associate the

pleasantest recollections was a manuscript newspaper, strongly flavored with wit, and unsparing in criticisms of local abuses or personal foibles. Of the graduates of this training school, himself a Montague boy, fostered in her district schools, is one whose name is high on the honor roll of public service in an adjoining state. Hon. Charles B. Andrews, justice of the supreme court of Connecticut, formerly governor of the same state, achieved his first triumph by becoming a leader on the floor of the Connecticut house of representatives, where he exhibited with commanding influence those intellectual gifts—a ready wit and incisive logic—which were exercised and developed here in the gymnastics of local debate.

The "B. D. C." (Blys' Debating Club) composed exclusively of boys in the high school, and maintained for several years between 1870 and 1880, deserves recognition as among our past educational influences, but time forbids more than a passing mention of it. Rev. William Dugan, Edgar Bartlett, Merritt Holton, Francis A. Rugg, Frank Desmond and R. P. Clapp were of the leading members.

Some incidents of a political nature, occurring during the anti-slavery agitation, may be recorded before passing out of memory. In 1840, when the rallying cry of the Whigs was "Protection," there was held here, in the interest of their party, a mass meeting to which delegations came from the surrounding towns. "Uncle" Avery Clapp, as a suggestion for their consideration, posted on the fence opposite the old town hall, a picture drawn by himself, representing some negro slaves writhing under the lash of their master, and printed in bold letters underneath the picture, the word "Protection!" An attendant at the meeting tells me to-day that no speech on that occasion

so much impressed him or influenced his future political action, as the mute appeal of that picture. He became at once an earnest advocate of abolition. In 1844, Montague cast three votes for James G. Birney, the presidential candidate of the Liberty party, by the hands, I am told, of Elijah Gunn, Joshua Marsh, Jr., and Samuel D. Bardwell. In 1848, the Free Soilers held the balance of power in town; and after the regular November meeting, which resulted in no election, succeeded in sending their candidate, Joseph Clapp, to the legislature. Alpheus Moore, also of that party, was elected the following year and held the office two years successively. A joint debate in the town hall, between Mr. Moore and Sanford Goddard, on the principles of the Free Soil party, will be recalled as an important local event in 1848, the former championing the new cause. The question was decided by the audience on the merits of the debate, overwhelmingly in his favor. In the debates of this period, which occurred among the attendants at village stores, feeling sometimes ran high. Joshua Marsh and Kendall Abbott were the most outspoken of those declaring for immediate emancipation. Finding himself hard pressed in an argument with one of them, Dr. Shepard exclaimed, in a burst of sarcasm, "Well, when the Lord sees fit to liberate the slaves, he will do so without calling on Josh. Marsh or Kendall Abbott!"

As this sketch does not profess completeness, it cannot deal with the old military companies, the "Floodwoods" and their successors, the "Franklin Guards," the latter under the command of Thomas Lord, the popular landlord, of splendid physique, fine address and pleasing manners. Nor can we more than mention the annual training day in May, when the "Guards" successively under the

captaincy of Mr. Lord, Calvin Hunter, Carver Clary and Lucien H. Stone displayed their skill in manœuvres; the official programme followed always by an impromptu game of round ball, a bout of good-natured wrestling among the boys, including sometimes the schoolmaster, and finally a knock-down fight between rival toughs, to decide some long-mooted question of superiority. The days of rough practical joking were ended by the founding and development of the library. To Miss Bailey was due great credit for her successful work in introducing this auxiliary educational factor, which has done a vast deal in this village by supplanting rusticity, coarseness and vulgarity with refinement and taste.

A notable figure in Montague's earlier days was Dr. Henry Wells, who came here from Brattleboro in 1781. A gentleman "of the old school," he was noted for his high character and public spirit. His reputation as a physician was such as to make his services in demand throughout a much wider area than this town or county. The memory of his useful life is cherished by his descendants, the Rowes, who are of our inhabitants to-day.

Jonathan Hartwell, the first lawyer in Montague, although not a man of brilliant parts, was a man of strong common sense and sterling worth. He was postmaster for, I think, nearly forty years, and represented the town in the legislature year after year.

Among those from Montague who have sat in the State senate, may be mentioned Elder Erastus Andrews, Sanford Goddard, J. H. Root and Joseph F. Bartlett. Clapp Wells is well remembered as a high sheriff in the county, and the latest of Montague's citizens to serve in this capacity, keeping faithful guard over the criminals which *other* towns furnish, is Isaac Chenery.

When Mrs. Andrews was laid to rest from this village a few years since, a last tribute of filial affection was paid by a galaxy of sons of whom any mother or town might be proud. One of these has already been mentioned. His brother E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Brown University, has achieved a no less distinguished career.

Montague's record in the Civil War is creditable indeed. By the close of 1862 the town had paid $4,500 in bounties to forty-five volunteers. We were ahead of our quota for the first two years, and also at the end of the war. The total number of soldiers furnished was nearly one hundred and fifty, out of whom twenty-three lost their lives in the service. The spark of military genius was touched, not in a son of Montague, but in one born in the older town down the valley. As the graves, however, of those twenty-three fallen heroes, and of their comrades who have since joined them, are decorated here from year to year by the slowly diminishing band of veterans, the memory of their sacrifices just as worthily touches the cords of gratitude in your hearts, and renews the fountains of feeling which impel to unselfish deeds, as the brighter fame of that gifted commander whose courage and devotion to country were lately honored in the town of Hadley, General Joseph Hooker.

This community mourns to-day the loss of two of her prominent and honored citizens—Thaxter Shaw and R. N. Oakman. Neither was a native of Montague, but both were long identified with her interests. Mr. Shaw settled here in 1861. Mr. Oakman came in 1846. Beginning in that year he served our schools either as teacher or committeeman for nineteen years, and his labors in behalf of the town's interests were given as a member of the board of selectmen for more than twenty-five years. His life,

spared until a ripe old age, was filled with public service well performed.

It has been customary to close an address of this kind by a worshipful appeal to the work and character of the fathers as ideals ever to be followed, confidently predicting that fidelity to their example will enable the present and succeeding generations in some way to solve every problem, which, under new social and industrial conditions, may arise; but the judicial and philosophical spirit, which has only lately characterized study of the founders of New England, compels us to admit the fact that along with recognition of their virtues, must go condemnation of grave faults. The argument by historians of generally accepted authority that the Puritans acted wisely according to the standard and light of their time, cannot be accepted as an excuse for bigotry and persecution; and the reasoning will some day come to be regarded (if it is not already) as a species of special pleading or sophistry which must be condemned none the less because it has sprung from generous sentiments of loyalty and filial affection.

On a panel set in one of the gateways at the World's Fair was written: "Toleration in Religion the best fruit of the last 400 years." Was the sentiment prematurely declared? Toleration has not, indeed, been fully realized, but the world moves; and the principle of freedom of conscience, coupled with absolute equality before the law, which Massachusetts once allowed to pass from her borders to be established in Baptist Rhode Island and Catholic Maryland, is now too firmly rooted here to be overthrown by any society or class of men.

As illustrating the progress we have made in this town in the best fruit of civilization, reference may properly be made to an event which occurred here more than fifty

years ago. The participators are gone, and from their children, also, the old animosities have passed completely away. The event should be forgotten but for the lesson it teaches. Public feeling was not more highly excited in 1861 than it was in 1833, when the old meetinghouse ceased to be. So great was the bitterness manifested by the respective parties with regard to possession of the church property, that the conservatives, in order to make sure that it would never fall into the hands of the radicals, turned out one day with axes and crowbars, and, under the lead of one of the deacons, razed the house to the ground. These times are past and we to-day rejoice in the union of Christian friendship and charity. But our duty to education and to the State will not have been performed, unless we allow to others what we demand for ourselves—absolute freedom of conscience—and proscribe no man of whatever race or creed for his opinions so long as he is a loyal citizen of the republic.

The State demands of her sons to-day broader views and sympathies, and a greater degree of moral courage than in the old days when the communities which formed towns and commonwealth were a homogeneous people possessing practically the same needs and desires; and it may be said that the highest type of patriotism partaking less and less of the instinct of self-preservation, is a nobler and more unselfish sentiment to-day than ever before in our history.

Along the banks of the abandoned canal this side of Turners Falls the delicate forget-me-nots silently appeal for some recognition of the old boating days on the river, when barges laden with West India goods and manufactured articles were pulled up the river by the rum-soaked boatmen; leaving Montague's supplies at Bardwell's Landing, and taking thence on the return her produce to market.

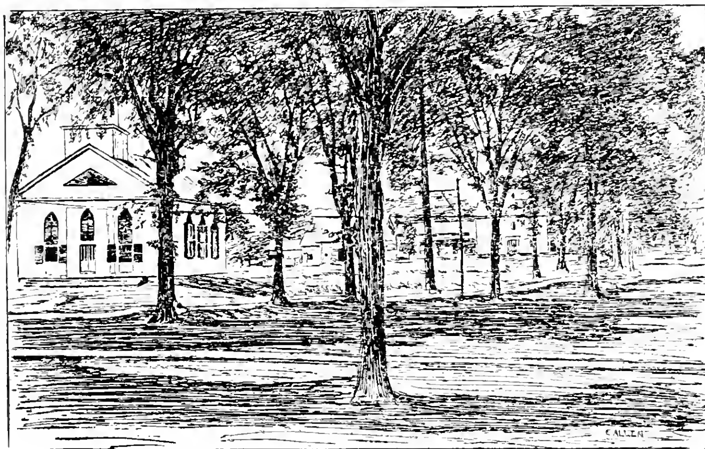
The traffic through the canal and the busy handling of merchandise at Adams Landing were such as to justify for the locality choice of the name which now seems only an ironical designation—Montague City. The recent run by a young man on his bicycle from Brooklyn, N. Y., to his home in Turners Falls, 197 miles, within twenty hours, was a notable feat, but not more notable than a task often performed by Joseph Day, back in the "twenties," when he used to walk from Montague to Hartford, more than fifty miles, between sunrise and sunset, so as to be ready to start back with a boat on the following morning. The railroad, opened through to Boston in 1848, marked the closing days of the old epoch. The modern era of fierce industrial competition then began. This competition growing sharper and sharper with the perfection of travelling facilities and mechanical inventions, no one knows how it will end.

The drift of rural population to the towns and the migration of both people and industry from towns to cities have seemed to subject the country districts to decay; but a loss in population means not necessarily a loss in the elements of political strength and purity. The rising tide of surplus population in the cities, making municipal government more difficult and aggravating the dangers of poverty and crime, must, it would seem, turn back toward the country. Something in the way of an additional countervailing influence may be expected from the extending of improvements, the electric railway among others, which will make it easier to live in the country and be in communication with the larger centers of trade and industry.

It becomes, therefore, the duty of the farmers and tradesmen to work together in a spirit of liberality for the intro-

duction of improvements. Whatever makes the village more attractive, more comfortable as a place of residence—better roads, better lighted streets, a good water supply—should be welcomed, to the end that there may be brought to the side of the farmer and villager something of the attractions which now entice people away. Here are the wellsprings of a pure, peaceful life on the native heath, amid influences which mould and develop character.

Though the functions of the State will be more and more extended, the institution of private property will not be abandoned, the stimulus to individual effort and ambition which that alone can give will remain, and there will be no other means of individual progress than hard, self-reliant toil. At this point, we may well go back for inspiration to the labors and sacrifices of the fathers, remembering with Stevenson, that however many hilltops we may reach in life, the El Dorado lies always beyond; that "it is a better thing to travel hopefully than to arrive, and that the true success is to labor."



Book III ✦ The First Inhabitants

BIRD TRACK RECORDS

PLINY MOODY, a farm boy of South Hadley, in 1802, plowed up a layer of sandstone containing as it seemed the footprints of some great bird. He took them to Dr. Dwight. The doctors were the scientists of those days. In the doctor's office where they lay for some time a few people noticed them. They were called the "tracks of Noah's raven." Everything ancient was referred to some Biblical period in those days. The matter was soon forgotten.

In 1835, flagstones were quarried along the Connecticut river in Montague and North Sunderland. Dexter Marsh, a native of Montague, whose work it was to lay the flags for a sidewalk on Clay hill, Greenfield, was fancy-struck by curious marks recurring again and again. He began to form a theory about them. When he came upon a stone with such marks, he laid it aside. And so he made quite a collection. He told Dr. James Dean about them. The doctor was well-read in science, while Marsh had been too poor as a boy to get a common school education. Dean agreed that they were "bird tracks." But how they could be, Dean knew no more than did Dexter Marsh. Science was up against a brand-new fact in nature, hitherto undreamed of. William Wilson, the sidewalk contractor, to whom Marsh had first broached his discovery called them "turkey tracks," and let it go at that. But Dr. Dean dispatched a message to Professor Hitchcock, the

geologist of Amherst College. Hitchcock replied, saying that they could not be bird tracks, as there was no animal life on the earth when those rocks were formed. Dr. Dean knew that Professor Hitchcock was wrong; that Marsh was right; that in spite of theories these were unmistakably some kind of footprints in the solid rock. So he made a cast of some of the tracks and sent it to Amherst. Upon receiving that, Professor Hitchcock lost no time in getting up to Dexter Marsh's house and rock-pile. He was doubtless all a tremble, knowing that all theories of the antiquity of life on the earth were about to be upset. He was convinced that these were the tracks of some three-toed bird. But he was partly mistaken.

Dr. Dean kept thinking about the tracks and writing down his observations. Dexter Marsh kept hammering away at the Connecticut river ledges from Vermont to Connecticut whenever he had a holiday; and said nothing. Little, Brown & Co. of Boston in 1861 published posthumously Dean's handsomely illustrated work, *Ichnographs from the Sandstone of the Connecticut Valley*, in which he modified his first conclusion that they were bird tracks. Dexter Marsh collected the most valuable lot of the tracks ever gathered, and for years it formed one of the two principal entertainments for strangers visiting Greenfield.

Professor Hitchcock kept thinking and observing too. Whenever there was an auction in the valley, he would induce the auctioneer to put up the door rock of any old place, last, to the highest bidder. People tapped their foreheads, for they thought him crazy. But he always got the door rock. In this way he got a lot of ready-quarried "bird tracks," in his own way, as Dexter Marsh had in his more laborious way. The professor, having

carted off his door rock, would pry its layers apart and many times would be rewarded with a harvest of the coveted "ichnographs." In 1858 he published his book on *Ichnology*, or the science of bird track records. Besides his published works he left a collection of 20,000 tracks to Amherst College and another lot to Yale. He studied the subject closely for twenty-three years. He described 119 species of animals that had left tracks in the rocks of our valley. They include birds, lizards, fishes and insects.

There are all sizes of tracks and those of both three- and five-toed creatures. The largest ones (some twenty inches long, and generally three toed), were for years the greatest puzzle. Professor Hitchcock at first produced an imaginary giant bird of primitive type, to own the great tracks; but afterward wavered in favor of a lizard theory. The monster itself was, however, finally caught long after Professor Hitchcock was dead. That is, they found in the 60's at the Watershops in Springfield a complete skeleton, when they were blasting for the foundations of an armory gun. The skeleton now rests in the museum at Amherst. It is now called *dinosaur*. Professor Hitchcock's last thought was right. It was a monster lizard. Since then many specimens, of two species of dinosaur, a flesh-eating and a plant-eating species, have been found in Wyoming and Montana. The best collection is in the American Museum, New York City.

These "dragons of the prime" were, in the earlier age, twenty feet from head to tail. They would give anyone a scare to meet them in the gloaming; for to increase their natural hideousness they had the habit of walking on their long hind legs (seven feet long). In the latter part of the age the creatures were forty-five feet from tip

to tip. Their cruel reptile heads armed with immense saw-like teeth, and forearmed with sharp curved claws, crouched forward on bodies tons in weight like leaning towers twice the height of a man, wriggling through the marshes. Behind them like a flanking army trailed an immeasurable slimy tail which they raised at will from the earth like a threshing flail or a besom to sweep the prey before them. They had a coat of mail, probably impenetrable. They were capable of rapid onslaughts and even of leaping like frogs, landing like the swash of a tidal wave.

The area inhabited by the "dragons" was 10x100 miles along the Connecticut from Turners Falls to Middletown. They are found by their tracks in the fine sandstone of the Trias age, showing the inconceivably distant time in which they lived. Briefly stated, since these animals lived here there have passed a long succession of ages: the reptilian period, of reptiles with shapes like these monsters but with legs turned to fins for swimming in the deep, and with wings like bats for soaring in the air, twenty feet in spread; reptiles everywhere, for untold thousands of years, in earth and sky and sea; then the Tertiary ages, the threshold of the modern world, when the earth swarmed with animals that gave suck to their young, the halfway horse as big as dogs and foxes, monkeys in the shape of men and multitudes of forms that flourished for millenniums together; and lost the game of life; and faded away ages before man emerged; then scores of thousands of years from the dim beginnings of humanity till now. All these things have come and gone since the dragon dinosaur left his "footprints on the sands of time" along the Montague shore.

Our valley was still a mammoth canebrake, a fluvial

swamp or oozy estuary of the distant sea. It was after the coal period. Some of our beautiful friends lurked in the canes and rushes, others in the caves of the woods and roamed for prey along the muddy shore. From the record in the rock we can read many things but not all of that far-off life. Full of stirring tragedy it must have been at times; but in its usual mood sluggish no doubt, the snoring forms waking only at evening to satisfy the pangs of hunger, all nature dreaming the first dreams of a mighty life, waiting for mind and personality to rise from the ooze and stare at the sky. There were bird forms and reptile in our valley, tortoise, frog, insect, fish and worm in myriad species. Besides the monster dinosaur there was the five-toed *otozoum* whose foot tracks are ten inches in length. There are marks of plants in the rock; one with a slender stem like a water lily, but with a top like a head of wheat. A flower has been found resembling the little pasture bluet. Distinct impressions of ferns and leaves of various plants and marks of insect larvæ are found; and even spatter of raindrops on the sunbaked beach now turned to stone and sealed for ages.

But while these cruel dreaming monsters were the lords of the valley, there came into existence in other places, and perhaps here, a little animal, the first whose young was born alive, not hatched from an egg. They call it *microlestes*, sometimes kangaroo rat. Anyhow it was the greatest fact the world had seen up to that time. For it suckled and cared for its young, showed in some degree the vicarious principle of suffering and doing for other than self, and so was the forerunner of man. And because it was a higher order of life, hopping about in the uplands and taking notice of something a little more than a dinner, it survived when the earth rose from the waters and

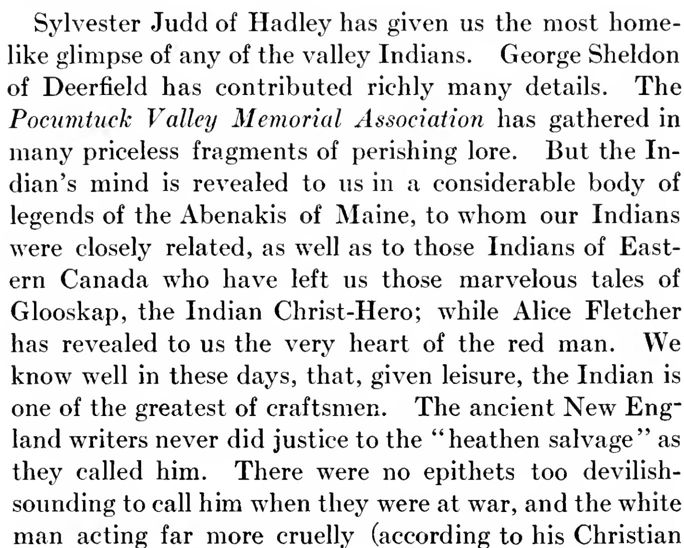
covered herself with blossoms. It survived the saurian, not because it fought well, but because it sought more intelligently its food, evading useless battle and because that part of creation to which it belonged had reached a degree of life in which was mutual forbearance, mutual aid. How true to the remotest age are the words: "the meek shall inherit the earth." The war-like creatures fought well and the war-like nations of old have spilled their blood like the dragon and faded from the world. Those who have learned to live by mutual aid have lived. In the very depths of the rock then we find inscribed the truth of the Golden Rule.

Book IV ✦ The Indians

THE Indian history of Montague is not one of bloody battles. Yet the Indian lived here in great numbers and left his names on our islands and meadows and mountains. The first settlers were experienced Indian fighters from the older towns and had men out in the Indian wars after they came here; but the tide of battle rolled up to our borders time and again and turned aside. I intend therefore in this book to describe more the personality of the Indian, inhabiting again his old homes with us and praying to his gods and planting the meadows.

The Falls fight, the most stirring incident in King Philip's war, occurred on our border. We have the names of the last Indian proprietors of the town, of the Indian "Queen" Mashalisk, who at one time lived in Montague, of her son Wattawolunksin, the last of the Pocumtucks, who ended his career in revels in his long house on the island of Mattampash below the mouth of Sawmill river. We have the deed of his lands after his death. The "Long River" Quinetuk retains its Indian name as does one little brook, the Papacomtuckquash and the Pequoig, which has taken the name of Miller's river. We have the Indian names of all the islands in the Quinetuk along our shore and their Indian villages and those on the meadows adjacent; but cannot definitely locate them all. We know the name of Mt. Toby, the most prominent feature in our landscape, and some fragments of Indian nursery lore about it. Indian relics found in all parts of the town furnish us further records from which to piece

up the local story. In these dim but sufficient records we read of midnight battles between the local Indians and the Mohawks. We know further the locations of their principal warpaths, villages and burying grounds. We know their intellectual endowments, their industries and their dreams. Some of the things I am going to tell have never been written down before. The rest is pieced up from a hundred fragmentary records bearing upon the questions, "Who was the red man, who had villages and fields of corn all up and down our Montague meadows and back amongst the hills?" And, "How did he take life, on the whole, apart from his battles?" I want to show how the peaceful side of the Indian, as we have him in Montague, to think about, is even more interesting and romantic than that bloody side of him, scalping the early inhabitants of Deerfield.



Sylvester Judd of Hadley has given us the most homelike glimpse of any of the valley Indians. George Sheldon of Deerfield has contributed richly many details. The *Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association* has gathered in many priceless fragments of perishing lore. But the Indian's mind is revealed to us in a considerable body of legends of the Abenakis of Maine, to whom our Indians were closely related, as well as to those Indians of Eastern Canada who have left us those marvelous tales of Glooskap, the Indian Christ-Hero; while Alice Fletcher has revealed to us the very heart of the red man. We know well in these days, that, given leisure, the Indian is one of the greatest of craftsmen. The ancient New England writers never did justice to the "heathen salvage" as they called him. There were no epithets too devilish-sounding to call him when they were at war, and the white man acting far more cruelly (according to his Christian

lights) than the red man. They only saw in him the lurking demon and because they failed to make of him a Puritan they discounted everything that was naturally interesting in him. There were two slight exceptions to this rule, the interest John Eliot took in the language of the Nipmucks of Central Massachusetts, and that which John Sargeant took in the native character of the Mohegans of Stockbridge, and their national tradition. I propose in this book to overlook for the most part the devil that lurked in the Indian (which has been worked overtime by most older writers) and speak of that half of him which was a sweet and interesting child.

On the island of Mattampash, doubtless below the mouth of Sawmill river, in 1671, lived and died the young Indian chief Wattawolunksin, the last of the Pocumtucks. He was a great landlord, to speak in white men's terms, which never applied to Indian lands or lordships. The Indians held their lands in common. The Indian deeds so called were legal titles only in the understanding of the white men. The Indian sachems had no legal power from the red man's view point permanently to dispose of the tribal lands. The Indian knew no such custom. The deed was binding only during the sachem's lifetime or term of office. But Wattawolunksin represented the ownership of all the land of Deerfield east of the mountains and an indefinite part of Montague and Sunderland, and all the islands in the river. Quinetuk, like the waters of Babylon, flowed through the midst of his kingdom, giving a royal highway for his canoe fleets for war and trade and social life, from Canada to the Sound. The meadows on either side of his island capital were rich with corn, and beans and squashes in summer; and shad and salmon in myriad shoals crowded in spring, by his very

door. Life for the most part was one long sweet dream. When no war cloud hung over Kunckwadchu, this was paradise. Then it was, the old Indian believed, that Glooskap was about to return to his own. But I must first tell the tragedy that came with the white men.

Wattawolunksin's lot had fallen in evil times. The Pocumtucks had been hopelessly shattered, in war with the Mohawks, in 1664; and Wattawolunksin being perhaps discouraged, without warriors, and dependent upon his mother Mashalisk for counsel, and being still young, took to drink.

Now we will go back to events just prior to 1663, when Pocumtuck was a great and dreaded name. Its fleet had carried victory as far as the Sound; and its warriors had humiliated the inhabitants of the Hudson valley. It was the seat of an alliance of the tribes of the Connecticut valley. The far-off Mohawks had been insulted and panted for revenge. In 1664 they engaged the neutrality of some of the Pocumtucks' allies. Then mustering a powerful force of warriors, swept down upon these peaceful valleys and slew and scattered the whole Pocumtuck nation. The river villages of Tawwat, Mattampash, Mantahelant, Carroheagan and Peskeomskut were swept off the map. Pocumtuck and Squakheag (Northfield) were almost as completely wiped out.

It is conjectured that one band of Pocumtucks fled in their canoes up river, entered the Pequoig (Miller's) river as far as the falls and retreated over the mountains southward to a glen at the foot of Pine hill, towards Chestnut hill, on the place where A. Thornton used to live. Here they may have camped. But the Mohawks were hot on the trail. Probably they were surprised by night. A fierce battle ensued. We do not know the result except

that there was general defeat for the Pocumtucks of these parts. Few of them ever returned to their homes. Mashalisk, the mother of Wattawolunksin, probably with many of the women and children of the river villages, was hiding somewhere in these eastern hills also. Some of the islands were reinhabited. Eleven years later one hundred wigwams were destroyed by the Hadley soldiers on Smead's island (probably the Indian name was Carroheagan); and seven years later it is known that there were Indians living at Mattampash by the Sawmill river. On the battlefield at Pine hill, Rufus Thorton and his father in one season gathered a basketful of Mohawk and Pocumtuck arrowheads, pointing in opposite directions as they fell thick as hail. Amongst them was a tomahawk made in the Mohawk style, well polished, unlike anything found amongst the Pocumtucks. This event was in October, 1664.

Winter came; and when snow piled up the banks of Quinetuk we might have seen Wattawolunksin and Mashalisk sneaking back to their island home and rekindling the fires of their wigwams. The man-eating demon Wittum howled over Kunckwadchu (Mt. Toby) striking uncommon terror to the hearts of the lonely remnants of a race. They piled high the driftwood fire. The ice floes grated dismally along the shores. Wattawolunksin with a few choice spirits, discouraged as himself, sat drinking within the long house, drinking misery to the dregs. And so they passed the winter away, recounting the list of Pocumtuck victories and her happy days and the number of her pretty villages, and her wealth of fishes and corn and her hunting hills, eastward, before the fatal day when a peace messenger from the Mohawks was murdered at Pocumtuck. So they drank, drank, drank, Mashalisk

ineffectually scolding, while she filled their bowls with the last drop of the winter's stock of rum. And after that, for days and weeks, the Indians waited around, disconsolately, for the spring. At last it came; and the ice went out of the river; and the "red gods called" for Wattawolunksin.

He sprang into his canoe on the first spring day, and drifted down to Springfield. He sought out Major John Pynchon, and made a negotiation with him for money, giving Pynchon security of lands around Mattampash. Then he proceeded to get howling drunk and to smashing shop windows. For all this, he was arrested and fined. Then he had to have more negotiation with Major John and more rum to pull him through another winter. And so it went on for several years, until, in 1771, the young chief died in his island home; Wattawolunksin, the last of the Pocumtucks was gathered to his fathers at Mattampash.

On April 10, 1774, "The Old Woman," Mashalisk, gave the following deed of land: "Mashalisk, an old woman, the mother of Wattawolunksin deceased, doth hereby bargain, sell and alienate a tract of land to John Pynchon of Springfield, acting for and in behalf of Robert Boltwood, Joseph Kellogg, John Hubberd, & Thomas Dickinson of Hadley and their associates . . . which land begins, at the southerly end of it at the brook Nepesoneag (Mohawk) . . . taking in all the land on the northerly side of it. It runs up by Quinnetticott river to the brook called Sawwatapskechuwas and Mattamooash where the Indians have sold . . . the whole tract of land from Nepeasouneag on the south, next Hadley bounds to Sawwatapskechuwas, on the north, and beyond at Mattamooash and from Quinnetticott river out into the woods eastward six miles from the said river Quinnetticott."

On the same day Pynchon took another deed from a group of Norwottuck, or Hadley sachems. The land adjoins and even seems to overlap that sold by Mashalisk:

"Mettawompe, alias Natawasawet for himself and in behalf of other Indians, viz.: Wadanumin, Squiskheag and Sunkamachue, and for and in consideration of eighty fathom of wampum and several other small things, conveys to said parties a certain tract of land lying on the east side of Quinnetticott river about seven or eight miles above Hadley, adjoining to a parcel of land which the said Boltwood and Company bought of Mashalisk, from that parcel of land and brook called Sawwatapskechuwas, up by the Great River, Quinnetticott, northerly to a little brook called Papacontuckquash and Corroheagan, lying over against the mouth of Pocomtuck river, Mantehelas . . . resigning to them all the right, title and interest in the forementioned lands called Mattampash, from Sawwatapskechuwas, Auquepinich, Sankrohoncum, Lemuckquash, and Papacontuckquash, Corroheagan and to Mantehelas and out into the woods six miles from the Great River, Quinnetticott."

A third deed will here throw some light upon the lay of the Indian lands, on account of names repeated, showing that the same names applied to both banks of the river. This is another deed of Mashalisk, given two years earlier.

"These presents testify, that Mashalisk (the old woman, mother of Wattawolunksin) doth hereby bargain, sell etc. . . . land the southerly side of Pacomtuck river and so lying all along by Quinnetticott river side, down to the lower point of the hill called Wequamps, and by the English, Sugar loaf hill; all the tract of land between the Great River, Quinnetticott, on the east and the ledge of mountains on the west and on the northward from Pacom-

tuck river mouth, Mantehelant down southward to Wequamps and to the very point of land where the hills come to the Great River, called Tawwat, together with all the islands in the Great River, called Mattampash, Allinnackcooke, Taukkanackoss . . . all the whole said tract of land Mantehelant, Mattampash down to Tawwat. . . .

"The said Mashalisk doth sell all to John Pynchon of Springfield . . . for a debt of ten large beavers and other debts of Wattawolunksin her son; . . . moreover for 60 fathoms of wampum, two coats, some cotton cloth and several other small things. . . ."

I cannot identify the localities to which all those names belong. But it is quite certain that Mantehelas was at the mouth of the Deerfield river; Corroheagan was Montague City; Mattampash at Sawmill river and Tawwat, below Sugarloaf, in Deerfield. It is certain that Mashalisk and her son were Pocumtuck Indians; that Montague was partly Pocumtuck and partly Norwottuck land; that Montague plain was never bought from the Indians.

The Indian paths found here by the first settlers were two, running north and south; and probably one east from Deerfield river, across the plain, to Millers river, towards Athol. The first mentioned entered Montague from the west slope of Kunckwadchu (Mt. Toby); and there are intimations of another one from the eastern side. This trail crossed the Sawmill river much as the Central Vermont railroad now runs; and bore west of Lake Pleasant and northward to the mouth of Millers river. On this trail, on the high level, south of Billings' mill and west of Harvey hill, was an Indian village at some time, judging from the character of relics dug up in the field of Rufus Thornton, near the railroad, especially from the

presence of pottery and stone chips, which indicate abode. The other path branched from the first a mile below Taylor hill; followed the present road from Cranberry brook, over Taylor hill to the Sawmill river ford, some hundreds of rods below the present bridges in Montague village, and thence northeasterly to the railroad and joining the other trail on Goddard's hill. Both these trails were early fortified by the pioneers as we shall see.

Previous to the settlement of Montague, and during the early Indian wars, these paths were much in use by the soldiers of Massachusetts and Connecticut. One curious midnight drama was enacted here, the sixth of September, 1675. As early as 1669, a party from Northampton had gone up these paths to explore the great meadows at Squakheag (Northfield). In 1672 a surveying committee of three men, headed by Lieutenant William Clarke, went up to lay out the new village. In the following spring, 1673, and probably through that summer and the next two, a picturesque life was stirring along the Montague paths, the settlers going up with their household goods and cattle and their children. And then in late summer, 1675, the storm of Indian war broke.

Captain Beers, with 36 mounted men, came hurrying up from Hadley. They brought some carts to take back anything that might be left of Northfield. They passed through here probably before noon September 3. In the dark of night the same day a dozen horsemen, mudspattered, hatless and perhaps bloodstained might have been seen scurrying over Hunting hill southward again; and at intervals, through the night, a horseless straggler or two followed. Ultimately fifteen or sixteen of the thirty-six returned, one man after wandering in these woods for nearly a week, famishing.

After another day, on the fifth of September, Major Treat with a hundred of the Connecticut troops came up the trail and camped in the woods somewhere above Millers river. Under the cover of night he came back again, each of the soldiers bearing a Northfielder behind him on the saddle. The cattle followed later, frightened by yelling savages and burning farmsteads. Many of them knew the trail, and appeared some time later in Hadley. A strange and tragic caravan it must have been. Every stir of a deer or bear in the thicket might be an Indian, a merciless pursuer. Their hopes of escape were only a chance. It was less than two weeks since the bloody ambush at Wequamps; and it was less than two weeks before the battle of Bloody brook. And they had left twenty fresh graves behind them in the woods, while eight stalwart farmers lay at Northfield in their gore, unburied. Such were their haste and fears.

In the spring of 1776, the Montague woods, especially along the river, were full of Indians. They built a fort on Smead's island and camped in large numbers on the site of Turners Falls. It had been a lean winter for them and they had come here to lay in a supply of dried fish, and to organize for further war. Philip himself was here with his personal band of warriors, after wintering at Squakheag (Northfield). On the fifteenth of May, Thomas Reed escaped from captivity at Turners Falls, and came into Hadley with an account of the careless condition in which the Indians were enjoying their fishing and feasting.

All agreed that it was a rare chance to strike swiftly at the assembled hosts. Connecticut troops were notified of the intended expedition, but were not waited for. Captain William Turner, with about 150 men, marched by

night, by the way of Nash's Mills and Fall river, and fell upon the Gill section of the camp, close to the falls, in the gray of the morning of May 19. He slew them in their beds, men, women and children, gun muzzles, in many instances, being poked through the entrances of the wigwams. They killed about two or three hundred, who started from their beds and dreams shrieking wildly: "The Mohawks! the Mohawks!" The more agile leaped into the foaming waters and were pierced with bullets as they buffeted the rapids; and many drowned. A few swam the river, and alarmed the camps on the Montague shore and at the fort on Smead's island. One, Wennaquabin, a Narragansett sachem, executed some time after at Newport, R. I., said he lost his gun but swam the river and escaped through the Montague woods. Others rallied with their reinforced bands and pursued Turner's men through the Greenfield woods and morasses, with deadly effect.

Meanwhile, Turner was destroying the munitions and provisions of war collected on the Gill side of the river. These were more important to the Indians than their loss of warriors. "We likewise here demolished two forges they had to mend their arms; took away all their materials and tools and threw two great pigs of lead (intended for making bullets) into the river." Says Sheldon in the *History of Deerfield*, "there were skilled mechanics among the Indians, doubtless renegade disciples of Eliot."

Soon after the Falls fight, the governments of Massachusetts and Connecticut joined to complete the work begun by Captain Turner. Connecticut troops marched up the west bank of the river in conjunction with the Massachusetts troops under Captain Henchman, who took

the Montague shore as far as Peskeomskut. They destroyed many storehouses left by the Indians. At Smead's island they demolished the fort, one hundred wigwams, and thirty canoes. The Indians fled at their approach, and when their stores were gone, they gradually began to return, discouraged, towards the Narragansett country. After the summer of 1776, probably few Indians ever lived in Montague.

Relics of the Montague Indians in great numbers have gone into the collection at Memorial Hall, Deerfield. A great many relics were collected by the Bardwells from Montague plain and along the river. Rufus Thornton collected many on Dry hill and on his place near the foot of Harvey hill, southeast of the village. A stone tomahawk has recently been found by George Holcomb on the place of the "first settler," Ebenezer Marsh, near Sunderland line, and a mile from the river. Peskeomskut occupied both banks of the Connecticut, and many relics have been found there, near the site of the present Grand Trunk hotel. There have been many collectors at Turners Falls, and at Riverside, opposite. The fine collection of Leonard Barton may be seen in the historical rooms of the Carnegie library at Turners Falls. Dr. Anson Cobb of the Center made an extensive collection, now in possession of his son at his residence. Another smaller collection was made by Dr. Wright, and is with his son George Wright, now in Deerfield. Indian skeletons were exhumed on L street at the Falls in 1873. And on the opposite shore Mr. Smith dug out seven skeletons in a sitting posture, each about seven feet in stature. When the Millers Falls trolley road was being excavated, north of Lake Pleasant, several skeletons were discovered, indicating regular burial.

Mr. Sheldon of Deerfield has given us the most comprehensive description of such relics as we have. The first thing to notice is the "fire stone," used by heating and dropping into vessels of wood, bark, clay or stone for boiling water and cooking food. You know them by evidences of fire and water having acted upon them. They are, however, simple large size gravel stones. Stone chips I have noticed already. These two things are the surest signs of a village. With these we look for a depression in the ground somewhere near, where the medicine man had his subterranean sweat box for treating his patients. Mr. Sheldon gives the following list of local relics: "Axes, spear and arrow points, knives, tomahawk heads, arrow straitners, hammers, drills, gouges, chisels, bark peelers, rubbing stones, fleshers, skin dressers, hoes, corn-mills, pestles, spinning bobs, stone 'beeswax,' ear ornaments, gorgets, amulets, pendants, totems, ceremonial ensigns, as maces or banner stones—pipes, aukooks and fragments of clay pottery. In graves are found, besides these, beads, shell ornaments, wampum, burnt and unburnt vessels of clay, and bone awls. All the above not otherwise noted, are of stone. . . . The clay pottery was rudely ornamented with conventional lines and dots, although quite elaborate specimens are occasionally found." Another interesting trace of the Indians is sometimes found in old pastures, particularly along the river, groups of depressions sometimes three or four feet deep, and if dug into found lined with unburned clay. These were the Indians' barns, where they stored their corn and dried fish and meat. The Indian graves show that the body was buried in several postures, but almost always with the face towards the east—a relic of sun worship—and I was told by an old sexton in Rowe that the white man has the same

custom, in a way, usually putting the head to the west; so that if the body should rise it would face the east. I noticed this was true of the graveyard in which we were conversing; and I have since noticed the same thing in other places, where the custom was religiously followed, nobody knew why. The places selected for burial purposes were often in some charming spot in a vale or on the slope of a hill. The Indian was nothing if not a child of sentiment; and life was full of poetry. In one of the graves described by Mr. Sheldon, an Indian mother was buried with her babe in her arms. In another burying place, near Fall river, at Peskeomskut, twelve Indians were buried with heads radiating in a circle. The number twelve being the extremely ancient number connected with sun worship leads one to conjecture a mystical religious significance in the scheme. The Indian was very religious.

There are two traditional views of the Indian which are equally false. One is expressed in Kipling's phrase for the minor races: "half devil and half child." The other is that of the "noble red-man," of certain maudlin writers who are not content to give the facts for what they are worth. Our Indians were no more devilish than the white men and no more noble than any lot of children with untried characters. But they were exceedingly interesting. The Puritans, whose short suit was poetry and whose long suit was austerity, are no authority on the subject of the New England Indians. They never saw the poetry in him; they were qualified to see only his waywardness in anger and despair. The Indian was a nature-worshiping child, with ideas as fresh as a tale of morning. Two local Indian fairy tales have been preserved by Deacon Field of Charlemont.

THE GREAT BEAVER

The great beaver preyed upon the fish of the Long river. And when other food became scarce, he took to eating men out of the river villages. Hobmock, a benevolent spirit giant, at last was invoked to relieve the distressed people. Hobmock came and chased the great beaver far into the immense lake that then covered the meadows, flinging as he ran great handfuls of dirt and rock at the beaver. Finally he threw a bunch of dirt so great upon the beaver's head that it sank him in the middle of the lake. Hobmock, arriving a few minutes later, dispatched the monster by a blow with his club on the back of the beaver's neck. And there he lies to this day. The upturned head covered with dirt is the sandstone cliff of Wequamps (Mt. Sugar Loaf), and the body is the northward range. The hollow between is where Hobmock's cudgel smote down his neck.

THE DEMON WITTUM

Wittum lived in the caves under the dark eastern cliffs of Kunckwadchu (Mt. Toby). He was a man-eater. The natives stood his raids until their hearts were sad and revengeful. Then the sachems and medicine men came from Peskeomskut, Corroheagan, Mantehelas, Mattampash and Tawwat and held a great powwow and invoked supernatural aid. Hobmock appeared with his club. He hunted Wittum from his cave and pursued him up the cataracts, up through the clefts of the rocks hotly to the secret glen in the fastnesses of the mountain. And he gave him no rest there. Up the cliffs, beyond, he chased him. Over the woods they went to the loftiest peak of

Kunckwadchu. There Wittum paused but a moment, looking to hide himself from Hobmock in the water of Quinetuk, below. He made his leap from the summit; but Hobmock was upon him. He smote Wittum with his club. The demon fell upon Sunderland meadows and disappeared into the earth and never was seen again. The grass has never grown on the spot where Wittum fell.

By gleaning New England, several volumes of such stories could be gathered. I remember of reading in one of Professor Hitchcock's reports about a benevolent Indian giant who inhabited the region of Martha's Vineyard and bobbed for whales sitting on Gay Head. There was another similar giant on Cape Cod by the name of Maushop. In Maine there was a story of an Indian young man who was lost in the woods in a great thunderstorm. Then appeared to him a beautiful maiden with flashing eyes. She beckoned him to follow. They came to the rocky wall of Mt. Katahdin. But the maiden walked straight on into the rock without impediment. His astonishment grew when he found that he could do the same. The maiden brought him to her family all of whom like herself had bodies of stone and shining eyes. They treated him kindly and adopted him into the family. It was the Thunder family. All had some part in making the thunder and the lightning, from the father Thunder down to all the little Thunders. They made the young man a pair of wings so he could soar out on the clouds and practice making thunder by beating them up and down. He lived very happily thus for some time till he had a great longing to see his own village and people and to tell of his adventures. So he was allowed to go down the mountain and out through the cliff as he had come. And after that he told everybody not to be afraid when it thundered

and lightened, for it was only the Thunder family sporting and trying their wings.

The most remarkable lot of Indians' stories in existence are the legends of Glooskap, which come from the northeast. Thoreau, the naturalist of Lake Walden, heard some fragments of the Glooskap legend in Maine, more than fifty years ago, but thought little of it. It was known to the Indians of New Hampshire. A volume of it has been collected from Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians and another from Nova Scotia. It would be out of place here to give any adequate résumé of the legend. But some of the essential features of it are: Glooskap, a very wise and good Indian with the gift of magic, lived a great while ago. He rid the country of evil magic and monsters of all sorts and taught the people how to make the most of their chances. He assisted by his good magic all the decent, modest Indians; and gave them great success in life; and confounded the boastful, covetous and mean. Indian character is interestingly drawn in these stories, as bewitching in their impossible plots as the *Arabian Nights*. Heroism and simple virtues are brought out in exploits that have been compared with the Iceland Eddas, and are thought to have been influenced in early times from Iceland. Glooskap went away over the waters to the West; but had promised to come again to complete his work of making everything right and everybody happy. The Glooskap stories are similar to Hiawatha but much stronger in ideas. " Glooskap," says the Passamaquoddy Indian, "brought the new magic by which one can read the heart."

Our valley Indians were closely related to the Maine and Nova Scotia Indians in language; and for other reasons are believed to have come originally from the Abenaki

stock. Hence the propriety of speaking of their legends in this connection. In some form these Glooskap yarns were told around Montague wigwam fires. And the Abenaki songs were similar to those composed here, doubtless, on every event of life. The Indian, like the Negro, was a natural-born singer and song maker. To compose a song was almost next to breathing. His songs were simple but often very sweet and touching, full of nature parable or sentiment. A lot of the old Abenaki songs have been preserved; but I am more familiar with those Alice Fletcher collected in the West from the Sioux, Apaches and Omaha, which follow the same general principles. I will illustrate from these.

In the first place there were the hero-worship songs. Such was the very famous Ish-i-buz-zhi song of the Omahas. Interpreted, it runs something like this:

Ish-i-buz-zhi was the son of an old Omaha couple.
Peculiar as a boy, he talked mostly with old women.
In winter he listened to the old men's hero tales by his father's fire.
He heard that in the old days they fought only with clubs.
He made himself a club; and was laughed at.
Once on a time he heard of an expedition; he stole away with it.
He was discovered on the trail; but the chief received him.
He was permitted to scout after the enemy.
He met the leader alone and slew him.
He scattered next the foe single-handed, with his club.
On his return, he was proclaimed by the herald in the village.
His father said they are again laughing at Ish-i-buz-zhi.
He remained peculiar, absent-minded, but beloved.
By feasting on tales of heroes he became like them.
He never failed the people.
So to this day the young men sing in any danger:
"The enemy comes and calls for you Ish-i-buz-zhi."

In the Memorial Hall list of local relics are many *totems.* With each totem there was a mystery song. How

interesting it would be could we unseal again the song of each silent symbol there. This can never be. They are all lost. But we can know what those songs were like. When a young man came to the age of puberty, about 14 years old, he was sent alone into some wilderness or desert to fast and weep; and to pray for a vision, which was to determine his character and career. And this was the tribal prayer for all youths:

> Wa-kon-da, O Wa-kon-da, here needy he stands;
> And I am he.

If the youth was sufficiently in earnest the vision came after a long vigil. A new spirit came to him. He saw his life work for the good of his people. And Wa-kon-da gave him a seal, the sign of the eagle, the turtle, or some other animal; this was his personal *totem*, which should forever recall to him his vision of the vigil. And a song was put into his mouth; this was the mystery song. After this, whenever he was alone, he would be heard humming his song, nerving himself for the part of a man amongst men, as Wa-kon-da had appointed him.

The priests taught a great deal of wisdom in parable songs. One day a priest was walking on the prairie, when he spied a bird's nest in the grass with four eggs in it. Another day he passed by the same place, when four little birds stretched their necks and cried out as for their mother, wanting something. Whereupon the priest began to hum this song:

> The sound of the young,
> The sound of the young.

By the time he reached the village his voice was full of emotion and tenderness. These were the only words,

but in varying strains that could be read in the sound of his voice. He seemed to say, Fathers, mothers, priests, heroes, the young cry to you, they cry for food, fireside, protection from the foe, for ideas of goodness, for wisdom, for affection; give to them out of your abundance. This was called "The Song of the Bird's Nest."

There is "The Song of the Wren" from the Pawnee. There are no words to the song but the musical name of the bird and some singing vocables similar to our tra-la-la. Everything is expressed in the sound. It is a deep and earnest song of thanksgiving for life, for happiness and all the gifts of the Good Spirit. It seems to say: "Everyone can be happy, who will but take a lesson from the wren."

A Tigua Indian girl of the pueblo of Isleta, New Mexico, was heard one evening singing after there had been a long drought and the crops upon which the lives of the villagers depended were wilting:

> Rain, people, rain!
> The rain is all around us;
> It is going to come pouring down;
> And the summer will be fair to see;
> The mocking-bird has said so.

The "He-dhu-shka" was the war song of the Omahas sung with full ritual when the tribe was making ready for battle. The leader blackened his face to represent the thundercloud, which in turn typified war. The singer and his song represented a thunderstorm, or the approach of the god of war. There were three parts to the song. The first was a movement representing the trembling of the leaves on the trees, when the thunder gust strikes them. The second part represents the flight of the birds to cover. And the third, the stir of all nature, the burst-

ing of the storm, the downpour of water, the beating of the hail, the roar of thunder; all typifying the stir of the human heart summoned to battle.

The Indian love songs are amongst the most charming in the world. Tennyson has written:

> In the spring the young man's fancy
> Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

This was the case with the Indian. When the first balmy mornings of spring came, at the peep of day, one might hear the piping of an Indian boy's flageolet from several different hillsides around the village, wherever there was a pretty waterfall, at the foot of a glen; and see here and there black eyes peeping from her mother's wigwam; and hear the rustle of some one hastily robing; see a gliding figure amongst the willows; and then hear a strong treble voice under the pine tree, by the hill, singing:

> As the day comes from night,
> So I come forth to seek thee.
> Lift thine eyes and behold him
> Who comes with the day to thee.

This exquisite Indian song with its expressive music has been most beautifully paraphrased into English by Edna Dean Proctor:

> Fades the star of morning;
> West winds gently blow;
> Soft the pine trees murmur;
> Soft the waters flow.
>
> Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
> To the hilltop nigh;
> Night and gloom will vanish
> When the pale stars die;
> Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
> Hear thy lover's cry.

From my tent I wander
Seeking only thee;
As the day from darkness
Comes for leaf and tree.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hilltop nigh;
Lo! the dawn is breaking,
Rosy beams the sky!
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

Lonely is our valley,
Though the month is May;
Come and be my moonlight,
I will be thy day.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Oh, behold me nigh!
Now the sun is rising,
Now the shadows fly;
Lift thine eyes, my maiden
Hear thy lover's cry!

The Indians had many *Calumet*, or peace-pipe songs full of sentiments of "peace on earth and good will amongst men," as finely done as anything of the kind in the world. There are laughing songs celebrating the "turning of tables" upon others. Songs, too, of fate and songs of friendship with neighboring tribes, festal songs, marriage and funeral songs, songs of honor to the old men, and songs of the spirit land. There are songs for every occasion and event in life and every mood of the mind and heart; but I leave the subject after reference to the celebrated "Ghost Dance Song." This form of it comes from the Arapaho. In it the Indian is supposed to have been meditating upon the good old days, before the white man came, when the woods were full of game and the waters, of fish; when the rivers ran unpolluted to the sea

and were highways for the red men; when the eagle soared in the sun and bison herded on the plain; and the Indian taught his own law to his children, rising at peep of day; when he went whithersoever he would; and was a man; and the Great Spirit satisfied his soul with visions, and gave him the key to nature. And as he meditates, he falls to sobbing; and his heart bursts within him; and he rises wildly staggering about, the apparitions of his ancestors passing reproachfully before him, and on his lips a wild, weird, heartrending cry, half a prayer to the Creator:

> Father, have pity upon me!
> I am weeping from hunger of the spirit:
> There is nothing here to satisfy me.

This I believe was the very song that was suppressed by United States law and the force of the United States army in the days of old Sachem Sitting Bull, because it had such tremendous effect upon the Indians. It was some such song that King Philip's envoys sang in the old Indian fort above Hadley meadows in the winter of 1674–75, after forty peaceful years of living with the whites, and daily extending the friendly greeting, *netop;* and after which the Indian's cornfields were never again plowed in Montague meadows.

The Indian was a natural orator and much has been preserved as samples of his eloquence. He used at least two devices of speech with telling effect. His speech was ornate as a meadow in May with poetical metaphor, his language flowed on as a river full of imagery and music. This was the quality of grace. And then he was good at logical argument, often hitting the nail on the head with steady consecutive blows, with tremendous cumulative effect. History records many instances of his logical en-

counters, to his advantage, even when matched with the wits of pretty clever white men—for example, Father Hennepin, one of the first Catholic missionaries in Canada. Hennepin had been relating his traditions of the creation of the world and the mysteries of the Christian religion. The Indians listened enrapt, and when he had done, applauded. But when they were invited to accept the Christian religion they replied that they were glad for the white men that they had such an excellent religion; and they were thankful as red men that they had a good one of their own, much better suited to their understanding. But Hennepin says, "We told them their tales were false." But the Indians replied that then the white men's tales must be false also, since they seemed very similar in meaning. Hennepin concluded in despair: "The greatest good that can be done among them is to baptize their dying infants."

There was another similar encounter at Buffalo in 1805, when Red-jacket publicly replied to the Protestant missionaries to the Senecas:

"Brothers: We do not understand these things. We also have a religion. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to love one another; to be united; and we never quarrel about religion.

"The Great Spirit has made us all; but he made a great difference between his white and red children; he has given us different complexion and different customs. Why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding. The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied.

"We do not want to destroy your religion or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own."

In the records of the old Stockbridge Indian mission, in this state, has been preserved a statement of the ethical and religious teachings of the Mohegans before the white man came. It is not so different from the missionaries' teachings, except for the technicalities of church theology and the differences of the outdoor life the Indian lived. These Indians were allied members of the Pocumtuck Confederacy; and these teachings may be depended upon to be almost identical with those which hummed on the morning air, by every riverside, in Montague, three hundred years ago. Says Aupaumut:

"Our ancestors, before they ever enjoyed Gospel revelation, acknowledged one Supreme Being, Mon-nit-toow, author of all things, good to all his creatures. They believed also in the Wicked Spirit, Mton-toow, who incites to anger, hate, stealing, murder, envy, malice, evil-talking, and war."

The following custom was observed: the head of each family, man or woman, would begin with all tenderness as soon as daylight, to waken up the children and teach them as follows; I abbreviate Aupaumut's text:

I. My children: By the goodness of Mon-nit-toow we are preserved through the night. Be kind to all people. Be not called *uh-wu-theet*, hard-hearted.

II. My children: Help the aged, listen to their instruction; that you may be wise. Be slow to speak, moderate in laughter; listen not to evil; live in peace.

III. My children: Take the stranger by the hand and set him by the fireplace. You sometime may be a stranger.

IV. My children, listen: Speak always nothing but the truth.

V. My children: You must never steal anything from

your fellow men; for always remember that Mon-nit-toow sees you.

VI. My children: You must not murder, because you wish to see long life and not to anger Mon-nit-toow.

VII. My children: You must get up early to put on your clothes and *muk-sens*, and tie your belt about you that you may be ready to do something; for the lazy shall shamefully beg and steal.

VIII. And further, my children: When you are grown up, you must not take wife or husband without the consent of your parents and relations.

IX. My children: At all times obey your sachems and chiefs; speak no evil of them; for they have taken great pains for your safety and happiness.

A pretty good substitute for the "Ten Commandments." And on the whole the Indians lived them too. George Sheldon, the venerable historian of Deerfield, has said: "The uncontaminated native of the soil was honest and sober, kind to strangers, and given to abundant hospitality. His word was as good as Uncle Samuel's registered bonds. Property was as safe in his keeping as in the vaults of any safety deposit company, and he had as little need to sign the total abstinence pledge as Father Matthew himself." He goes on to imply that it was civilization, grafted upon this beautiful wild stalk that raised all the havoc with Indian character. When the white men first came to New England, they had little or no just fear of the Indians. It took fifty years of white men's guns and rum and vices, together with the teachings of a long list of missionaries (which Mr. Sheldon gives), to undermine the native character and make of the Indian the "child of the Devil" he played the part of at last: "John Eliot, Daniel Gookin, Thomas Mayhew, John Cot-

ton, Josiah Cotton," etc.—"you do not forget the self-denying labors" of these and others—"entire failure." The Puritans in Northampton, and other places, fined, imprisoned and whipped Indians for "breach of the Sabbath in travelling to and fro;" for "bringing apples from Windsor on Sunday;" "for firing a gun" on the same day. And for some of these offenses they were even sold as slaves and sent to West Indian plantations. The polite names for these children of the forest, especially in religious letters and pamphlets, before ever there had been any war or trouble, may be sampled as follows: "Children of Hell" (of course this was theoretical and technical, not on account of Indian conduct); "Angels of the bottomless pit"; "Loyal subjects of Satan," "who hath set up his kingdom in these waste places." It took the Indian just forty years to get murderously mad at all this. And when one relenting Indian woman in 1675 warned the inhabitants of Hatfield that her people were meditating injury to the settlements, the Christian selectmen ordered her torn to pieces by dogs. And Captain Samuel Mosely wrote in a postscript to the governor, Oct. 16, "shee was so dealt withall." Far be it from me to blame the Christian selectmen of Hatfield for so "dealing withall" under strain of provocation sufficient to unsaint us all. Neither do I blame the Indians for all the things they did when they could stand things no longer without resolving that either they or the white men should henceforth live in these valleys alone.

The Indians were, in their way, industrious, before the white men came, a habit which they soon got over in contact with easy ways of doing things. One of our valley historians, Sylvester Judd of Hadley, has quaintly compared the ambitions of the degenerate, quarter-

civilized savage with those of the upper class of wealthy white folks, to live without useful work; and he finds a likeness in the two cases, in the resultant human character and amusements. In 1658, the Deerfield and adjacent Connecticut river meadows supported a much larger population of Indians than they ever have of white men. According to an estimate by a commission of the United Colonies, there were, hereabouts, 5000 souls. In the winter of 1637–38, famine struck the white settlement of Hartford. Major William Pynchon undertook the contract to deliver at Hartford and Windsor five hundred bushels of Indian corn, which he bought of the Pocumtucks. Every little village along the Montague shore as well as Cheapside and Deerfield, doubtless became suddenly a corn shipping port. "Doubtless," says Sheldon, "files of women, with baskets on their backs, were seen threading the narrow pathways to the river." Fifty canoes were thus loaded to the gunwales with yellow maize from the underground barns, and dispatched downstream, to save the infant English colony—a stirring scene of commerce for those days.

There are other instances, tending to show that the Indians could sometimes be forehanded and thrifty. Mr. Charles Barnard of Boston says that their so-called war paths were more properly post roads and highways of commerce. Many Indians have denied the common imputation of the whites that their chief occupation was war. As a matter of fact the Indians were for the most part loving and loyal in their friendships and alliances. But they were gifted with a hot resentment of injury and insult and were unquestionably cruel in wrath and pursued their broils with intense devotion when once upset. And yet they loved peace and none have phrased its beauties more

eloquently than they. These Indian post roads were built by friendship and not by war. They were the hard beaten paths of peace. The Indians were social and great entertainers. They loved to receive messages from distant peoples and to send their representatives to greet distant tribes. Sometimes whole tribes were the guests of other tribes. Describing the roads, over which they traveled and trafficked, Mr. Barnard says: "They built the first roads. One of their trails extended from Montreal to New Haven; and another from Massachusetts Bay to the headwaters of the Hudson. These lines of travel avoided the mountains and ran direct to the water courses; for the Indians took advantage of every opportunity to use their canoes. The white man followed the Indian trails. These became bridle paths. Then followed the cart; then came roads, highways, turnpikes. And the railroads of to-day follow the old Indian trail." Montague lies at the crossing of two of these main systems of Indian paths.

We have many occasions in these days to remember the Indian handicrafts. The New England Indians, so remarkable in their intellectual and moral development, were not great producers in handicraft. Yet there is a limited number of specimens of pottery, carving and other work preserved to show that they had the genius of the race in no mean degree. In handicraft the Indian is supreme. Few people realize the beauty and value of the Indian's handiwork as high art. The blankets, baskets, pottery, and silversmith work of our Indians of the southwest, serve to teach us what our Indians of New England once were. These things charm those who have seen them, and they are much sought after by art collectors. There is a sincerity about their work that cannot be imitated. A Pima basket must last a lifetime or disgrace its maker.

Anything but the purest silver offends the sentiments of the Navaho smith. And none of them will use a design that is not a prayer or a record of his feelings about nature surrounding him at the time he works. The Navaho woman will take as much as a year if necessary to complete a single blanket design. She takes her loom out under the green tree and fleecy sky and weaves in the shimmering sunshine and lightning flashes; and she weaves these experiences with their religious symbols into her web. She does her dyeing also where she constantly sees the color of the sky and the tree trunks and the brown earth and the rock and the soft reflections from the water and sunset strata of clouds; and she works these into her web. She lives on, from year to year, with nature; and never returns to duplicate an item of work. Each product successively is unique, a bit of eternity brought forth to sight by one who has lived close to the unseen world.

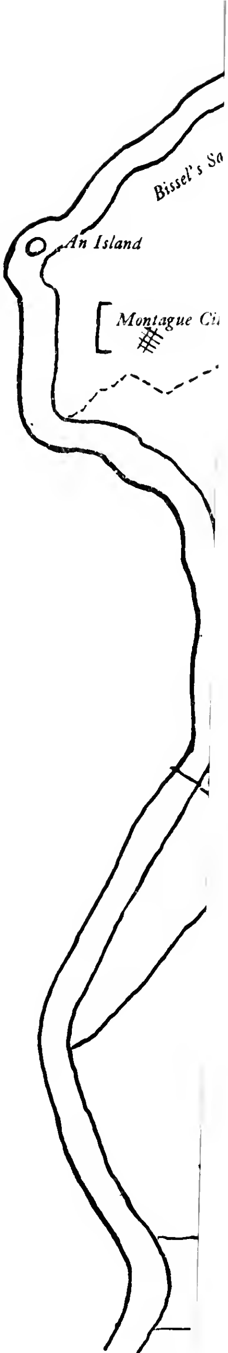
"Our ancestors' government," says Aupaumut, already quoted, "was a democratical." Father Hennepin also draws an interesting parallel. The missionaries, Hennepin says, discouraged, moved West. But long after they were gone they heard that the Indians missed them and wished them back, in exchange for the secular European lords who came after them. For they said, those Christian brothers lived and taught a life in common, such as the Indians had always been used to.

They had a Chief Sachem. The office was hereditary in the female line. That is, not the Sachem's son, but one of his sister's sons, the eldest or the likeliest, was elected by the nation to succeed him. The office was for life, only on condition that the Sachem prove a fit leader of his nation. He received no compensation or tribute or taxes—only certain voluntary tokens of affection, some

assistance in building his "long-house," the official residence, some presents of skins from the hunters; and belts, moccasins, ornaments, etc., from the women and food to entertain strangers.

The Sachem had a counsel of the old men, who were called chiefs, all elected on account of fitness. He had also one *hero* who was the war chief; one *owl*, a man of strong memory and eloquent speech; and a messenger or runner. The rest of the nation consisted of young men, or warriors. The priests and medicine men were not under the direction of the government.

The Indians of the valley were the Squakheags at Northfield, the Pocumtucks at Deerfield and surrounding towns, including Montague, the Norwottucks at Hadley and Hatfield, whose lands extended into Montague. The Agawams at Springfield, the Wononokes at Westfield and the Quaboags at Brookfield. These all belonged, with other more distant tribes, like the Mohegans, to the Pocumtuck Confederacy; which, together, were one of the strongest nations in New England. These tribes were bounded on the north by the uninhabited woods; on the east by the Nipmucks; on the south by the Pequots and on the west by the Mohegans of the Berkshire valleys.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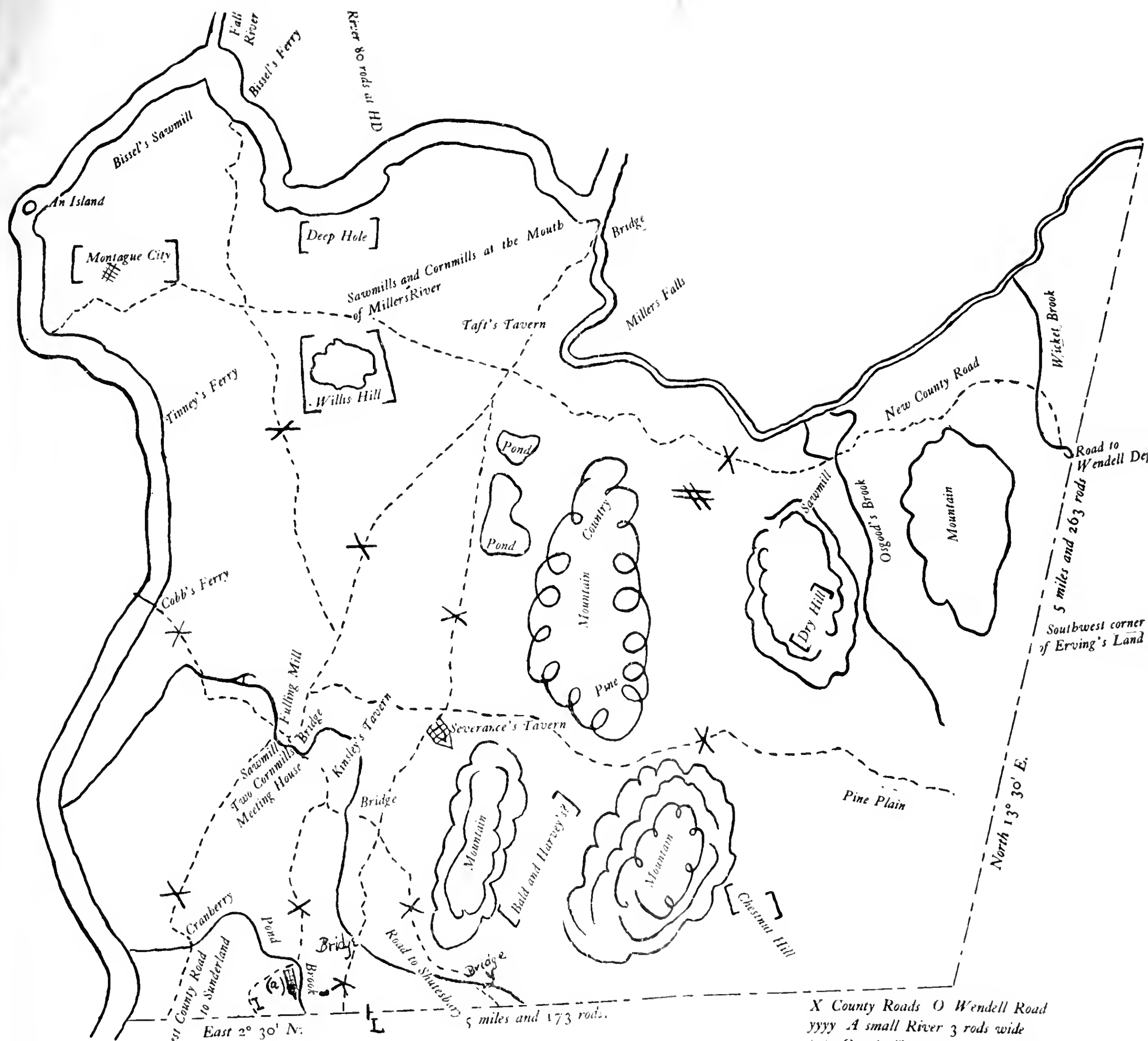


Map of Montague, surveyed in 1764 by Elisha Root.

Book V ✦ Pioneers

NO sooner were "King" Philip and Canonchet dead than the white men again pressed up the fertile valley of Connecticut river. During the Indian war everything north of Hadley had been wiped out; and the Indians had for a time considered themselves as safe at Northfield and Peskeomskut as in the depths of the north woods; and had even planted three hundred acres of corn on the Greenfield meadows opposite Deerfield, according to the English scouts; having just finished a few days before their fatal luck at Turners Falls on May 18. Hatfield and Springfield had barely escaped annihilation. But in one week the Indian's dream of reinhabiting his old home tumbled like a house of cards about his head.

Deerfield was resettled inside of four years; Pocomigon (Greenfield) and Squakheag (Northfield) very soon after; and Sunderland rose from its obliteration most vigorously in 1714 and even projected a second colony, the same or following year, into the present town of Montague.

There was a scarcity of building timber in the valley. The Indians had a practice of burning the timber to facilitate their hunting; and white men for pasture. There was tall timber in the north part of Sunderland, known as Hunting Hills (Montague); and thither the proprietors of Sunderland resorted for materials for their houses.

Town Records

"Northampton March 23, $17\frac{15}{16}$

"Then granted to Daniel Beeman, Edward Alling, Benjamin Man, Edward Alling Jr. and Nathaniel Frary the

privileges of a stream in Swampfield upon which there is a sawmill erected called Sawmill Brook, and to have the free privileges of timber in said Swampfield at the north side of Sawmill Brook, to the said grantees in the use of Sawmill Brook so as not to impede the errecting of a corn-mill upon said brook. The above grant to be upon the limitation following arrangement. The grantees shall sell the boards to any of the inhabitants of Swampfield not exceeding twenty shillings per thousand feet at the mill, as also that they shall have the said grant of the stream no longer than they shall continue a mill there for service of the said inhabitants of Swampfield and to no other, if the said inhabitants shall see cause to buy them.

"We also grant to said Beeman, Alling, Man, Alling Jr. and Frary as an encouragement for said mill, being a public benefit, thirty acres of land in some convenient place in Swampfield.

"LEMUEL PARTRIDGE, } Committee for
"JOHN PYNCHON } Swampfield."

So then a sawmill was already standing in Montague the second year after the resettlement of Sunderland. The location was above the Central Vermont railroad bridge near Billings' mill of to-day. As early as 1715 the lumberman's ax was ringing on Stoddard's hill. A romantic gorge it was here, the river rushing through pine-clad steeps and fairy meadows, issuing below the mill upon an alluvial plain through gravelly terraces covered with groves of towering rock maples and turning, an eighth of a mile below, against a steep bank and sliding down into an oozy mile long swamp where the owl hooted supreme in the midday twilight of the thick forest cover.

In the locality of the old mill, the first cabins were built.

In the first boundaries described several years later, "Stoddard's hill" is already one of the landmarks. Perhaps somebody by that name was one of those first unknown comers. The timber grant mentioned in the record was the southern and western slopes of Harvey hill, southeast of Montague village, along the Indian path. And it may have been in the dry clearing, in Rufus Thornton's field by the railroad, that the lumbermen built their log cabins, on the site of the Indian village. Here was cultivatable land, already the nearest fit for the plow. Perhaps also some may have settled near David Sprague's and E. P. Gunn's on the southern stretch of the trail; for one of the first houses mentioned was built on Gunn's land for a tavern ten years later.

And here is a record of a field laid out on the west side of "Hunting hill," lying on the "Great River," dated Sunderland, January 16, 1719. Most of the proprietors named, shortly became citizens of the north parish (Montague); though not all of them settled on the land mentioned. Some settled in the "Meadow," which is this layout. Some on "Hunting hill" (Taylor's); and some on "Country Road" (Federal street). In the first division are the names of Thomas Hovey, known to have settled, Benjamin Graves, William Arms, Samuel Billing, Samuel Harvey, for whom Harvey hill took its name, Isaac Graves, Benjamin Barrett, who was chairman of the Committee that built the first schoolhouse, Samuel Smith, Captain Field, Ebenezer Billing, Jr., who settled in 1730, Nathaniel Dickinson, Joseph Root, who became the first town clerk, Luke Smith, Stephen Crowfoot, Samuel Taylor, whose name was given to "Hunting Hill." Samuel Billing, the smith, who settled on Montague plain, Daniel and Eleazer Warner who in 1730 settled the remote Arcadian vale

west of Harvey hill, the northern part of the district known much later as Lafayette, Ebenezer Marsh who about 1728 built a log cabin north of the cascade on "Hunting hill brook" (Cranberry), Daniel Smith, Nathaniel Smith, Samuel Graves, Joseph Field, Jr., Joseph Dickinson, William Willard, Simon Cooley, Daniel Russell, James Bridgman, William Scott, Joseph Clary, a settler, Jonathan Graves who came at the same time with Ebenezer Marsh and settled on Hunting hill brook where the Mooney house now stands in the fork of the road, Nathaniel Gunn, who settled the George Toomer place in 1726, Ebenezer Kellogg, Isaac Hubbard, Deacon Hubbard, Manoah Bodman, who settled in 1737, Lieutenant, afterwards Captain Ebenezer Billing, 1st, who came in 1730, Richard Scott, Joseph Smith, William Allis, a pioneer at Chestnut hill in 1738, Samuel Gunn, Samuel Montague, the grandfather of Medad Montague for many years a town father.

There were three and one-half acres in each lot of this division. The second division was in ten acre lots, one lot being reserved, as in the first division, for benefit of the ministry or the town. The list of forty-three proprietors is the same. The village and Federal street lands and here and there an estate in the hill country eastward were laid out between 1730 and 1740. Amongst those who came in on this second grant of lands were Ensign Simeon King, a member of the first board of selectmen; and there appear the names of Ellis, Bartlett, Benjamin, Burnham, Wilson, Wright, Brooks, Whitney, Newton, Grover, Baker, Rowe, Bushnell, Kinsley, Taft, Clapp and Tuttle.

It is told that Tuttle, while deer-hunting, was separated in the woods from Ebenezer, his son. Meeting unawares,

Ebenezer supposing his father to be a bear amongst the moving branches, shot and killed him.

There is a more or less legendary tradition of two adventurous young settlers, Enoch and Gideon Bardwell, grandsons of Robert Bardwell of Hatfield, the old Narragansett Indian fighter, who was also with Captain Turner at the Falls fight, and was cool enough to count the dead Indians who went over the falls during the fight. A mile square of land on the western end of Montague plain was said to have been granted Bardwell for these services. What time the Bardwell boys were here is not known. And the title to land was not definite until 100 acres were confirmed in 1733 to Samuel Bardwell, father of Gideon and Enoch. But Gideon lived in Deerfield during the Indian wars and did not permanently settle until 1761.

Nature was in her wildest form and mood in those early days. When Colonel Frary's mill saw was singing through the pine trees of Harvey hill, bears and wolves and even Indians still skulked through the woods. The fact that no white man was ever known to have been killed by Indians on the charmed soil of Montague has led Mr. Clapp and others to err in supposing the early life here tame as compared with that of sister towns. The facts do not warrant the conclusion. It was the same harassed, tragic life. The welter of savage war rolled all around Hunting Hills. The Pioneers were already scarred and scathed by that war when they came with family circles already broken by bloody death. They lived here for a long generation in the midst of alarm, gun in hand, when they went to sow and reap these meadows or to grind their corn at the mill or to worship at a neighbor's cabin, and at night many and many a time to huddle with the cowering, crying children into one of the stock-

ades, when expeditions had been threatened against the settlement, as we shall see. And when we add to these conditions that fact that a goodly number of Hunting Hills' boys were out through the war, scouting in the north woods, serving in the frontier forts, and marching against Canada, and (how many we do not know) left their bones in the wilderness—the tameness begins to disappear.

The last general division of land was that of Miller's (Montague) plain, in 1745, to the following men: Samuel Harvey, Jr., Nathaniel Cowdry, Jonathan Root, Joseph Dickinson, Ephraim Sawyer, Absalom Scott, Aaron Leonard, Israel Richardson, Jonathan Graves, Richard Scott, Thomas Keet, Samuel Taylor, Isaac Graves, John Gunn, Isaac Barrett, John Scott, Stephen Smith, Isaac Hubbard, Jr., Nathan Tuttle, Nathaniel Gunn, Daniel Hubbard, Daniel Smith, Joseph Wells, Noah Graves, Ensign Cooley, Daniel Harvey, Fellows Billings, John Billings, John Marsh, Zebediah Smith, Charles Chancy, John Brigdman, Benjamin Barrett, Samuel Downer, Ebenezer Graves, Ebenezer Billings, Jr., Samuel Graves, Samuel Billings Smith, Samuel Harvey, Joseph Root, Josiah Alvord, Ezekiel Smith, Captain Billings, Jed Sawyer, Ebenezer Marsh, Jr., Eliphalet Allis, Moses Dickinson, Judah Wright, Samuel Smith, William Scott, Jr., Samuel Billings, 2d, William Allis, Widow Harvey, Jonathan Bridgman, Samuel Gunn, Jonathan Billings, Manoah Bodman, Eleazer Warner, Joseph Mitchel, Jonathan Barrett, Jonathan Russell, Jonathan Field, Samuel Clary, Benjamin Graves, William Scott, Lieutenant Clary, Joseph Field, Samuel Scott, Jonathan Scott, Edward Elmer, Ebenezer Marsh, Widow Gunn, Luke Smith, Nathaniel Smith, Zebediah Allis, William Rand, Deacon Montague, Joshua

Douglas, Deacon Hubbard, Abner Cooley. The greater part of these were already settled in other parts of the parish. Some of these never moved from Sunderland. There were eighty lots in two ranges, one north, one south.

While Sunderland was still in the first upheaval of resettlement, building houses and ditching the meadows; and the Sawmill river works were a post exposed to the Indians; and surveyors were at work about Hunting hill, pending an early settlement of the farms; exciting news came from Canada, by way of Albany and Westfield, that "all the enemy Indians was out, in order to invade our frontiers." Whereupon Colonel Stoddard of Northampton sent by the first post to Governor Dummer an anxious request to strengthen the defenses of the valley towns. The weakness of Sunderland is mentioned:

"Northampton, April 21, 1724.

"Many of our towns are in poor condition, . . . Sunderland etc., having no soldiers to scout or cover their laborers in their out-fields. And in case we employ any men in such service, the government refuses to pay them. So that many of our people are in a fair way to be ruined."

On May 22, Sunderland spoke for herself, through the selectmen: "We being very poor, living altogether by husbandry, our lands not being thoroughly subdued and lying scattered and remote from one another, and compassed round on the wilderness side with thick swamps, fit receptacle for the enemy to hide and lurk in to our damage, hath occasioned our maintaining in the last year for a considerable time a scout and guard of our own men at our own charge (as yet) for the covering our laborers."

In response to such appeals as these, the General Court of Massachusetts, on Saturday, June 13, voted to

raise ninety-nine additional men in the scout and guard service of the insufficiently protected towns. "Voted, that nine of the above said ninety nine men be posted at Sunderland under a sergeant and be employed in guarding the inhabitants of that town in getting in their harvest."

Indians ambushed farmers at Green river a little to the northwest of us in August, 1725, shooting Deacon Samuel Field. Scouts frequently reported Indians in the north woods above here. The Champlain valley swarmed with them until September 10, 1725, when De Vaudreuil, governor of Canada died, and the Canadian policy was changed by his successor.

A new Indian war began in 1744 and raged intermittently for nineteen years till the Peace of Paris in 1763, February 10. There were the same alarms as before. But during the eighteen years of peace our people had better subdued the land and built a good many houses. The population was between three and four hundred souls. On the other hand, the efforts to destroy these settlements, in order to recolonize the land with French and Indians from Canada, were much more determined and better organized than ever before. The Province of Massachusetts was thoroughly aroused by the danger of annihilation. The energetic Governor Shirley made our frontier to the northwest fairly bristle with guns and forts. A net was spread around us to catch if possible every straggling Indian, and to confine the zone of battle to the wilderness. The forts were of the best type of frontier fortification, and stretched from the Merrimac river, in New Hampshire, to the NewYork boundary. Amongst them, were those at Charlestown and Hinsdale, New Hampshire, on the Connecticut river; and at Northfield, Bernardston, Colrain, Heath, Rowe and Williamstown in

Massachusetts. As the war proceeded, and it became apparent that this net had frequent leaks, every town in the valley gradually became fortified with blockhouses and palisades, for refuge.

On August 20, 1746, Fort Massachusetts (in Williamstown), which the orator, Edward Everett, called the Thermopylæ of New England, had been captured in a deadly assault of 750 French and Indians. On the 25th, five persons were killed in the hayfield at the Bars in West Deerfield, at a spot once supposed to be the headquarters of the Pocumtuck Confederacy. And little Eunice Allen was left with a tomahawk buried in her brain; and yet lived. There had also been an attack at Colrain, and some scalping. Some farmers were plundered at Northampton, twenty miles inside the great net. A whole army of scouts were out in the north woods all winter, anxiously watching from every mountain peak for Indian smokes; and scalping Indians for one hundred pounds apiece under provisions of a bounty offered by the Province.

In March, 1747, the wily Indians slipped through the meshes of the net again and captured Shattuck's fort in Hinsdale; and burned the deserted settlements of Winchester, Hinsdale and Keene in New Hampshire. The postrider who carried the news of this raid to Northampton was Joseph Severance, afterwards a citizen of Montague, and already a cripple from former Indian fights. And amongst the fighters who rushed north to the defense at this time was Gideon Bardwell who years before, with his brother Enoch, had frontiered it alone on Montague plain, not far from the scenes of Philip's war and the exploits of their grandfather Robert. The Deerfield company engaged the Indians at a place called "Great Meadows." But the Indians squirmed out of the fight and

April 7th attacked Fort Number 4. in Charlestown. On April 15, the same party reappeared near Northfield, heading south, and killed two men. July 15, a young man was shot in the cornfield at Bernardston. And on the 22d, another man was picked off at Colrain.

On the 19th of October a band of forty Canadian Indians, under general orders to destroy these settlements, appeared on the very banks of Pequoig (Miller's) river, near its mouth, and there killed and scalped the Deerfield scout, John Smead, who was on his way with messages to warn the inhabitants this side the river. Smead was only three months back from Canadian captivity. He was one of the heroes of Fort Massachusetts. He had just left his wife, his two oldest sons and the babe, Captivity (born on the captive march), in Canadian graves. These Indians left their wounded leader, Sieur Simblin, in the hands of the Northfielders. And only for this reason perhaps abandoned any further raid south and returned to Quebec for new orders.

This was a pretty close call for the parish of Hunting Hills. There were already settlers about Pequoig river, almost within hearing of the war whoops of the slayers of John Smead. And down the valleys to Kunckwadchu (Mt. Toby) for many a month and year, the tale of John Smead and of Sieur Simblin was told; and children and faint hearts went trembling to bed, while the brave and cautious went on arming and fortifying the town and walked wide from every bush by the field's edge.

As the years of watching dragged on, these terrors did not abate; they increased. In March, 1748, a scalp and a prisoner were taken from "Number 4." On May 9th, a man was killed at Southampton. On June 16, fourteen men were ambushed at Hinsdale. And things kept on

at this rate all summer, blood flowing freely on the three sides of us. Large parties of French and Indians were chased by our valley soldiers clean across the Hoosac and Taconic mountains and into the Champlain country. Our scouts in turn were hunted over bloody trails across the Green mountain ranges. This was the case, in May, with the scouts of Captain Melvin, who had pursued to within the range of the guns of Crown Point; and fleeing, left six dead on the mountain paths, several of them Northfield men.

On receipt of the news of the fate of their townsmen Northfield proclaimed a solemn fast; and engaged, on the 16th of June, the Rev. Mr. Ashley of Deerfield to preach the sermon. In the midst of this service, the great gun at Fort Dummer, up the meadows, boomed the alarm of a fresh attack. There was a rallying in hot haste. Four men had been killed, and six were taken captive. It was the work of that same Sieur Simblin (St. Blein) who had threatened the destruction of Hunting Hills and Sunderland the year before, when John Smead was scalped at Pequoig river.

A command of forty English soldiers was attacked, June 26, going from Number 4 to Fort Shirley; and, in a four hours' battle, seven men were killed and wounded; but the Indians were driven off. July 14th, there was another ambush in Hinsdale, in which two were killed and eleven taken captive. Another man was killed on the 23d, right on Northfield street. On August 4th, there was a new attack upon Fort Massachusetts, by 136 French and Indians. On October 7, 1748, peace was declared in Europe. But the Indians were not all called back from our frontier by France for nearly a year.

There was a short two years of peace. Then the mili-

tary carpenters and engineers were again set feverishly at work repairing the broken forts and building new ones. Two new strongholds were built in Charlemont in place of the mountain forts, Pelham and Shirley in Heath and Rowe. The expeditions of Sieur Simblin and others had taught the prudence of fortifying places outside the old belt of forts, already broken through so many times. Consequently houses of refuge were ordered palisaded, at Huntstown (Ashfield), Roadtown (Shutesbury), Cold Spring (Belchertown) and at Hunting Hills. There were two well-known palisades here, one on each of the principal north and south trails. One surrounded the old Clapp place on Federal street and another was near the Oscar Rice place, west of the Sawmill river ford. The present house there is said to be framed from timbers of the old palisade. Henry Shepard used to tell the traditions, how on several occasions the Indians' scouts crept within gun-shot of this palisade (Fort Allis); and when discovered, fled down the Sawmill river. These forts were built in 1752.

On June 11, 1755, a fresh chapter of horrors and fears, like that of the decade before, opened with the tale of men killed and captured in the cornfields of Charlemont. All summer, after this, probably not a hill of corn was hoed or gathered in the whole county, without military guard. The cry that went out from Greenfield was the cry of them all; and it was almost word for word like the one sent out from Sunderland in '47: "The people are in much distress; and much grain must be lost for want of guards.— I expect many will venture hard to save their corn, not knowing how to support their families without it. . . . They conduct with caution and prudence of late as I ever knew them. . . . They are at great expense in hiring

guards. No mischief has happened since the disaster at Charlemont—though they have made frequent attempts. —I fear they will be too cunning for us." This was in July.

In August the Greenfield guard had almost been broken through; which called out another cry to the governor of the Province: "We are in great distress. . . . Indians have been about. . . . We have but seventy men left in town; and how we shall be able to get hay to keep our stock and seed our ground, I know not." And Greenfield was the last barrier between Hunting Hills and Canada. More than once during those years, Greenfield men announced that they were exhausted; and they must soon run for their lives; since they could no longer watch and fight.

A terrible year was 1756. In all of these towns men worked their land under arms and at night slept in or near the fortified places, perhaps with pickets at the outlying farms. The enemy made repeated raids, killing here and there all stragglers from the guards. At the end of the summer, Greenfield, reduced now to forty-three men, despaired: "It is evident we cannot subsist here much longer; that we must fly to some other place, not only for safety, but for the necessaries of life." Relief was sent from Boston, and Hunting Hills had escaped another close call; for already Indians were creeping into Deerfield and Northfield and carrying off captives, and killing men not far from the scenes of the Falls fight of 1676.

The campaigns towards the Champlain valley against Canada had for two successive years failed. All that could be done now was to increase the garrisons of the forts in the Deerfield and Connecticut valleys, for another year of defensive warfare. Everywhere men were working

under guard and sleeping on their arms. The nerve of the men at times seemed breaking down. There was a panic in the valley when news came that Montcalm had taken Fort William Henry on Champlain and the Indians had been turned in to butcher hundreds of our men. At first there was the sound of Rachel weeping for her children. But there was need for a sober second thought. Our outguard was shattered and gone. There was need that the home guard summon the remnant at home, and fight for the homestead. For Montcalm now saw little obstacle to the long cherished dream of France to drive the remnant of the English from this valley and return it to the Indians under her dominion.

At this time Sir William Pepperell, commanding officer at Springfield, received orders from the governor: "If the enemy should approach the frontier, you will order all wagons west of Connecticut river to have their wheels knocked off; and to drive the said country of horses, to order all provisions, that can be, brought off; and what cannot, to destroy."

The winter of 1758 was a quiet one. But in the spring the killings and capturings came along like a fixed order of things, till the very thought of spring had come to be looked forward to by that generation as Gethsemane. And this particular spring was under the very shadow of the cross; proving again that it is always darkest before dawn.

Then new courage came. A sign of promise was seen in the sky. Massachusetts had long borne her cruel cross alone. William Pitt, the ablest prime minister England ever had, and the best friend America ever had, of all her glorious English friends, had just come to power; and instantly stretched his great hand across the sea to us.

And, besides, a spirit of American nationality was awaking in the different colonies. For while our old Hampshire boys were still breaking their hearts and their bones against the stone walls of Ticonderoga, buying a victory there at the cost of 1900 men, and were scaling the high impregnable walls of the island fortress of Louisburg, help was pouring in from England; and states to the south were forwarding a new army to multiply several fold the dead boys of the New England frontier. Amongst the Hunting Hills men known to have been in Colonel Israel Williams' regiment with General Amherst were Joseph Root and John Clapp.

Victory now perched on our banners. Ticonderoga surrendered on July 27, 1759, to General Amherst, just a year and a day after the second capture of Louisburg. On September 18, Montcalm surrendered Quebec to Wolf. And a little later, Rogers' Rangers destroyed the village of St. Francis, which had fitted out nearly all the Indian expeditions against us. Crown Point surrendered. Montreal alone remained for another year's work. But on the 8th of September, 1760, Vaudreuil surrendered the whole province of Canada to the English. The Connecticut valley after eighty-five years of bloody expiation, of God best knows what crimes of her own against the Indian, and of the old country against France, was at last free to sow and reap and to bring forth the good treasures of their souls which they certainly had brought to plant in this wilderness.

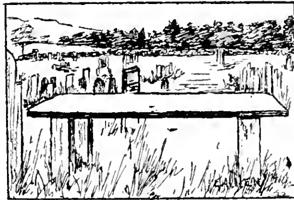
The Montague town records do not give any roll of men in the service, but merely some vote or two about not collecting the rates of the men out in the war. The first precinct meeting of the North Parish of Sunderland was held during the lull of war, on July 29, 1751, at Joseph

Root's. The only business, however, was the matter of hiring preaching. The parish was set off as a separate district in 1753; and then silence reigns as before until 1755. And even then no town government is elected and not much money raised; and it was voted not to collect the rate of "the men absent in the war." There is every reason to believe there were a good many absent, especially of the young men.

A few fragmentary memories of the home-coming of the old Indian scouts, who so many years had their lodge in the wilderness, have survived through the intervening centuries. Joseph Severance had been in the "Meadow Fight" at Deerfield in 1704, and received a wound which crippled him for life, but did not prevent his riding post more than forty years afterwards. It was he who carried the news down the valley of the fall of Fort Massachusetts, in 1746, for which he received seven shillings sixpence from the Province treasury. And again he rode post to Northampton in December of that year, when the snow-shoe scouts had descried Indian smokes in the north woods. And again, in the spring of '47, he reported the peril of Shattuck's fort in Hinsdale; and a little later rode towards Fort Massachusetts to bring in a soldier taken sick on the road. Severance told his yarns by tavern fires; and showed his scars to the youngsters here, for a few peaceful years; and died in 1766.

"When Gideon Bardwell came home from Deerfield," says his great-grandson, Samuel, "he moved a cupboard on an oxcart, together with cooking utensils. In one compartment was a pig; and in the next one was placed my grandfather, then two years old. Gideon built the Chauncey Loveland house." The infant thus cradled with the pig grew to be another soldier.

During the last years of the war, Hunting Hills was recovering from her paralysis in civic affairs. Town meeting was a regular thing after 1756. She raised her minister's salary 50 pounds in 1758; had even put up the shell of a meetinghouse before the close of the war; and had done something for schools and bridges. Taylor Hill was abloom with apple orchards; the meadows were fat with corn. And the homestayers had even worked up a sizable Anabaptist schism. But that is another book. Our ancestors certainly had the gift of occupying under the very shadow of death.



Book VI ✦ Winning Democracy

WHEN Hunting Hills was established as a separate district apart from Sunderland, in 1753, it was named Montague, after a popular hero of the Indian wars, an English sailor, Captain William Montague, who commanded "The Mermaid" at the first capture of Louisburg in 1745. This was chiefly an expedition manned, by land and sea, by our Connecticut valley Indian fighters. "The Mermaid" was dispatched to Boston with the news of our solitary victory of those days. Eight years later, while our people were palisading houses on the Indian paths, against a renewal of war, perhaps the new name was an omen of future victory. William Montague was son of Edward Richard Montague, Viscount Hinchinbroke and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Huntingdon; and grandson of Edward, third Earl of Sandwich. The fact that in Old Hadley, Sunderland and most of the towns of the valley, including Hunting Hills itself, were the numerous and very sterling stock of Richard Montague, descended with Captain William from the same old Norman Drogo de Monteacuto of the Conqueror's time; and coupled with the fact that Richard's kinfolk had a town named for the family in Virginia, where they lived, it seems quite correct to say, that the town was named as a compliment to our local family of Montague. The gallant Sir William, with his blithe news from Canada of the success of our own boys, was the occasion; but our pride in our home-made Montagues was the bottom reason. This becomes quite apparent by a very little investigation. The first Montague, Rich-

ard, was one of the fifty-nine founders of the town of Hadley, and he was twice selectman of that town and a famous Indian fighter, up and down the valley. His son Peter Montague was in the Turners Falls fight, as was also his daughter Martha's husband, who lost his life in it. Peter was a selectman of Hadley many years, and four times representative at Boston. Another son, John, was also selectman, and was one of the Hadley men who drove the Indians from Deerfield in 1704. And his son, John, was considered the third greatest man and farmer in his day in Hadley. And when John's sons emigrated to South Hadley, the town of Hadley observed a day of fasting and prayer. One of these sons, Peter, was at Louisburg, under old Seth Pomeroy of Northampton. They were a tall race, and were said to build the doorposts of their houses higher than common, "that a Montague might walk in with his hat on." Another grandson of Richard Montague, Samuel, was one of the forty first settlers of Sunderland. Town-founding was the Montague habit. He was always a leader there in war and in peace; in church he was the head deacon; and a captain in the army; and of course many times a selectman. His son Samuel was one of the founders of Bennington, Vt., but that was a few years later than our present story. Another son of Deacon Samuel was Major Richard Montague, one of the founders of the town of Leverett and its leading spirit for many years. He was also one of Rogers' Rangers in the French war. He lived on the Long Plain road near Mt. Toby, and was so much of a personality here in three towns, in his day, that it was once popularly taken for granted that this town was named for him alone. There were Montagues amongst the pioneers of this district, who were as usual much at the front. And to speak again of things

that came after, New England's greatest statesman, Daniel Webster, was maternally another Hadley Montague. It is safe to say then that at the middle of the eighteenth century no single family this side the river had impressed itself quite so much upon the public consciousness and popular affection as the family of Montague. By act of the General Court, August 23, 1775, the district of Montague became a town of the same name.

According to the deeds of Mashalisk and Metawompe in 1674, all the present territory of Montague up to a line running due east from the southern terminus of the old canal, at Montague City, belonged to the proprietors of Hadley. It seems clear that the little brook whose bed was once developed for the canal was the Papacomtuckquash, or "little Pocumtuck," of the Indians; and not Cold brook, and certainly not Pequoig river, as one old map gives it.

A settlement was begun at the present site of Sunderland village in 1674, as ruins, occasionally mentioned in the reports of the Indian scouts, during the next forty years, show. But it was abandoned in Philip's war, and burned by the Indians. After that the parts of Swampfield (Sunderland) near Hadley were included in the vast "pastures," where sheep and cattle roamed with their shepherds all summer. The parts above Kunckwadchu (Mt. Toby) were known as "the hunting hills," probably a name borrowed from the Indians.

The "old Sunderland line" ran from the mouth of Cold brook east six miles across Great Pond (Lake Pleasant). When Montague district was set off in 1753 a two mile addition was made on the north to a line running east from the mouth of Papacomtuckquash, the original bound of the Hadley proprietors. June 21, 1768, Joseph Root

in a petition to the General Court asked for the annexation of the unincorporated land remaining between the Montague line and Miller's river, being about 8000 acres belonging to lands owned by John Irving of Boston. And an act was passed November 7, 1770, annexing this territory. Mr. Irving remonstrated; but the order stood. A good part of a two mile addition on the east was set off to Wendell, February 28, 1803, when that town was incorporated. The final territory of Montague, of irregular boundaries (three-quarters round its borders) on account of the natural course of streams, is contained within a six miles square. Nearly half of this is a semi-arid pine plain of sea sand and a slight mingling of fertile loam which responds curiously to cultivation. Indian corn, beans and grain of excellent quality but of fairy size are raised by very little labor on fallows. There is a yarn to the effect that Solomon Root of Taylor Hill, who owned land on the Plain, was often seen strolling in from that direction on Sabbath afternoon. When asked by his church-going neighbors how he had spent the Lord's day, "On my knees," replied Solomon, "watching my corn grow." This tract was the bottom of an ancient sea lagoon, with two or three interesting hills like islands and two gems of lakes, all that is left of the inland sea. Fully fifteen miles, of the twenty-four of boundary of Montague, are traced by the Connecticut and Miller's rivers and Wickett brook. The rest of the border east and south is a steep mountain wall pierced by highways at only three points in the course of ten miles: at Goddard's brook to Dry Hill and Wendell Center, at Sawmill river to Shutesbury, and at Cranberry and Long Plain brooks to Leverett. The bounds were surely set by nature.

The majority of the inhabitants, apart from those of

the newer villages, have from early times been prosperous planters. When all is said, Montague came out of the Indian wars blessed amongst towns. The cultivatable area is exceptionally small, but that little is exceedingly good and has always supported a goodly number of happy homes, while at the same time attempts to live off the tracts of poor soil without scientific knowledge have impoverished and driven out a good part of the noble stock that originally settled the town. And yet Montague has never been like the hill towns, depopulated at any time. The valley farms and homes here have undoubtedly increased in productiveness and comfort steadily from the beginning. Yet there is the broad belt of hill country on the east that abounds in abandoned farms. Montague has had its periods of social decadence and has shared the universal decay of taste in the architectural arts common to the commercial age of crude manufactures with lots of tinsel and gloss and foolish ornament made by machinery. Nevertheless two hundred years of civic experience have laid the basis of a democratic life, sweet and sound to the core, that God grant shall yet blossom and come to rich fruitage.

There has at least been no fatal discontent here. The young and energetic assume the burden and heat of the day here, quite unlike those of some of the hill towns. The very lay of the land early made of us a community; has cultivated in the inhabitants the self-reliant qualities in fraternal union. The historian Green, has thus described the ancient Saxon community from which our New England towns originated: "A belt of forest or waste or fen parted the community from its fellow villages, a ring of common ground." Much of our hill region eastward was for many years such common ground, with settlers

here and there in the forest. On the other side was the broad river. The land here offered a great variety of choice. At this, again the heart of the Saxon leaped up. "They live apart," says Tacitus, the Roman observer of our European ancestors, "each by himself, as woodside, plain, or fresh spring attracts him." But these independent Englishmen who came here had the spirit of close kinsmen in all they did; often were blood related and moved from place to place in clans strengthened by civic and ecclesiastical covenants. It was an early saying here that there were "Roots enough to plant Hampshire County and Gunns enough to defend them." A later edition of the proverb had it: "There are Roots enough in Montague to plant all the Fields of Leverett." And one local annalist has pointed out that, during the Revolution, public affairs were carried on chiefly by the families of Clapp, Bangs and Gunn. All this too is ancient Saxondom. All the names of towns ending with "ham" (home), "stead," "ton" (town or tun) indicated the valley, brook bank or plain where one of these blood-related, covenanted fraternities or guilds lived. It was Pel-ham, the home of the Pels or Peels, Shel-burne, the brook of the Skellings, Hubbardston, the croft of the Hubbards, Warwick, Warren's corner and so on. Montague might have been called Clapham in good old Saxon style, or Gunton, Bancroft, Rootwick, Marshfield or just Montague as it *was* called. And in the gradual extension of this family, kindred feeling from the "wick" and the "croft" to the cosmopolitan community of to-day lies the evolution of democracy.

The little New England town democracy is different from the rest of the country still, except where New England influence has molded things; different from the rest

of the world. As James Bryce, the English historian, has said, our town democracy is made up of "old English institutions which have 'suffered a sea-change, into something rich and strange.'" There is this survival of Saxon primitive democracy and there is something more. All government was originally democratic. We have seen that the Indian government was democratic. So at first all nations; so all wild races of to-day. But founded at first upon narrow blood kinship, democracy has been taken in hand by all sorts of impatient tutors and made to know that kinship is national not local; that religion is catholic not tribal; that the holy church is universal not denominational; and last of all we shall learn that justice is social and not class-righteous. The Germans lost something of their original democracy under the kings and lords that succeeded the strong tutor Odin; the Greeks under the Thirty Tyrants and Alexander; the Romans under the Cæsars, and the English under their Tudor and Stuart kings. But they did not lose everything; they only suffered, to become strong; and so more free.

The church for fifteen hundred years had nursed in its bosom, obscurely, fineness of fellow feeling, the worship of beauty, the love of nature, the practice of art, the traditions of mutual aid and mutual government by abstract or scientific principles of right and justice, tempered by Christian forgiveness except in cases of disloyalty to the church itself; and every other democratic thing it had cherished and developed for human use. Our New England towns inherited a certain part of all this in its Congregational church, the democracy of the Medieval catholic church plucked forcibly from its bosom and again secularized through the processes of the Protestant "Reforma-

tion." Our "selectmen" were in England the parish wardens, or select vestrymen; our "moderator" of town-meeting was in the old country the "moderator" of the Presbyterian synod; our public school the outgrowth of confirmation in church doctrine and the Scriptures. In the civic story of Montague down to 1830 we may trace the growth of all our dominant American institutions out of the Congregational church which our fathers brought here from England.

The earliest record of a meeting of the "free-holders" of the precinct of Hunting Hills is in 1751. Now a "free-holder," or "freeman" was a male member of the Congregational church who had reached the age of twenty-one and was in good and regular standing. No other persons could hold office or vote. The first precinct warrant was from William Williams, Justice of the Peace for the County of Hampshire to Jonathan Root of Sunderland, husbandman. It sets forth that application had been made by Simeon King, Daniel Ballard, Eliphalet Allis, Samuel Smead, and Jonathan Root, etc. So the freeholders were ordered to meet at the house of Joseph Root on the 29th of July, 1751, and choose a moderator and a permanent chairman; a committee to call future precinct meetings; to see if the freeholders would hire preaching; raise and grant money for expenses; and choose assessors and collectors. The freeholders of the second precinct of Sunderland met accordingly at two o'clock on the day appointed and chose Deacon Newton, moderator, Joseph Root, clerk, Deacon Newton, Eliphalet Allis, Samuel Bardwell, Daniel Ballard, and Simeon King to give out future warrants. They voted to hire preaching; and directed Deacon Newton to get a man; to raise two hundred pounds old tenor; and chose Josiah Alvord, Eliphalet Allis and Samuel

Smead to assess the same; Enoch Bardwell and Ephraim Marsh to collect it.

Two things are to be noticed here. The first is that this meeting was dated in "the 25th year of his Majesty's reign." In other words, this was part of a royal province and the business was the king's business. The second is that this meeting, while having all the essential form of a New England town meeting, and *was* the original form of a town meeting, was a purely ecclesiastical affair conducted on the basis of lay freeholders constituting the church. The Congregational church, the established church of the Province, was the one local body through which the king kept law and order and built up and preserved the state.

November 22, 1752, the Rev. Judah Nash was ordained and settled and the town church organized at the house of Joseph Root, which was then the tavern, on Thayer's hill to the south, overlooking the present village.

No other precinct meetings are recorded. It looks as though the strenuous times that followed were either without formal business meetings or that the records were loosely kept and were so lost. There is an imperfect record of a meeting December 1, 1755. It was then voted to build a bridge from Ensign King's to Moses Taylor's over the Sawmill river at the Great Swamp, east of the meetinghouse.

The meetinghouse had been begun in 1753, but it was far from done. It was now in 1755 voted to have six windows on the back side, two on the back side of the pulpit; to plane the boards that cover the back side of the meetinghouse; to allow each man to build his own pew; and to have a shell "blowed" on the Sabbath day as a signal. It was also decided to have four months of winter

school; and Samuel Harvey, David Ballard, and Ebenezer Marsh were directed to hire a teacher and to provide a place for the school.

Here we see our little republic exercising more fully the regular public duties of freeholders, as they legally were, with slight changes up to 1830: caring for the public property and the king's highways and providing for elementary education. These, in addition to hiring preaching (which was their first duty), were the public charge of church members, or freeholders; and the expense was rated upon the whole community.

The first regular March meeting was held in 1756, the eighth day. A full record is extant and of all meetings of the town from that day to this. Joseph Root, the first parish clerk, was now made clerk and treasurer of the district. The board of selectmen and assessors had five members, now usually fixed at three. At first there was no fixed number. There might be as many as seven or nine. Note also that this first board of "selectmen" and assessors are the same men as those who constituted the purely ecclesiastical officials of 1751. They were Joseph Root, Samuel Bardwell, Ensign Simeon King, Josiah Alvord, and Samuel Smead. There was a full line of town officers chosen, including hogreeves, deerreeves, sealers of weights and measures, measurers of wood bark and lumber, pound keepers, fence viewers, constables, tythingmen, turnkey, highway surveyors, school committee. There was no provision for the poor. There were no poor to provide for.

A special town meeting was called December 13, 1756, at which church and school and bridges again got equal attention. Two bridges over Sawmill river needed repair. The winter school was looking for a place and a teacher.

Samuel Harvey, Deacon Root and Rueben Scott were directed to see to that. The Rev. Judah Nash was voted seventy loads of wood "at the lawful money per load."

The next town meeting was held March 7, 1757, in the new "meeting house" or "town house," as it was called—never, church. But the meeting was adjourned to the house of Ensign King. It was voted to build a schoolhouse 16x18 feet "of hewed or sawed logs" and "to set the said house south of the road near Ensign King's barn and near the Mile Swamp." Benjamin Barrett, Reuben Scott, and Samuel Harvey were chosen building committee. The house they built was soon afterward burned; and another built or bought of John Scott; and that burned in 1762. Then "The Little Brown School House" was built where the brick church now stands. And this remained until it was old and outgrown. I will describe it in detail in another book.

In 1757 a bridge was built "near the meeting house." The meetinghouse stood north of the common and the bridge was over the river where the road used to dip under the hill back of George Stratton's house. October 3d, it was voted to finish the body of the meetinghouse all with pews except two or three short seats in the body near against the end doors. Lieutenant Clapp, Deacon Keet, and Ebenezer Sprague were a committee "to determine the manner, place, and bigness of said pews and seats and to plan out the same." The "manner" of the whole architecture will appear in the book on *Religion.*

November 15, 1757, it was voted: "that we seat the meeting house and that we will choose nine suitable and meet persons to do the same, who are to consist of three sets of men and that each set of seaters are to seat the meeting house by themselves in the first place; and after

they have done that, the whole of said nine men are to meet and to perfect such a plan as they can best agree on." The sets of seaters chosen were these: Ebenezer Sprague, Joseph Root, and Rueben Scott; Clark Alvord, Samuel Smead, and Jonathan Currier; Ebenezer Marsh, Zebediah Allis, and Nathan Smith—the freeholders' best men. The seating of the meetinghouse was almost an annual ceremony. By this record we are reminded again that it was in "the 27th year of his Majesty's reign." The seating of the meetinghouse was a relic of aristocratic and feudal society, soon to be sloughed off in the democratizing process. Be it remembered that valuing a man by his property has been the great heresy of civilization. Challenged and combatted by rising democracy, the heresy changes from form to form, like Proteus, the old man of the sea. The Puritan aristocrats of the eighteenth century insisted upon deference to their titles, and their distinctions of wealth. Nothing better shows that modern democracy is no theory, but a life that even its projectors had no consistent theory about. But they accepted its divine principles and rose blindly with its star whithersoever it should lead them. Certain titles stood first and took the front seats. The Minister's family was first or equal to the Colonel's. Then came the Captain, and next the Deacon, the Lieutenant and the Ensign, followed by the different ranks of wealth. The titles themselves were bestowed upon the most well-to-do. A man's tax rate determined his seat in the meetinghouse from year to year. Propertyless persons, non-church members and boys over ten were assigned the galleries, which were "not seated," that is, not graded. There were men among the Puritans, as the old records show, as jealous of their neighbors' seats as the ancient Pharisees, who "loved the chief

seats in the synagogues." Which goes to show that modern democracy is a growth and that we may find that it is not yet full blown. Yet the root of it was in them, a sense of personal and public responsibility for everything from "tongs and a great shovel" for the school to the "burning question" of the Rev. Judah Nash's seventy loads of wood at fifteen shillings a load; and from keeping oneself without reproach to solving the greatest theological questions.

The legislation, in short, of early town meetings, has two interesting things about it in addition to its democracy: its care for small particulars and its prescription of a way of thinking. We have been gradually finding out that there is more democracy in letting a committee or representative tend to details than in making everybody's business nobody's business; and more religion in a multitude of live opinions about God and the Scriptures than there is in one dead creed. How quaint it seems to-day to read for instance the Montague "shell" votes, from 1751 to 1802, often both at the March and December town meetings, "voted to blow the shell;" "voted to pay Lieutenant Clapp for blowing the shell;" "voted to blow the shell until December;" and in December, "voted to blow the shell the rest of the year;" and then after twenty or thirty years of this, it comes up like a brand new subject, "voted that a cunk shell be blowed."

"Mar. 5, 1759: voted that Joseph Root be allowed twenty shillings for blowing the shell on Sabbath day;" "voted that we buy the shell of Lieutenant Clapp for one pound ten shillings."

"Mar. 7, 1763: voted that Deacon Gunn be hired to blow the shell as a signal for going to meeting until December."

"December 5: voted that Asahel Gunn be paid two

shillings to turn the key;" "that Moses Taylor be paid twelve shillings to sweep the meeting house;" "that Jonathan Gunn be hired to blow the shell."

"December 21, 1778: voted that the shell be blown."

"December 6, 1779: voted to pay Samuel Church for blowing the shell." Not even the Revolutionary war could compel them to leave it to a committee. I pick the votes at random.

"May 6, 1785: voted that the cunk shell be bloed."

"1787: voted to hire sum man to blow the shell."

"1790: voted that we blow the shell."

"1792: voted to hier the shell bload."

"1801: voted to build a belfrey to the meeting house." This vote caused a transference of the semiannual legislation from the shell to the bell, for the next thirty years. And over the bell the debates were long and ardent, as to how much bell ringing there should be in a day, in a week, on Sunday, about curfew, about midday, about the bell ringer's salary, about excusing the Baptists from the bell tax.

There were many other small matters that required all the machinery of town legislation running at high pressure. "Mar. 6, 1765: voted to provide wands for the wardens and staves for the tything men." "Dec. 3, 1770: voted that no child under 10 go up galery, and that tything men bring down such boys out of galery as are disorderly and set them before the deacon seat." "1794: voted that the meeting house be painted the same as Sunderland." "Dec. 6, 1802: voted that the bell be rung ten minutes at a time on week days." "1819: vote that gentlemen may sit with their hats on, except when they address the moderator." But this fussy side of the crude democracy was disappearing in 1820 when it was voted

to choose a committee of three from the Baptists and three from the Rev. Aaron Gates' society to settle the dispute between them about repairing the belfry.

But there was a serious element of tyranny in the ecclesiastical town democracy. "May 31, 1758: Raised by the hand of Doctor Thomas Williams Esq., of Deerfield, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the County of Hampshire, one pound lawful money, the same being a fine as by law laid on Stephen Corbin for his neglect of attending the public worship on the Lord's day, which money is by the selectmen of this district to be disposed of to the poor of the same.

(Signed) "JOSEPH ROOT."

Yet let no one say the Puritans made "blue laws." This is blue enough; but it is nothing compared with the thing they fled from, the rank Episcopalianism of tyrants like Laud in England.

One thing is clear, that there was a growing spirit amongst the people here. As fast as their eyes opened to the light a majority swung towards it. It became harder to collect church fines. In 1763, Judah Wright had been fined for neglect of worship and compelled to give a note in payment of the fine. He fought his case and, on December 6, had his note returned to him. He proved, "a sore leg." And afterwards avenged himself by turning Baptist minister.

There was, however, no organized resistance to the ecclesiastical tyranny of the town until about 1768, when the district of Montague, which was of course the Congregational church, brought suit against a group of Anabaptists for neglecting worship and other delinquencies. These people had organized a church of their own the year before.

But it was looked upon by the authorities as a criminal association. Moses Severance and Captain Root were on the prosecuting committee. The Baptists lost their case; but September 13, 1769, appealed to the Superior Court. The court conceded the Baptists certain independent rights upon their procuring certificates individually as to the sincerity of their religious professions. The town had to call off the constables.

But the majority of the voters were not yet satisfied. A committee was immediately chosen to join with Sunderland in a petition to the General Court for permission to further prosecute the Anabaptists.

And what was an Anabaptist? The word means one re-baptized. We call it Baptist for short. The early Baptists no doubt had very annoying manners; and were as intolerant in their attacks, as the established order was against them. This is nothing peculiar. New ideas, in getting attention, usually involve the bringer in trouble. The Baptists spared no coarse ridicule of the custom of infant baptism, well-written sermons, and even all orderly thinking. They were supposed to foster ignorance and even immorality. But of course all denominational argument like this is merely an expression of dislike to pay attention to something different from our old habits. In Virginia the established church (Episcopal) fined them 2000 pounds for neglecting to have their *children* baptized "by a lawful minister." But they were made equal as a sect there in 1785.

In Massachusetts the fight was kept up longer, for a reason that did not exist in Virginia. The Congregationalists were themselves heretics in the eyes of the government. Virginia was regular in her religion. Massachusetts had sacrificed much to establish her church. To

admit another heresy would seem to leave their very constitution at the mercy of all their old enemies in England. Consequently many looked upon the Anabaptists as fatuous rebels. Bewilderment turned into bitterness against them. It does not appear that Baptists were one bit treacherous to the common good during the Revolution. Of course the fears, like all the well-known fears that anarchy will result if the people call their souls their own, were grounded in fancy, in the tyranny that lurks in us all. Sentiments softened towards the Baptists.

December 7, 1807, the Baptists were regretfully excused from paying for singing and expense of ordination of the new minister, Aaron Gates. But the Baptists, with a certain amount of controversial meanness, turned about and dubbed the established church, "The Rev. Aaron Gates' Society." They seldom failed after this to obstruct all town business that related to the meetinghouse and the church, originally the first and chief business. By 1820 there was a strong third party to the trouble, the suffering public, who, weary of contention, took the attitude of "let them fight it out between them."

Even the ancient right of the Congregational minister to pray before the town meeting was in dispute and had to be put annually to vote. The Congregationalists of course usually won and a committee was sent out to bring in the Rev. Aaron Gates. "March 1820: voted that Rev. Aaron Gates be invited to come and open the meeting with prayer." At another time it was voted that Rev. Aaron Gates be sent for "to come and pray with the meeting." But in 1822 it was "voted that the annual meeting in the future be opened with prayer." As the sectarian point of the Congregational minister's right was given up, this seems to have settled that matter.

Now there were more serious divisions. As early as 1815 there was a strong reaction towards the mother church of England, in which the son and namesake of the long time sainted pastor, Judah Nash, took a leading part. Amongst the prominent names of families uniting to form *Trinity Church* were Wrisley, Taft, Kinsley, Taylor, Estabrook, Shepard, Rowe, Marsh, and Williams.

In 1825 a still more serious rupture occurred. A strong body of citizens, including Colonel Benjamin Stout Wells, three Root families, Medad Montague and Samuel Bardwell, withdrew from the first church and later organized the 2d Congregational Society (Unitarian). And then followed a contest, unique almost for its determined spirit on both sides. It was now no longer a conservative old church persecuting the errant heretic. It was a battle of equals. It was a prime rift through the very heart of the community.

Victory wavered between the two main camps for some years. At the first outset Mr. Gates' official and financial standing, which had stood the Anabaptist guerrilla warfare, now slipped from under him. He became the minister of a waning sect. And it was "voted to allow the Rev. Aaron Gates his salary, less the tax of persons who have left the society." At the March meeting, in 1826, there was a drawn battle on the question of possession of the meetinghouse. It was "voted to let each religious society occupy the meeting house their equal portion of time, according to their proportion in assessment of the state tax;" and then the vote was rescinded.

Nobody was satisfied. The "Unitarians" wanted a place in the meetinghouse. The "Orthodox" wanted it alone. The established church had in substance disappeared. A large circle of outsiders egged on the Uni-

tarians. They had full meetings. There were many who had smarted under church fines and petty cuffings from tythingmen, worried by religious lawsuits and the baying of constables, set upon them by the church, and they were pleased, with wicked glee, to see power taken completely from the church. Three meetings were held in May, 1826, and the battle was renewed for possession of the meeting-house. Three times it was "voted not to divide the meeting house." The "Orthodox" faction was having its innings. Then Mr. Gates called for his dismissal in December, 1828, one month after the organization of the Unitarian church, with twelve members. Mr. Gates had been here twenty-three years following the fifty-two years of Judah Nash. It is safe to say that the whole idea of the ministry by this time had undergone a revolution. Liberty had been gained; and a large unchurched element, together with three new Protestant churches, four in all, for a population of 1000 souls. And never again were the clans of Montague "to walk together to the kirk." Mr. Warren Bardwell, a number of years ago, told me with something, I imagine, of the fervor of the old controversy, that "the Unitarian church has kept the whipping post off of Montague common for seventy-five years."

There was a year in the First church without a pastor. Then the Rev. Moses Bradford served three years without settlement and was dismissed. The church then remained two years pastorless; during which time, it saw its darkest hours. During this interval, in 1833, the great blow fell, disestablishment. After this there was no more taxation for the church.

Democracy had gained, a vote for every man regardless of his creed. The Baptists had first won their own citizenship through their certificates. The act of 1833

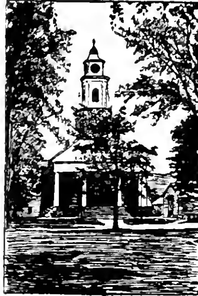
was general. Citizenship was conferred upon every self-supporting male of proper age.

But it was not without a kick that the old order died. Riots followed the act of disestablishment. The late Deacon Richard Clapp was eyewitness to a riot in Montague the latter part of January, 1834. January 16, a warrant had been posted calling for a meeting, to see if the town would tear down the meetinghouse—What a strange proposition! The First church was sore and without a minister, while the Unitarian and Episcopalian factions had united in sitting under the preaching of the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson. There were fears on the other side that they would get the house at last as they had in several of the surrounding towns. Before town meeting day there was a general turn-out of the Orthodox faction, impatient to do something. "I remember," says Deacon Clapp, "among them was Elijah Root (Deacon Root, his brother, was on the other side). I remember seeing Joshua Marsh and others undermining the church. Joshua took a crowbar and striking it into the side of the building said: 'Let in the light.' The whole building was razed to the ground."

When the citizens met on the spot, the 30th, they passed the following vote: "voted, the meeting house having been pulled down, and the weather being rather cold, to adjourn to Thomas C. Lord's hall." That was in the *Tavern*, now known as Montague Hotel. A vote of censure succeeded in passing upon the mob. B. S. Wells, Col. Aretas Ferry and John Brooks were chosen a committee to report on the question of the town's claims against the members of the mob. On February 17, the report was heard, accepted. and the committee was discharged. Then it seems to have been evident that the mob was too many and determined, to punish, without civil war. It is hard

for one-half of a people to collect damages from the other half, particularly where the division comes in one's own family. The meeting silently adjourned.

The following year, 1835, the Unitarians with the aid of Episcopalians, built the "White Church," west of the common. The Orthodox, consisting of Henry Gunn and sixteen others built the brick church from clay dug "on Deacon Bardwell's lot," "the Thaxter Shaw place," now owned by the Rev. G. W. Solley.



Book VII ✦ Causes and Conduct of the Revolution

HOW democracy within the town community was hatched out of Congregationalism, Anabaptism first cracking the long incubated shell, and Unitarianism scooping out at last the peeping, struggling chick and letting him run free in the sunshine, I have told in the last book. The growth was so gradual that it took them a hundred years in England to discover our "sea change." But when they found it, there was trouble. What was nature in the democratic independency of our people, they took for impudence and presumption. It was not the burden of a few pennies more or less tax on tea and "W. I." goods that caused the Revolution. It was the custom of Montague's building bridges, schoolhouses, townhalls, highways, and all internal improvements, of salarying their ministers and schoolmasters and political representatives in the General Court and taxing themselves, all without any assistance or advice from the king's government, and by a system of town leagues and intercolonial coöperation waging war against their enemies alone for a century. These habits were against imperial pretensions. By the end of the French wars the last link of national union of the thirteen colonies was being forged. With Canada suppressed, King George saw here a source of wealth. He also became suddenly conscious of the wonderful political institutions that had silently grown up from English seed in the fresh soil—conscious, that is, as blockheads become conscious. If he lacked any knowledge, William Pitt and Edmund

Burke supplied him with information. They had made a thorough and profound study of America.

In 1765, the English Parliament passed the "Stamp Act," putting a tax upon American imports to be administered by English officials, a portion of it spent on the colonies and the rest taken over to England like booty or tribute from a conquered country. Every valley and hilltop of New England instantly flamed up with hot resentment. They were almost free amongst themselves. And now they suddenly awoke to realize that "in his Majesty's reign" had become in their documents and records but a slender phrase, with no reality in it for them. And now the last tie was severed. Independence of foreign lords and foreign armies was now all the cry.

The *Declaration of Independence* speaks of the right to institute "new governments." Nothing of the kind, however, was done in New England. New Englanders began the Revolution not to institute reforms and changes in the order of things, but to save the institutions and customs that already had become old and venerable with them; and were new only to a few stupid Englishmen a hundred and fifty years behind the times, who got the king's ear; and found him like themselves. We did not change our government, by rebellion; we saved what we had, before this, won.

Six general crimes against our democratic customs on the part of the king are mentioned in the Declaration: he had tampered with our laws; interfered with our process of legislation; interrupted our courts in their work; instituted arbitrary and expensive provincial government; then to punish us for protest, left us without any; and ended by quartering an army upon us to eat us up and tread us down. The point is that it was too late for the

king to change anything here. Our habits and our hearts were set, during those generations of poverty and struggle, when England little cared whether we lived or died; and loyalty to the crown was just a sentiment of home-turning English hearts. Our customs and laws were the habit of life triumphing over the wilderness and lurking death. The king could cut off our heads, but he could not change these. *We* could not change them if we would. Whatever doubtful theories may be embodied in the Declaration, the closing sentence was the statement of a scientific, historical fact and not of a theory or a dream: "These are and ought to be free and independent states."

The Townshend Act followed the "Stamp Act" in 1767. This contained the famous tea tax. It was another attempt to collect tribute. A part of the proceeds was to hire for us imported governors and judges responsible to the king and not under our laws; also crown attorneys and a royal army; and to pension the king's colonial minions. The people of Montague and sister commonwealths, the two hundred republics of Massachusetts and the hundreds more in the rest of New England, so rooted and grounded in minding their own business, from selecting the color of paint on the village schoolhouse to the conquest of Canada, were expected to look on at the expensive royal show, pay the bills and be thankful. What fatuity! The king little guessed the thoughts and the grit of men who held their heads up through the direst poverty and destitution and took moments between times, in ten years, to build a wooden meetinghouse; and "built it workmanlike." Fush! on your royal show, King George and Lord North! Our colonels and deacons were getting a little forehanded now; and they knew just what they were going to do with their money. They were going to build schools and col-

leges, canals and water mills; they were going to dam the wild streams and build intercolonial post roads and turnpikes; and send ships trading round the world. The cry went up instantly from Virginia to Massachusetts: "No taxation without representation."

Two English regiments in the fall of 1768 were sent to Boston to enforce the Townshend act. Boston braced herself for resistance. All the towns of Massachusetts were invited to meet her at Faneuil Hall. On Wednesday, September 21, 1768, the people of Montague promptly assembled at their meetinghouse and chose Doctor Moses Gunn to represent the town at this proposed convention. Dr. Gunn was our Samuel Adams, our spokesman throughout the Revolution, a man with eloquent command of the English language and tireless self-sacrificing zeal for democratic administration of our institutions.

In August, 1772, a severe blow was struck at Massachusetts in a more direct way. There came an imperial order that henceforth all judges should be paid by the crown. Samuel Adams came forward with a scheme to meet this new device of oppression, a plan of agitation by letter, a sort of round robin parliament to reach every intelligent man in the Province, and constitute the whole population a perpetual Provincial Congress. April 6, 1773, there was a town meeting in Montague to hear about the plan. It was "voted to choose as a *Committee of Correspondence*, Moses Gunn, Moses Harvey, Elisha Allis, Stephen Tuttle, Peter Bishop, Judah Wright and Nathaniel Gunn, Jr. The meeting adjourned to April 20 at one o'clock to receive the report of the committee, in reply to the efforts of the town of Boston. The following letter, the composition of Doctor Moses Gunn, was read "in very full meeting." And when the doctor laid down the

paper on the table, the citizens called enthusiastically to hear it read through again. It is a remarkable document, in the main, clear cut in its language and decisive in tone; and it has imbedded within it the principles of self-government underlying the New England town meeting and the constitution of the United States as afterwards defined:

"*To the Committee of Correspondence of the Town of Boston, Gentlemen:*—Having carefully perused your pamphlet of the 20 of November last, containing a statement of the rights of the colonists, with the infringement on those rights (which came to us about three months after publication), we are of the opinion that you have, in general, justly stated our rights as men, as Christians, and as subjects. As Christians, we have a right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience owing all religious obedience to Him who hath declared that his kingdom is not of this world. As men, and as subjects, we have a right to life, liberty and property. These we have as our natural birthright, being descended from those renowned ancestors, who crossed the Atlantic at their own expense; purchased the soil of the natives, and who with their successors have ever defended it with treasure and blood; confirmed in the right ample manner by the royal charters whereby the people of the Province have the sole and absolute property of the soil, in fee simple, with all the appurtenances—waters, rivers, mines, etc., except only of the part of gold and silver ore reserved to the crown. As to infringement on our rights, we do not pretend fully to understand the power of vice nominalty courts, but that there is so great a difference made between subjects entitled to the same liberties and immunities within the colonies as in the Realm [of England herself] as there

appears to be, affords matter of conviction that [a representative government with local legislative bodies interspersed] is their only security against impartiality and injustice; and that a Parliament at three thousand miles distance can never have an equitable right to bind colonies in all cases whatever. That the commissioners of the customs, or any set of men known or unknown, in our charter, should have general warrants to search houses, shops, chests, etc., is illegal, and hath been publicly declared to be so within the Realm [of England herself] in the great case between John Wilkes, Esq., and the Earl of Halifax. . . .

"We thank the town of Boston for their patriotic zeal in the common cause, particularly as their *Pamphlets* hath paved the way for a full discussion of our natural and charter rights, in the general assembly at their late session, whereby much light hath been cast on the subject. We reflect with gratitude and pleasure on their learned labor, in defence of our just rights, in which they have discovered a thorough knowledge of our constitution, and great firmness in defense of it.

"Gentlemen, we look upon the particular occasion of your letter to be very alarming to every sensible lover of his country. We acknowledge the activity and vigilance of the town of Boston. Trusting that salutary and important ends to the public good have been and still may be answered thereby, we consider the infringments on our rights stated in the Pamphlets as being what in reason and justice ought to give deep concern to every friend of his country, and excite his endeavors, in all suitable lawful methods, to obtain redress. We hope that the knowledge of our natural and constitutional rights may be still further propagated among people of all ranks. That the

natural principle of self preservation may be timely and thoroughly awakened and unerringly directed. That a criminal and scandalous inattention of indifference to our rights may be an infamy never justly charged upon us, esteeming a tame submission to slavery more infamous than slavery itself."

After these acts, King George III's government deliberately dared Boston to resist it in defense of the Provincial constitution. Three decoy ships of tea were sent into Boston harbor. Samuel Adams' men accepted the challenge and almost instantly fed the tea out to the fishes of the Bay. The king was also ready and closed Boston port. Boston appealed to the Province; and received solid backing for her prompt acts.

A "non-consumption covenant" was put before the Montague people, June 27, 1774. This was in response to a recommendation of the House of Representatives sitting at Salem June 17, as a means further to baffle the English attempts to collect tribute. Dr. Gunn, Stephen Tuttle, Eliphalet Allis, John Gunn, and Samuel Bardwell were chosen a committee to give the matter mature consideration and report July 7. The committee presented a document going more fully into the condition of the provinces than was done in the document of the previous year. The important points of this report may be summed up in six resolutions:

1. We approve of the plan for a Continental Congress September 1, at Philadelphia.
2. We urge the disuse of India teas and British goods.
3. We will act for the suppression of pedlers and petty chapmen (supposably vendors of dutiable wares).
4. And work to promote American manufacturing.
5. We ought to relieve Boston.

6. We appoint the 14th day of July, a day of humiliation and prayer.

Just one week after the solemn fast, the citizens signed quite generally the following non-consumption agreement:

"That, from henceforth, we will suspend all commerical intercourse with the island of Great Britain until this act of blocking up the harbor of Boston be repealed, and a restoration of our charter rights be obtained.

"That there may be the less temptation to others to engage in the said dangerous commerce, we do in like manner solemnly covenant that we will not knowingly purchase or consume in any manner whatever any goods, wares or merchandise which shall arrive in America from Great Britain, from and after the first day of August next ensuing."

In the preamble of this agreement it was asserted: "There is no alternative between the horrors of slavery and the carnage of civil war."

On September 20, the district "voted to procure, as a town stock, 56 pounds of powder, 112 pounds of lead, and a sufficient number of flints, to be paid for out of sale of commons."

On November 8, it was voted to raise and appropriate the "Province rate," concurring with the advice of the Provincial Congress, which met October 11, at Concord; and adjourned to Cambridge October 17.

December 5, it was voted to pay Doctor Gunn four pounds nine shillings and sixpence for services and expenses at the Congress at Cambridge; and three pounds ten shillings and eightpence as representative this year at the General Court. It was voted also to choose a committee to execute the agreement of the Continental Congress, which had duly met in September, and adopted

and forwarded to the king a "*Declaration of Rights*," which the delegates agreed in behalf of their respective provinces to defend. Moses Gunn was again returned to the Provincial Congress to meet at Cambridge February 5, 1775. Six pounds was raised and appropriated to organize *minutemen* at sixpence a half day for training.

The following company of minutemen was then organized. This was the same company that responded to the alarm of April 19 in connection with the battle of Lexington. They marched in the regiment of Colonel Samuel Williams of Warwick. Captain, Thomas Grover; Lieutenants, John Adams and Josiah Adams; Sergeants, Philip Ballard, Simeon King, Asa Fuller and Josiah Burnham; Drummer, Elisha Phillips; Privates, Elisha Wright, David Sprague, Til Borthrick, Henry Ewers, Elias Sawyer, Wm. Allis, Asa Smith, Joel Perkins, Jonathan Harvey, Moses Brooks, Uriah Weaks, John Brooks, Samuel Smith, Samuel Bardwell, Thomas Whiting, David Burnham, Nathaniel Nichols, Reuben Granby, Joshua Combs, Joseph Combs, Elisha Trizel, Joshua Searls, Zedodiah Allis, John Ewers, Moses Harvey.

Three days later, April 22, a second company was mustered for the same regiment, and consisted of Conway and Montague men. The following were from Montague: Asahel Gunn, David Patteson, Ezra Smead, Rufus Smith, Elijah Smith, Ebenezer Grover, Samuel Gunn, Samuel Taylor, Ebenezer Marsh, Caleb Benjamin, Elisha Clap, Ira Scott, Nathaniel Taylor, Joshua Gawse (Goss), Joel Adams, Samuel Larence, Salvenus Sartel, Daniel Baker, Simeon Cox.

The day this company was mustered, it was voted to send an ox wagon loaded with flour, pork, peas, tobacco and oats. Deacon John Gunn, Lieutenant Nathaniel

Gunn, and Medad Bardwell were in charge of this; and Elisha Wright was paid one pound sixteen shillings for carrying the stuff down to Cambridge.

I may have given the impression that the inhabitants of this district (on August 23 of this year 1775 it became an incorporated town), were solidly in favor of resistance. As a matter of fact there were twenty-three families loyal to the imperial government. Before the soldiers marched, these *Tories* were intimidated and confined to their own estates; and directed not to leave them without permission of the authorities; or be dealt with as traitors. On May 26, 1775, it was voted "that all persons called to account as inimical to their country shall be notified of the allegations brought against them before the time of trial and a reasonable time be allowed them to make their defence."

On the same day, Doctor Moses Gunn was chosen as a member of the Provincial Congress to meet at Watertown the 31st of May.

The battle of *Bunker Hill* was fought on June 17. Washington arrived the 2d of July; and during that summer and following winter organized sufficient force and means to drive the English from Boston in the early spring. The Declaration of Independence followed in July, 1776. Then came Washington's successful maneuvers against Howe in New York and the wonderful winter campaign in New Jersey; and then the summer campaign of 1777, crushing Burgoyne on the Hudson; and Valley Forge, misery and victory, stars and stripes flying, money all gone. Congress recommended war taxes, but had no power as yet to assess them. December 30, 1777, Montague "voted to choose a committee to provide for the continental soldiers agreeable to a late act of Congress."

On January 27, 1778, the *Articles of Confederation,* recently adopted by Congress, were debated here. It was "voted to approve of the Articles, except the first clause," giving Congress the power to declare peace and war. This it was resolved, "belongs to the people." There is food for reflection in this resolution. The Revolutionary war would never have been fought if it had been put to the vote of England and the thirteen colonies; for as John Fiske says: "In that struggle the people of England were not our enemies." Most wars, just like the war of the Revolution, result from the schemes of some powerful group of parasites like King George and his minions.

A committee of correspondence had been chosen March 10, 1777, consisting of Deacon John Gunn, Dr. Moses Gunn and Sargeant Nathaniel Smith. A committee of inspection and safety consisted of Captain Asahel Gunn, Lieutenants Benjamin and Keet and Stephen Tuttle. Treachery was feared, perhaps from the Tories; for it was resolved "That the governor ought not to allow town dwellers to remain drinking in their houses after nine o'clock without some special business."

April 9, it was voted that all inhabitants but soldiers "should take the small pox in the natural way."

We have heard even in our day the phrase, "not worth a continental." April 24, 1778, it took twenty shillings continental money, or nearly $3.50 to buy a pair of stockings. On that date, at that price, Montague provided for her 23 soldiers then in the field; also shoes at $6.00; and shirting at $1.50 a yard. May 18, 1778, five new soldiers had to be fitted out at a cost of $7.00 for a shirt and $11.00 for a pair of shoes. Serious efforts were made by the people here and elsewhere to regulate prices. A convention was held for this purpose at Concord in 1777;

but Montague voted not to send a delegate. Another was held at Northampton and a list of prices was recommended to the Hampshire towns; but Montague again voted not to concur with the recommendations. It transpired, however, that there was great inequality of prices. And so finally, March 7, 1777, "to prevent monopoly and oppression," it was voted to establish the prices of twenty-three necessary commodities, including labor wages for mowing and harvesting. But judging from the soaring of prices the following year, as noted above, it does not appear that this regulation of prices had much effect.

December 21, 1778, the five selectmen, besides being assessors and overseers of the poor, were also made a committee of correspondence, safety and inspection.

February 9, 1779, two soldiers were added to the home guard, each receiving thirty pounds bounty. Four more were raised for the front; were assigned one hundred and twenty pounds bounty; and reported at Springfield. The money was subscribed and loaned by the citizens of the town.

October, 1779, there is a record of eight soldiers receiving forty pounds each from the town: Noah Barnes, Joel Benjamin, Asa Fuller, James Winston, Ephraim Whitney, Simeon King, John Clapp, Jonathan Marsh.

June 20, 1780, the town offered two hundred pounds bounty for six months' volunteers. No one volunteered, and a committee had to be appointed to hire the soldiers. But none could be found. June 27 the town raised the bounty to three hundred pounds, and three pounds a month pay, in silver or grain. These terms brought forward nine men, who were mustered into the continental army. One hundred and fifty pounds, and three pounds a month, was offered men for the militia service. Two more men

presented themselves for the continental service. It was voted, "that, as there is necessity for the two men to march on Friday next, the selectmen and clerk shall pay the bounties at Lieutenant Gunn's, on that day at ten o'clock, and that Sergeant Josiah Burnham attend them to South Hadley to see them mustered and take receipts of them from the superintendent."

October 18, 1780, one hundred and eight pounds was paid for 3600 pounds of beef for the soldiers. On the same date seven volunteers were called for. None could be had. The recruiting committee was increased. Still soldiers were not found. This was the gloomiest period of the war. It took now $150 in continentals to buy a bushel of corn and $2000 for a suit of clothes. Volunteers were not tempted by the offer of any amount of it. The fighting spirit of '76 had all oozed out. To complete the misery, even Benedict Arnold, who had done so much to destroy Burgoyne's army, now sold out to the enemy. January 10, 1781, it was directed, "that the committee invite men to meet them next Monday night and state their own terms of service." This was just one week before the tide of the Revolution suddenly turned. It was the darkest hour before dawn. On the 17th, General Morgan won the battle of Cowpens, which started Cornwallis on his last retreat to *Yorktown*.

January 24, it was voted to offer three years' men twenty yearling heifers or steers, if they remain one year in service; twenty neat cattle two years old, if they remain two years; twenty, three years old, for three years. It does not appear that there was any response. The war was being pushed in the South, and Southerners were now doing the fighting. In July, three months' men were still called for; but I do not know with what result. But early

in September, Benedict Arnold was sent to burn New London, Connecticut, in order if possible to cause Washington to waver from his swift drawing in upon Yorktown. But Washington staked all upon gathering in Cornwallis' army. And New England felt a revival of '76, to rush to the defense of Connecticut. September 17, 1781, "voted that soldiers detached to the defense of Connecticut be paid twenty shillings extra in case of marching." Arnold's feat, however, proved a mere feint. Cornwallis surrendered the 19th of October.

Samuel D. Bardwell recollected in 1895 that some time in the 40's he took a Justice of the Peace Commission so that he might make out pension papers for the then surviving Revolutionary soldiers of Montague. These were his grandfather, Samuel Bardwell, Moses Andrews, Elisha Tilden, Joel Shepard, Salmon Gunn, and Ebenezer Whitney. Mrs. Lyman Gunn remembers the curiosity she had "to see the silver dollars the pension man brought the widow of Eli Gunn (brother of Captain Asahel) who made her home with us."

Other lists of Revolutionary soldiers of Montague doubtless can be found by searching. But here is enough to make the old times reality to us; the men, flesh and blood. No man can ponder this record of citizen and soldier, and say that our liberties happened. Our democratic constitution was in fact a long slow growth, not a sudden erratic thought. Its preservation from the dangers that threatened it in the 60's and 70's of the eighteenth century, was an all but impossible task. I have traced with you in the case of a single town, five or six miles square in the wilderness, how it was done; how the men there gave their means, their lives and their sacred honor.

Book VIII ✦ The King's Highway

THE pioneers used for bridle roads those sinuous paths that followed the dry edge of every valley. According to Deacon Richard Clapp, "the first road from Sunderland (unquestionably following the Indian path) came by the 'Back street' along the slopes at the foot of Toby. Reaching a point due east from the Whitmores it struck a little northwest where there is now an abandoned road, and came out on the present North Sunderland road at the top of the hill south of the Deacon Marsh place. Thence it ran up past Hamilton Smith's, past Day's, across Taylor hill, past Taylor's, straight past the Eli Gunn (Liberty Wright) place, and across the present easterly and westerly road, down a lane where I drove cows; thence past the Daniel Rowe place (F. Lyman's) forded the Sawmill river; thence northeasterly and past the present railroad station, but considerably south of it. South of the Deacon Armstrong place there is a run westerly of the new graveyard; thence it ran along the present road easterly from Warren Bardwell's across Pond brook; thence it turned northeasterly near Ben Tilden's old house and ran on high ground to the top of Goddard's hill; ran north of his house. The road went across the Plain to the mouth of Miller's river, where there was at an early day a tavern, afterwards occupied by Durkee." Deacon Clapp also says, "Contemporary with this line of road from Sunderland by way of Taylor hill was a road from the Back street, leaving it where the road ran to Deacon Marsh's, northeasterly of the Gunn tavern (now E. P.

Gunn's); thence it continued easterly across the present Leverett road to the Billings mill. This was a terminus for persons going to the sawmill and grist mills (provided here as soon as Sunderland was inhabited in 1714). It stretched north across the Sawmill river at the southeast corner of Gunn's sugar orchard not far westerly from the Billings mill; thence bearing more to the right it ran just north on high ground and entered Federal street by the 'Jew place'; thence it ran along the present Federal street to the top of Goddard's hill, there joining the other road at the end of *Harvey's path*."

Harvey's path was named for Moses Harvey, one of Montague's most romantic characters, who lived on the site of the George Gilbert place. It reached from the turning in place, north of the Swamp road and between Pond brook and Ben Tilden's, to the top of Goddard's hill.

Federal street was first called *Country road*, but must have received its present name soon after the Revolutionary war, and is a noble memorial of its inhabitants who were in favor of the Constitution of the United States, which established us a nation, on September 17, 1787. Of the interesting habitations on these old roads I may speak in a second volume of Montague history, entitled *Montague Homesteads*. Deacon Clapp said of the locality: "In the early days, Federal street, (or Country road) was really a center. The place between Federal street and the village, however, was a great swamp—nothing but a morass. And there was much difficulty in getting over to 'Scotland' and back. I remember my grandfather telling how he sometimes used to jump from log to log in making his way across the swamp."

Hartford was the market for the farmers in the summer

by way of the river from "Taylor's landing"; and Boston in the winter. The practice of teaming to Boston for the sale of produce and bringing back rum and foreign goods, continued through a hundred years, until the completion of the railroad. One of the early thoroughfares accordingly was the old *County road* over Dry hill. This was our "Bay path," to borrow a name from another distinguished Boston road, to the valley. This was the only route for more than fifty years, until the road was opened by way of Grout's corner and Miller's river. At the Country road junction of the County road stood the old tavern near the site of George D. Payne's buildings. There were once sixteen inhabited farms between that place and Dry hill schoolhouse. It was a thickly settled mountain road. Now crumbling chimney stacks or mere depressions in the turf mark more than half the places of dwellings. The names of thirteen householders on this road remained on a county map of 1858. Beginning above Severance's tavern, there were: J. Tuttle, S. B. Bardwell, J. S. Ward, B. Gage, L. Allen, D. A. and A. Benjamin, A. Thornton, N. Grover, E. Scott, E. Pike, H. Heard, E. Steadman, and O. Payne. And Josiah Prescott in 1811 lived next the Wendell line. The first settlements on this road were made in 1738. One month of school was provided for the community in 1757. And in 1792 the Rev. Judah Nash's salary was divided in proportion between the center and this settlement to maintain local preaching. It was the most thickly settled road leading out of Montague. Some of the houses must have been quite fine. Not a few of the good old families lived and prospered there. A few of the old chimneys and hearthstones, still in place, are eloquent of good old times and substantial personalities. One house, till recently stand-

ing on the hill crest, north of the school, was a model of workmanship, such as our earlier builders delighted in; and it was a gem of architectural proportions. It sat there gracefully ten years ago, like a castle in the air, above the romantic scenery of the Pequoig valley, the last tattered figment of a passing dream. In the reign of the Georges, when the presence of human homes, the lively traffic of the road and the surpassing glories of scenery united there, our Bay path was a truly royal road. Springing from Federal street at Severance's tavern into the hills, it soon winds along the banks of Goddard's brook, high above it, a pure brook, which when in flood, resounds amongst the pines like the voice of an organ. A labyrinth of wooded hills and crags seem to lift one into a sanctuary as one climbs. The tiny intervales in cups of the hills and the hillside farms are miracles of verdure; and, in June, of color of wild flowers. The air is heaven's own. After an hour's climb amongst these sweet intimacies of nature, a distant world of mountains and valleys sprinkled with farmhouses bursts from the blue rift between the tree tops and the sky. It is a beautiful road, every foot of it—and the cream is on top. The brow of the hill, northwest from the traveled road by the schoolhouse, is sublime, nearly a thousand feet above the waters of the Miller's river.

The main county road north and south, ran from the Center, west of Great pond and Grassy pond, to the mouth of Miller's river, and on to Northfield. This was a distinguished thoroughfare, "much used by people who travel up and down the river," as we learn from an old petition for the annexation of land north of the old Sunderland line to the Miller's river, known as Irving's land, in 1768. The county built a bridge over Miller's river at a very

early date, to accommodate the travel and traffic between Hadley and the lower river towns and Northfield, and the regions beyond. On the 6th of March, 1774, a bridge which had been maintained for some years by the county at the mouth of Miller's river was carried away by a sudden rise of the river. The towns of Montague and Northfield petitioned the state to grant one hundred pounds to help rebuild it. It was stated that this was "in one of the greatest roads of the Province;" and further, "that it is in the great carrying place on Connecticut river, which if passed on the west side is twelve miles in length and Deerfield river to be crossed, but on the east side about six miles and the road vastly better; and every article that goes up the river, must be carried here; the river, by reason of the falls and rapids, being impassable with any vessel." From this and other information we learn that a vast traffic went overland through Montague from Taylor's landing, near the present Boston and Maine railroad, and from Bardwell's landing on the R. N. Oakman place, across Miller's plain to the French King rapids, above Miller's river. When Montague annexed the Irving lands in 1770, there were already families settled along the great road and in its locality. The rest of the land was to be sold at auction and settled within three years. Ten additional houses had to be built, each at least 18 feet either dimension, seven foot stud. And each family must agree to cultivate five acres of land. There was undoubtedly a tavern of long time standing, at the mouth of the river and probably the sawmill. There are hints of there having some time been a ford before the bridge. But fording the Miller's river at this point, even in low water, must have been next to Indian fighting, difficult and dangerous.

The second road going east was the Road Town (Shutes-

bury) road. Direct access to Federal street having been won by a bridge at the Mile swamp in 1756, a road was laid around Harvey hill to Gunn's brook, in the North Leverett gorge, in 1762.

The next concern was to improve the passage to Deerfield. In 1766, a road was sought out down the bank at "David Ballard's ferry place." Later this was "Cobb's," then "Clesson's ferry" and is now known as "Rice's ferry." A number of prominent families lived in this vicinity, amongst whom were the Wellses and the Shepards.

On a map of 1794, surveyed by Elisha Root, there is a county road running from the center (the present Turners Falls road) to " Bissel's ferry," near the upper suspension bridge. This was the road to Factory village and Bernardston. At the same period, "Tinney's ferry" at Bardwell's landing gave another short line between Northfield and Deerfield via the Montague plain route.

The Turnpike, running from Greenfield to Athol, crossed the Plain from Montague City, north of Willis hill and along the present state road, which before 1799 was known as "the new county road," to distinguish from the Dry hill route east. "The Fifth Massachusetts Turnpike Corporation" was chartered March 1, 1799, to open this new route to Boston. This company built the first bridge at Montague City; and opened it with great ceremony and speechmaking November 2, 1802. This bridge was swept away by a flood in 1824. It was replaced in 1826, and the new one partially destroyed by flood in July, 1828; and in August before it could be repaired, it was totally wrecked by another flood. In 1842, the bridge was again badly damaged. In 1810 the mail coach was leaving Greenfield over this route at 1 P. M. every Saturday and arriving in Boston Monday forenoon. The fare was $3.00.

In 1819, there were two stages a week and doing better time, starting at 3 A. M. and arriving the evening of the same day. In 1824, there were three stages a week. Martin Grout kept tavern at Miller's river for many years, on the turnpike line. Here were the first drinks out of Greenfield, going east; and on the return trip travelers, at one time, spent the night here, getting into Greenfield in the morning. A Worcester man, traveling this way in 1833, describes (in a letter which has been preserved) a night spent at this old tavern. He was impressed with the cleanliness and order of the house, plainly not expecting to find either; and spent most of his time reading an elegantly bound and printed translation of the Scriptures by the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, Rector of Trinity Church, Montague, " one of the most obscure towns in the Connecticut valley," adds the reader. He was humorously affected by the great flourish of scholarship and learned notes of this version. The diction appealed to him as deliciously pedantic. He quotes a sample from the story of St. Paul and his accusers. "Much learning hath made thee mad," is rendered, "The multiplicity of thy engagements hath demented thee." The merit the translator claims for his edition is that he has tried to put the Scriptures into modern phrase that may be most readily understood. The traveler says he started several times to steal the book. Warren Bardwell showed me a copy of the book a number of years ago. The incident serves chiefly to show how times have changed on the king's highway. Then Millers Falls was a Johnsonesque translation of the New Testament's length from Greenfield; and now is a short twenty minutes' ride.

In December, 1815, Montague voted to join with other towns for a mail route from Hartford to Walpole, New

Hampshire. Captain Spencer Root, Elijah Root and Colonel Wells were the Montague agents in this matter.

Traveling by stagecoach had its drawbacks and its beauties not associated with modern methods of travel. The exposure to climate in a huddled coach with all sorts and conditions of people is realized when you think of adding a case of smallpox amongst the passengers, as once occurred near here. Coming out of Greenfield the traveler was confronted first by the turbulent river with its record of capsized ferryboats and broken bridges and drownings. This safely passed, there were nine miles of desert stretching away before him with its sad looking tufts of sand grass and thorny areas of scrub oak interspersed with yellow pine. If it were August the open vistas, of course, were covered with golden-rod, which burned under the midday sun like a firmament of brass. Or if in June, one could half close one's eyes while thoroughbraces rocked one up and down over the wastes, and imagine an occasional clump of blossoming locusts, the enchanted islands wafting down incense and drowsy music, the vibration of thousands of insect wings. In early May one could just rest on the Sabbath whiteness of the shad blossoms that filled every thicket. If, however, one journeyed in winter as I did the first time I struck Miller's plain, twenty-two years ago, an Arctic solitude with biting winds, one might with Dr. Coy, who had crossed this "no-man's-land" hundreds of times in an open sleigh, thank God at the Plain's end that one was alive. But if it were in the full flood of spring, and acres here and there were turned up fresh for corn, and the blackbirds chittered by thousands on the dwarf oak thicket, just opening a million pink lips to the sun, and Kunckwadchu stood up to the south like a sapphire palace of the new spirit of

the earth—then one would be certain to visit the place again in a dream.

The King's highway in Montague was liberally provided with taverns. Besides the "tavern in the town," kept at a very early date by Joseph Root, there was Gunn's tavern of 1726 on the Sunderland and Hartford road below the mill. There was Severance's tavern on the old Wendell and Boston road, and Gunn's, afterwards Grout's on the new Boston turnpike. There were Durkee's for boatmen on the river road and Taft's further south for the traveler north. There was another boatmen's tavern at Turners Falls to be spoken of in the next book as well as at Montague City and at Bardwell's landing. Kinsley kept tavern on the west side of Main street after the passing of Root's on Thayer hill, and before the coming of Colonel Ferry, Lord, and their numerous successors at the historic "Montague Tavern," still the one quaint ornament of our village street.

These taverns, could we but recall them, were like nothing we have to-day. They were a quaint foreign institution, with their vices and their savor of poetry and romance. The tavern was a social center, a men's club. There was no conscience anywhere in the community against drinking; so every man, from the parson and the colonel down to the tinker dropped in to take a glass. It was where the domestic and foreign news was received and digested. It was the one place where prosy people broke into merriment and song and spun yarns of human delight as they had from immemorial time in *Merry England.*

The elements of drink were New England rum, gin and beer, which were manufactured by the barkeeper's art, with sugar, water and hot irons, into the old-fashioned

tavern drinks, "grog," "toddy," "sling," and "flip." Grog was a strong mixture of gin or rum and water. Toddy was not so strong a mixture, and was sweetened and served hot. Sling was sweetened grog. Flip was a mixture of either rum, cider or beer and molasses with nutmeg and ginger, stirred with a hot iron.

Round the tavern fire, his imagination a bit heated by grog, the boaster gloated over sawing twelve cords of wood and the traveler was quizzed about the gossip in New Haven and Boston or told the adventures of the road to which the old stager added ancient incidents. On Sabbath day, in place of furnace heat in the church, the men took grog at Deacon Root's or Kinsley's, before, between, and after prayers. At election times, the rural Brutuses and Catos manufactured their political epigrams and doggerels and orated there. The tavern ballad singer was the "yellow" newsmonger of that day. "Daniel Shays" and "Springfield Mountain" were recited by hundreds of tavern fires, the one scurrilous, the other maudlin, but full of sound and of quaint conceit.

Practical jokes were part of tavern life. Thompson, in the *History of Greenfield*, tells of a traveler who halted the postrider (who was journeying with him) in the dead of night while he went up and roused the inmates of a house. A night-capped head showed at a chamber window:

"Have you lost a knife?" asked the traveler.

"No, have you found one?"

"No, but didn't know but I should." (*Exit all.*)

Fish stories were popular. A noted fisherman lost his boat in shad season. But getting Indian snowshoes he safely walked on the backs of the fishes out to his fishing rock. Everything wonderful or weird had its place. There was a famous witch and fortune-teller by the name of

Thacher who lived in the glen, that wonderful glen of Fall river, beyond Peskeomskut, who furnished tavern talk.

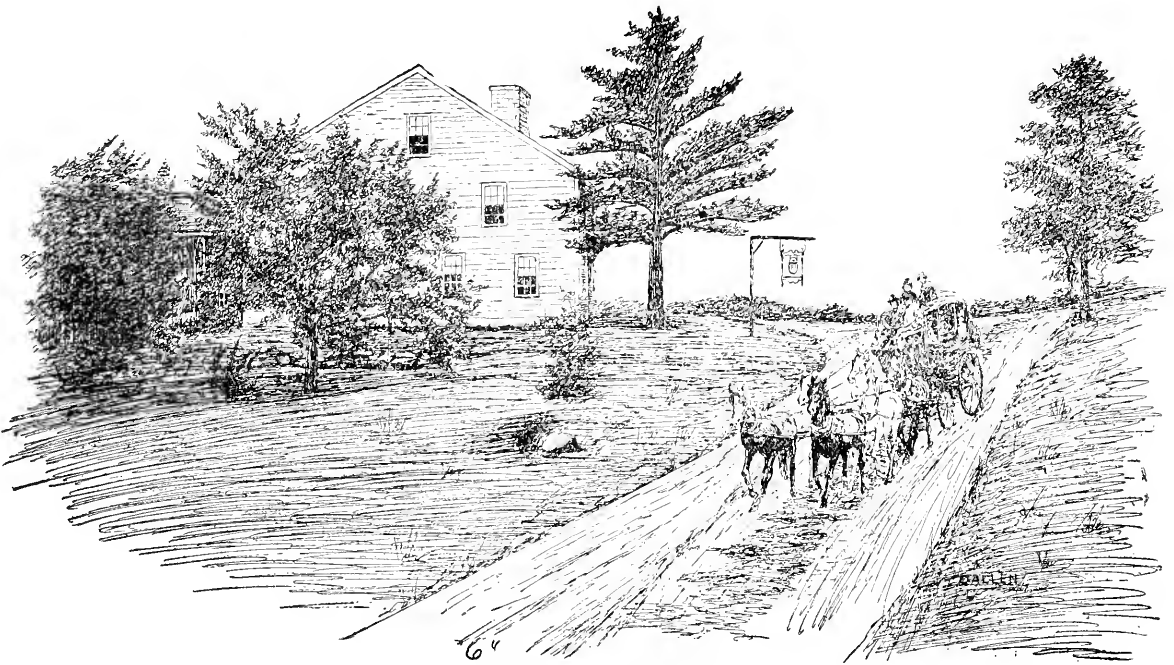
Journeying along the king's highway was enlivened by contact with wolves, bears and wildcats. Elk, deer and moose still roamed in abundance. The town was paying $2.00 bounty on a good many wildcats, in 1811. There were wolves here in 1806, and the bounty was $20.00. "In the year 1805, two wolves," as related in Judd's *History of Hadley*, "ranged sometime from the northern part of Hadley and Amherst to the northern part of Montague, and killed many sheep. Men from three or four towns turned out after a light snow, and surrounded and killed them. One of my informants often heard these wolves howl in the woods of North Hadley, and he was in Montague when one of them was brought in on a pole by two men. The hunters had a merry time," at Kinsley's tavern. Welsie Gunn Haskins, born in 1788, in Montague, living in Springfield in 1873 told of sitting in the "little brown school house" in the village and listening to the wolves on Montague plain.

Highway robbery was not a fine art in New England, except in tavern tales. According to these, "Lightfoot and Thunderbolt" early in last century had their den somewhere in the cavernous mystery of the old Dike's mill. And during the Revolutionary period Montague had several bands of real counterfeiters. One of these harbored in the Dike's mill where traces of their work in coin have been found. Often they had their laboratories, like the stills of the moonshiners in the South, in the fastnesses of the woods, where the constables tracked them by their "smoaks." May 18, 1778, the town voted to make good to Elijah Smith certain counterfeit money. October 18, 1780 counterfeit bills were redeemed of Samuel

Bardwell. May 26, 1781, counterfeit money was redeemed of Jonathan Harvey. Captain Kidd was said to have visited the river. And in recent years a copy of *The Pirates Own Book* was dug from an old attic.

When bridges were down and ways were storm bound, then men gathered with the travelers at the taverns, and sat out the afternoons and evenings, mug in hand, blinking in the fire and telling yarns. Some wooden-legged survivor of "the old French wars," would be recounting every detail, for the hundredth time, of the "bloody morning scout;" or some "redeemed captive" rehearsed the burning of Deerfield and of the flight of the Indians down Champlain, of powwows he had seen in Canada. Perhaps one of Rogers' Rangers, Major Richard Montague, for instance, dropped in from Long Plain, and told of the destruction of St. Francis and his winter flight over the White mountains.

Scurrility and vulgarity there was in plenty. But this was hushed when the parson came in for his toddy; or a deacon for his flip. Perhaps the deacon grinned over his mug at what he heard of the unfinished funny yarn, and proceeded, between his leisurely sips and smacks at his nutmeg and ginger, to tell some moral tale of Yankee thrift and enterprise. I think it was a deacon's tavern tale, about the Connecticut man who made nutmegs of wood and earned an honest fortune selling them to provincial housewives. The tale was told half humorously, half admiring the wit of the man. For in some such way our fathers laid a firm foundation for our modern "captains of industry" and horse traders. The deacon loved also to tell of the "old fashioned New England boy" whom Emerson has thus described: "A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the profes-



ROOT TAVERN 1785.

sions, who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He has not one chance; he has a hundred chances." This is almost a literal biography of J. G. Holland who grew up in this county many years ago, and of many another. The deacon went out thriftily at the end of an hour, smacking his lips from the second or third "bowl of flip," advising the boys not to drink over long and to save their money.

The parson also had his type of tavern tale. The most popular was one about George Washington, his little hatchet and the cherry tree. This was originated by the Virginia Parson Weems; but it was told in New England until it was worn out. The parson also made Fox's *Book of Martyrs* a popular book of tales by his portrayal of the sufferings of John Rogers and his narrative of the "Massa-cree of St. Bartholomew." The Spanish Inquisition came in also for a share of attention and the delight of all English blood, the story of the "Invincible Armada." Dropping into local history the story of *The Angel of Hadley* grew and grew in the parson's telling, how the regicide General Goffe (the people supposing he were an angel from heaven), came out from his hiding to lead the worshipers at Hadley meetinghouse to victory against the "bloodthirsty and devilish salvages," and then disappeared from history. Of course much in these old yarns is pious fiction, worth preserving rather than disproving. For everything pointed a moral or adorned a tale.

Soon after January 1, 1844, the tales of the traveler, and of the ballad-monger, and the voice of the town crier ceased in Montague. The following vote explains the

matter: "Resolved that we hail with joy the prospect of a speedy consummation of a Great Thoroughfare (Fitchburg Railroad) from the Capital of the Commonwealth to the Connecticut river valley through Fitchburg by way of the Miller's river, Erving, and Northfield to the line of the state of Vermont." The original "Fitchburg" was from Fitchburg to Boston. From Fitchburg to Brattleborough by way of Millers Falls, it was the "Massachusetts and Vermont" railroad. This section reached Grout's corner (Millers Falls) in 1848; and next year, Montague center; and in 1850, Greenfield. So, for two years, Montague and Boston were the two most distinguished commercial points in the state. Samuel D. Bardwell built stores at Grout's and Montague on the line and did a large business handling merchandise for this section including towns beyond the river. One of his advertisements in the Lyceum manuscript paper of the time is preserved:

> Eighteen hundred and forty nine—
> Just off the railroad line,
> Old Colony nails, if sold by the cask,
> $4.00 a hundred is all that we ask.

In 1866, the Amherst and Belchertown railroad was extended to Grout's corner, giving us a north and south thoroughfare this side the river from tide water to Brattleborough. By this time the last vestige of ancient ways of travel, hereabouts, by land and water, had disappeared. So silent now are the king's highways and the river, we can hardly realize the poetry and life of them that is gone. We see the good old times

> pass on and go
> From less to less and vanish into light.
> And the new sun rise, bringing the new year.

Book IX ✦ The River

THE river was first noted for its fisheries. Then the Indian corn fleet of 1637 was a prophecy of mightier commerce that was to come to the river, and make music out of industry for about a century. In 1732 began the first traffic in ship timber and building lumber down the river, which has never ceased. Lumber was brought down from Montague and Bernardston in 1772 to build Deacon Ebenezer Hunt's house in Northampton. The river became the greatest highway of commerce in New England. In Montague was a section of the first boat canal system in the United States. It was on the Connecticut the first steamboat was launched (several years before Fulton's "Clermont" on the Hudson) by Captain Samuel Morey of Orford, New Hampshire, in 1792 or '93. From him and his model Fulton directly derived the essential ideas of steam navigation.

I shall first tell of fishing days. For the best account we depend upon Josiah D. Canning, the late "Peasant Bard" of Turners Falls (Gill side). The old fishermen used to say the shad came up from the southern seas in the month of May when the shad tree was in bloom; and coursing along, they sensed the spring freshets pouring down from the land; and were seized of fishy desire to climb the falls, and tumble in the sweet and sunny waters.

Old timers all agree on astonishing tales of the vast number of fishes seen and caught along our Montague and neighboring shores. Many said, "one could walk on their backs across the river" when the shad pressed up the

stream. The salmon were not quite as numerous, but were often of immense size. A fisherman slung one by the gills on a stick over his shoulder; and as he walked off the fish's tail dragged on the ground. When the seines were drawn, sometimes as many as two thousand shad were taken at one haul, and often a giant salmon or two floundering in their midst. As many as five thousand fishes have been caught in a day by a solitary scoop net fisher. The prize fishing place was Burnham's rock, now under water above the Turners Falls dam. The usual places of fishing were where the water was most shallow or made a descent over rocks. Along the shores of the meadows, the day's catch, of different fishermen, was stacked like haycocks. And the meadows would be full of them, shad at one, two and three pennies to all comers. It was a cheap and abundant diet, and got the name of "Gill pork," reminding one of the historic codfish known as "Cape Cod turkey." Following the shad came the "lamprey" eels, clinging with their suckers to the rocks, and only less abundant in their season than the shad.

The fishing season brought a motley crowd, like a county fair or a muster, from a wide region, to get a year's supply of fish to salt. There "came the gentlemen, the bully, and the idler," says Mr. Canning, and engaged in all the old time games, trials of strength, leaping, wrestling and the like. But these scenes, interrupted by the dams of the Locks and Canal Company, from 1795 on, and compromised for a time by building fishways, came to an end by the building of the present Holyoke dam in 1849. The salmon had not been seen much after 1800. A lawsuit was brought; the fishermen got "fair damages," but no more fish. The whole story is told again by Mr. Canning in not unpleasing rhymes:

All in the merry month of May,
When snowy shad-trees blossomed gay
To tell the fisherman the time
When fish were plentiful and prime;—

All in the merry month of May,
Where Turner's pouring waters play,
And lash and dash, and roar and bray,
Were wont to gather there and then,
Fishers of shad and not of men.

All in the merry month of May,
Back many years on time's highway,
Upon old-time "election day,"
I've heard gray-bearded worthies say,
Not only fishermen, so wet,
With sweeping seine and scooping net,
But other folk would muster there,
As now they gather at a fair.
From all the region round about
They came, the gentleman and lout;
The yeoman, whose spring work was done,
Resolved to have one day of fun;

The peddler, with his gewgaws fine,
And ballads dog'rel, not divine;
The bully of the country-side,
In all the swell of hero pride;
The gamester who was skilled to know
The science of a lucky throw;
The loafer, whose "chief end of man"
Was "Go it, cripples, while you can;"
The verdant youth from hillside green,
Come down to see what might be seen
And treat the *dolce* whom he led
To penny-cake and ginger-bread;—
A motley crowd of beings, wishing
To see each other and the fishing.

Now ye who read these truthful rhymes
And live in these noise-making times,
When dams and mills and paddle boats
And other craft the water floats,
With all their din and click-ma-claver,
Scare off the red-fins of the river,—
Can scarce conceive what schools of shad
Made our old fisher fathers glad.

Their numbers did exceed almost
The rapt one's countless heavenly host;
Upon the bottom of the river
Their fins like leaves were seen to quiver;
And leaping salmon, though less plenty,
Were grand as royal one and twenty.
A single haul would bring ashore
Some forty, fifty, sixty score;
The fisher, who the scoop would duck,
Would get St. Peter's sacred luck;
A few hours toil, and you might heed
Shad piled like hay-cocks in a mead.

. . . .

The fisher's fire is out ashore;
The belleying seine is drawn no more;
No more appears, when hauled to land,
The silver winrow on the sand;
No more the merry May days bring
The jolly old time gathering,
For all is changed; old scenes are past
And fading from man's memory fast.
Since art and commerce rule our river,
Gone are our finny stores forever.
Untrammeled nature brings no more
This bounty to our storied shore.
In vain ye look, ye watchful wishers!
Gone and for aye, are fish and fishers.

The river was in early times, as now, used for floating

down vast quantities of loose logs from the New Hampshire forests. The tall pines of New Hampshire were, in special, sought by the king for masts for his navy. But the logs lodged on the shoals, and the farmers were sued for stopping them. The farmers in turn sued the lumbermen for damaging their meadows. And it has been suggested that it was like the famous case of *Bullum* vs. *Boatum* in which the bull had sunk the neighbor's boat and the boat had drowned the farmer's bull. July 11, 1785, and different years afterwards, there appears on the Montague records an "inventory of masts and mill logs" lodged on "Captain Gunn's island" and other Montague property. The mark of each log is given: H, BN, XOX, AX, etc. These records were used as evidence in lawsuits. The lumbermen eventually found it advisable to "box" and "raft" their logs and lumber.

A raft was an aggregation of logs 40x60 feet. This was made up of six smaller sections 13x30, called boxes. At the canals and narrows the boxes were "drawn" separately. And the "drawing" was a science, especially over the rapids. Shanties were built on the rafts, just as is done to-day on some Canadian rivers. Sometimes a cargo of smaller lumber was carried on top. Boys, men, women and girls flocked to the shore to see the grand procession (when the rafts came down in the spring) and listen to the jolly singing of the men. With the box sections of boards and logs, the rivermen navigated all the lesser falls and rapids, taking all sorts of chances with a skill that was equal to most occasions.

T. M. Dewey, formerly of Montague, an old riverman, in 1872 published in the *Springfield Republican* a series of personal recollections of river life and of the men. Before I have done I shall quote much of it. It is almost as

fresh as *Homer* in its keen sense of nature and love of men and the old time glory of the river.

"Steve Morse was a queer compound of music, mirth and metaphysics, of logic, labor, language and loquacity, intermixed with a goodly proportion of the social as well as the vocal element which is sure to fix itself permanently in one's memory. Those who have heard him ring out the old song:

'The sea, the sea, the open sea,'

on the soft evening air, as they floated by, while every man sat upon his oar, and not a ripple on the stream, while the gentle moon looked down . . . will never forget how it echoed and reëchoed among the mountains and through the groves." One time this Steve Morse had a lot of rafts waiting to go through the locks at Turners Falls. It would cost $800. He thought it too much and gave out word that inside the next twenty-four hours he would run the whole batch of logs loose over the falls. The agent fearing to lose the toll went to see him; and softened down to four hundred dollars.

"Mr. Thayer," said Morse, "I'll give you just two hundred dollars to put that lumber through. Not one cent more."

Then without further parley Steve, spying a great family Bible on a shelf in the tavern, shouldered it and started for the schoolhouse, the crowd following to see what he would do. His love of talk this time brought out a good Baptist sermon. He took up a large collection from the admiring followers. But Steve would not keep a cent of the money. He ordered it given to the poor. Mr. Henry, the tavern keeper, not to be outdone, opened his books and scratched out the accounts against Mr. Morse and all

his men. The lumber all went through the canal that Sunday evening at Steve's price. "And the next night was flip night."

Uncle Bill Russell was another long time toll gatherer after the locks were first built, "rough, honest, eccentric, faithful." Captain Spencer one time tried to beat him down on the toll. Spencer was a good man but had one oath, used on every important occasion.

"By h—l, Uncle Bill," said he, "that's too bad; that's altogether too high."

Russell did not listen to him. Spencer followed him all over the canal yard. Finally, Uncle Bill turned and took the Captain's receipt and disappeared into his counting room. Soon he reappeared and handed the altered receipt to Captain Spencer (he had added another hundred dollars to the bill), saying,

"There, by h—l, see if you are satisfied now."

Uncle Bill was worsted once by a Wells River raftsman, who sold him a couple of owls for talking parrots. "Dictionaries were no account when he discovered the cheat."

The greatest glory and poetry of the river was in the boating. This began as we have seen long before the Revolution. It was merely improved, not created, by the locks and canals of 1795 and after. The Connecticut was originally navigable for vessels of twelve feet draft, thirty miles to Middletown; and for smaller sea-going craft, fifty miles, to Hartford. For flat boating it was early navigated three hundred miles to Wells River, Vermont, and even further. This is of course barring the carrying places, the longest one of which was the *Great Carrying Place* across Montague plain. Later when the locks and canals were built, then boats of twenty-five tons burden made the entire trip, while boats of forty tons

ascended to Montague City and Cheapside. Originally the boats were drawn up inclined planes on carriages from level to level of water, until the regular principles of a water lock were better understood and applied. The building of the canals was in itself a tremendous undertaking in its day. There was not money enough in the state to do it. Dutch capital was secured. The engineering was also crude, as persons who had studied mechanics and even the general principles of physics, were few in the land. Extreme ingenuity, however, marked all that was done. And this led even to some valuable discoveries in the realm of mechanics as we shall see.

Rum was a heavy cargo in the commerce of those days. Captain Flower of Feeding hills, for many years sailed between Boston and Hartford with rum and mackerel every spring, for the up river trade. When the cargo of rum came aboard the river boats, the boatmen had an interesting way of taking toll. Filling a bottle with water, they inverted it, with the open neck plunged into the bunghole of the rum barrel. The water, being heavier than the rum, sank; and the rum rose into the vacuum of the bottle. Of this they drank their fill.

The act incorporating the "*Proprietors of the Upper Locks and Canals*" at Turners Falls was passed in 1792. The following summer, the engineer, Captain Elisha Mack of Montague, made some unavailing attempts to build a dam at Smead's island, but was foiled by the depth of the water. He hired a clever Scotchman, a professed diver, to work for many weeks on the invention of a diving suit, a water-tight bag or case for the body and with windows for eyes. But on the evening of the completion of the suit, the Scotchman proposed to celebrate by visiting a lady who lived up in the country. The grateful Captain

Mack loaned the fellow his best gray horse. But neither horse nor rider were ever seen again. In 1793 Captain Mack completed a dam on the site of the present dam of the Turners Falls Company; and then began digging the canal. This was (minus recent enlargements) the same as the Turners Falls Company's canal to the Griswold mill. Thence it turned an angle slightly toward the hills and crossed the Montague City road near the present New Haven station, and followed close to the city road to a point west of the Fishing Rod Factory, and thence at a slight angle due south to the river along the bed of the little brook, Papacomtuckquash. Hophin King of Northfield built the locks, several years later, to take boats and rafts 13x70.

The boats were made of pine for the upper reaches of the river. They had no deck; and the boatmen lived on shore. But on the lower reaches they were of oak and fitted with living cabins. The usual method of propulsion was by main and top sails when the wind was up stream. At other times they went by the "white ash breeze," as the boatmen termed it, that is with poles twenty feet long having heads against which they pushed with their shoulders, two to six men on a side, according to the "hardness of the water." Up the swift places the green men strained till their shoulders bled, "the hardest work known to man."

After 1826 steam began to be applied. The first steamer above Hartford was the *Barnet*, named for the town in Vermont intended to be the head of steam navigation. The new boat made five miles an hour up stream. "The farmer left his team, the merchant his store, the hired man shouldered his hoe and took to his heels, and even the girls and some of the mothers left their spinning

wheels and dish-pans and cut for the river to see the first steam-boat. A resident of Haverhill, N. H., celebrated the event in some rhymes, all but these two verses of which are lost:

> This is the day that Captain Nutt
> Sailed up the fair Connecticut.

The second steamboat on the river was the *Blanchard* in 1828, followed by the *Vermont* and the *Massachusetts*. The *Vermont* plied sometimes as far north as Windsor, Vt. Then the *John Ledyard* was built in 1831 and went as far as Wells River. Another steamer plied between Bellows Falls and McIndoes. The Connecticut Steamboat Company had, in 1831, six steamers assigned to the different reaches. Among their fleet were the *Adam Duncan*, *William Holmes*, and *William Hall*, costing $4800 each, and able to tow six luggers each. The luggers, once loaded, went through to the destination of the goods, between Wells River and Hartford. But this company made no money, and failed. After that, there were no steamers above the Montague canal.

The *Phoenix*, *Hampden*, and *Agawam* continued to ply below. The *Ariel Cooley*, afterwards named the *Greenfield*, ran for years between So. Hadley and Montague canals and to Cheapside, for the Greenfield Boating Company. She was a stern wheeler, ninety feet long, eighteen feet beam and had two twenty horse power engines. On the 18th of May 1840, when just above Smith's ferry, she burst both boilers, killing Mr. Wood, the engineer and Captain John D. Crawford, blowing him high in the air and landing him on one of the boats in tow. The fireman was blown into the river and escaped. Mr. Lancy the machinist was killed. One of the boats in tow was sunk,

and several men on the other boats hurt. A new boat, also named *Greenfield*, took her place and was in service until the opening of the railroad to Springfield in 1846. Freight from Hartford to Montague canal was $7 a ton, and the luggers carried forty tons each. From this point I let Mr. Dewey tell his personal tale:

"The 'Connecticut River Valley Steamboat Company' was in full operation in 1833, when I first became acquainted with the freighting business on the river. They owned a line of boats called 'luggers,' running from Hartford to the head of navigation at Wells River, Vt., and also several stern wheel steamboats, used for towing the same. As the steamers were too large to pass through the locks and canals, the first steamer would take them, sometimes four and even six at a time, as far as Willimansett. They were then drawn over Willimansett by a strong team of oxen led by a span of horses, operated through the South Hadley locks and canal, and were taken by the next steamer above to Montague canal; then by the next from Miller's River to the foot of Swift Water at Hinsdale, N. H., and, I believe, in a good pitch of water, as far as Bellows Falls; and so on. Other boating companies were engaged at the same time, and carrying large amounts of goods of almost every description used in country stores from Hartford to all the principal towns in the valley, freighting down with wood, brooms, hops, stoves, shingles, wooden ware and sometimes fine lumber. These companies used more convenient and serviceable boats, well rigged with main and top sails, running-boards and cabin, with rudder and helm instead of the steering oar.

"On the Greenfield Montague reach were Stockbridge, Culver and Company,—David Stockbridge, David Culver,

J. D. Crawford, and T. M. Dewey (of Montague). They owned the steamer 'Ariel Cooley,' which took their boats from the head of South Hadley canal, and winding around the Smiling Hockanum and Old Hadley bends, and through the sinuosities of *School-meadow flats*, landed them at the foot of Montague canal. This run (forty miles) was generally made in twelve hours, with four boats in tow, and through the night as well as daytime, unless it was very cloudy.

"Above Turners Falls, after the collapse of the Connecticut River Valley Steamboat Company, all steamboating was given up,—freight-boats, smaller than those at the lower sections of the river relying on the south wind and the 'white ash breeze.' J. G. Capron and Alexander ran one or two boats in connection with their store at Winchester, New Hampshire; Hall and Towns by way of Brattleborough ran two more, and supplied the merchants of that place and vicinity; and Wentworth and Bingham those of Bellows Falls. Other individuals and companies whose names I cannot recall, were engaged in this enterprise; and the merry boatmen's song was heard far up the valley.

"No department of the business of this country offered so wide scope of incident, and called into action so great a number of jolly, hard-working, determined and unselfish men, as that of the Connecticut river in its palmiest days. They were the stoutest, heartiest, and merriest in all the valley, and there were few towns from Hartford, Connecticut, to Northumberland, New Hampshire, unrepresented. If there arose any disturbance in city or town, it was a common thing to send for a few Connecticut river boatmen, and it was soon quelled. . . . These river-men might indeed be called 'sons of Anak,' as they

were of prodigious strength. The names of Sam Granger, Tim Richardson, Charles Thomas, Bart Douglas, Mart Coy, Sol Caswell, Cole Smith, and last and stoutest of them all, Bill Cummins, would strike terror to all loafers, beats or bruisers in the city of Hartford, or wherever they were known. Cummins would lift a barrel of salt with one hand by putting two fingers in the bung-hole, and set it from the bottom timbers on top of the mast-board—I have seen him do it.

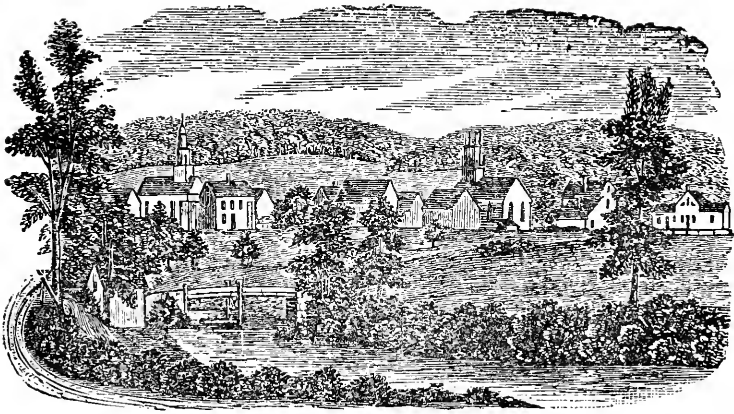
"One Sabbath morning, in the spring of 1837 or '38, the boat of one of our oldest river-men, whose destination was Old Hadley, lay at the foot of Ferry street, Hartford, loaded and ready for starting. The men were variously employed. Some were smoking, some washing their clothing, and some reading; but all of them were trying to 'woo the southern breeze,' which gave signs of immediate action. At this point the old captain came down to the river, eyeing the mare-tails in the southern sky, and told his men not to start if the wind did blow, as he was opposed to Sabbath work entirely. But as he was leaving he called 'Moses' aside and handed him fifty dollars, saying, 'You may want it for toll and other expenses.' Probably Moses knew what that meant when translated into Connecticut river English. The captain then returned to Bartlett's Hotel, took a glass of 'pep'mint,' called for his horse and carriage, and drove twelve miles to Windsor locks, where he found his boat and men trying to persuade Mr. Wood, the toll-gatherer, to let them through. The men were not dismissed for disobeying orders, for they had 'a glorious south wind.'

"Now go with me from Hartford up the river on one of our best cabin boats, in a good south wind or by steam. First get under Hartford bridge; then up mast, hoist sail,

and we leave Pumpkin Harbor gushingly. On Windsor flats and Scantic we stir up the sand, but the wind increases and away we go. Steady there! Windsor locks! Let off that brace; round with 'em; down sail. 'Jo, run along and get a horse ready while we operate through the locks.' And so we pass through Enfield canal, six miles by horse power; operate through the guard lock; up sail again, and leaving behind the roar of the falls, and the still louder roar of 'Old Country' Allen, our boat goes through 'Longmeadows Reach' kiting with a 'bone in her mouth.' We pass Springfield on a close-haul, and soon reach the foot of Willimansett. Here Captain Ingraham hitches on a big team of six oxen and two horses, with a chain one hundred feet long, and draws us through the swift canal, called 'drawing over Willimansett.' We then cross over to the foot of South Hadley canal, operate through the locks, after paying toll to 'Uncle Si,' then through the canal, two miles, and if the wind is strong enough, sail out at the head, and on up the winding river."

At this point Mr. Dewey gives an elaborate description of the difficulties of getting out through the swift waters at the canal's head, and of an ingenious machine invented by Harry Robinson, one of the pilots, by which the descending current turned a mill wheel aboard the boat and so kedging the boat automatically up stream. The boatmen called this machine a *fandango*.

"Our boat has sailed on around Hockanum, and with a little aid from 'white ash,' around 'Old Hadley turn,' and now, after running the guantlet of *School-meadow flats*, which would puzzle an eel to do, has made the foot of Montague canal. And so on through the canal and through Miller's upper locks, and thence plain sailing to the 'foot of swift water' at Hinsdale. Here if the wind is



North-west view of Montague, (central part.)

not very strong, we take in a few 'swift-water-men' for twelve miles, then on to Bellows Falls, and the same over and over to Queechee and White River locks, up to Wells River. This is a good week's work, but it has been done in less time. A day's work with the poles, however, would be from Hartford to Windsor locks,—with a good south wind, from Hartford to Montague canal. Between the last-named places but little poling has been done in the latter years of boating, as steam or wind was more available.

"The down trips of these boats were a different thing. A boat loaded with wood, brooms, wooden-ware, hops, and other bulky articles was not an easy thing to handle in a wind. Pilots were necessary over the falls at Enfield and Willimansett. At the latter place Harry Robinson held this responsible position many years, and Joseph Ely was his successor. At Enfield the signal strain of 'Pilot ahoy!' was heard at short intervals through each boating season, either for boats or rafts. This call brought out Jack Burbank, Alv Allen, 'Old Country' Allen, and Captain Burbank, Sr., who would come aboard and draw cuts for the chance. The boat was then put into trim for 'going over,' oars and poles all handy, rigging properly coiled, and every man ready for any emergency. The channel is as difficult to run as that in the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Laprairie; but the afore-mentioned pilots seldom touched a rock. This run of six miles was quickly made, when the pilot would sometimes get a chance to ride, but generally walked or ran back for the next boat. His fee was one dollar and a half each trip, and his was a laborious life. But they have all gone 'over the river' for the last time, except Adna Allen, formerly for twenty-one years pilot of the passenger-boats running between this city and Hartford, and who now resides in this city.

"It was a custom to 'break in' the raw hand on the passage of the freight-boats over Enfield falls, by showing him the silver mine at 'Mad Tom.' The initiate must get down close on the bow-piece to look for the silver, and when the boat pitched into 'Mad Tom,' and the water rushed over him a foot deep, he would generally retire aft and say he'd 'seen enough,' and it would require quite a number of gin-cocktails at Hartford to dry him!

"Some of the pleasantest days of my life were spent at the helm of the old steamer 'Ariel Cooley' in passing up and down between South Hadley and Greenfield,—sometimes with four or six boats in tow, sometimes with only two, the down trip being usually made without any,—as we wound around the placid Hockanum of former days, before the impatient river, like many a would-be reformer of the present day, concludes to straighten things, and so cut a channel through its narrow neck,—that is, cut its throat,—with Mt. Holyoke on our right, looking majestically down upon our boys, who were quietly enjoying the scene, as if saying to them, 'Come up higher,' while the carpeted meadows of Northampton seemed as urgently to invite their attention to their own realm of beauty.

"This towing process was of great benefit to the men, as it gave them the leisure they so much needed to wash, to mend, and to refresh themselves and prepare for the hard work to come, when the steamer had taken them through. In this, as in other vocations, some will be remembered by their eccentricities, some by their reticence and others by their loquacity. I have listened till 'beyont the twal' to the anecdotes of Edmund Palmer and Bob Abbe. I have known John Sanborn to go the whole round trip from White River, Vermont, without speaking, and Dick Thorpe would talk enough to make it up! Other

notables were Captain Peck, who presided with so much dignity over the passenger-steamers from this city to Hartford, and who was said to have been arrested for smuggling! This was a line of small steamers first put on by James Blanchard, then of this city. The 'Massachusetts' only could come up over Enfield falls, and many of this day can remember the sturdy form of the faithful pilot, Ad Allen, who so long guided these boats through storm and shine. Captain Increase Mosely, too, commanded one of these boats awhile,—the best singer of Connecticut river; Captain David Hoyt another,—the complete story-teller.

"Captain Jonathan Kentfield was also one of the early workers on this river, and ran a line of boats on his own account for a number of years. His distinguishing characteristic was pomposity, but he was considered a trusty and competent boatman. While he was in his best days, the body of a deceased member of Congress from Vermont was sent forward from Washington and came from New York to Hartford by steamboat, directed to his friends in Vermont, to go by first boat up the Connecticut river. None of the up-river companies were willing to take it. Finally one who knew the captain's weak spot (he was called 'Captain Don't') told him that the remains of a Vermont member of Congress had been forwarded to his special care to go up by his boat. 'Very well,' said Captain Don't, 'Boys, do you hear that? Drop down the boat to the steamboat, and take the body aboard! How the people of the city of Washington knew that I was an old and experienced boatman, God only knows. I don't.' The boatmen took it aboard, taking a frequent sniff of something warm the while, and when fairly under way by the side of the up-river steamboat, Captain Don't called

his men and said to them, 'Come aft men, come aft, and take something to drink; dead bodies aboard,—ten or fifteen, p'haps, one sartain,—and who knows but what they died of some d—n spontaneous disease? Drink behind that hogshead, and don't, for God's sake, let General Culver see you!'

"I should also speak of Abbe and Ensign, who boated so many years to Warehouse point; King Hiram Smith of South Hadley; Captain Sam Nutt, of White River; Tom Dunham, of Bellow Falls; and Rufus Robinson the most consummate waterman of the Connecticut river valley, who performed the feat of sailing a boat loaded with a valuable cargo through to Wells River, Vermont, the first time he ever went up river beyond Turners Falls. He also ran the 'Adam Duncan' minus her machinery, over South Hadley falls, and came safe ashore below. Yet with all his skill, his life was closed by his being carried over Holyoke dam, a few years since. Captain Granger, who had no superior on the river, recently died at the age of sixty-five. His old comrades hold him in affectionate remembrance. We have now left amongst us, of the men who formerly took part in the scenes I have described, Roderick Ashley, Stoddard Parker, Albert Gowdy, Adna Allen, and Sylvester Day, who with others I have named are and were good and substantial men."

Greenfield, a good deal of the time, depended upon the landing at Montague City, on account of low water in the Deerfield river. A ferry ran over from the Greenfield shore long after the bridge was built. In 1828 David Wait of Greenfield was driving onto the ferry boat at Montague City, near the locks, when the boat parted its cable and sunk about six rods from the shore. Four horses were drowned and seven hundred pounds of cheese,

ninety-one firkins of butter and eight hundred pounds of tallow were spilled in the river. Near the foot of the canal was a large store built partly over it so that goods from the boats were delivered directly into the back room. This was owned by Amos Adams and Elihu P. Thayer, the Thayer who succeeded 'Uncle Billy' Russell as toll gatherer for the canal. Ptolemy P. Severance of Greenfield followed Thayer and continued as long as the canal was in use.

About 1806 a dam and lock were built just below the mouth of Miller's river to make slack water at the French King rapids. The second dam at Turners Falls was built by Lieutenant Hale after the great flood of February 10, 1824, which carried away the South Hadley dam, the Montague City bridge and the dams at Turners Falls and at the French King rapids. Sol Caswell, a native of Montague, was foreman in replacing the dams here, as he had been in building the first dam at the French King. He was one of three persons known to have gone over Turners Falls and lived. The first was an Indian squaw; the second was the ferryman, in the days of Elisha Mack, the builder of the first dam; and the third Sol Caswell, while building the dam in 1824. He landed on the little island at the mouth of Fall river.

Amongst the rivermen whom Captain Luey of Greenfield remembers as having originated in Montague are the following: Captain T. M. Dewey (whom I have quoted, and who was a partner in the Greenfield Boating Company), Rufus Ware, Jo Day, Chauncey and Henry Loveland, George, James, Charles, and Julius Martin, Sol, Almon and Bill Caswell, Harlow Humes, Chauncey Lincoln and William Hunter.

Book X ✦ Drum Taps, 1786-1865

ALL the military interests of this town not already recounted will be dealt with here, up to 1865. Shays' Rebellion followed about five years after the Revolution. It was confined to the western counties of Massachusetts, although there were similar disturbances in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. The sole cause was the poverty of the people and their senseless efforts to collect of each other by process of court. Almost annihilated by the French and Indian wars, as we have seen, our valley had scarcely a dozen years of respite when we were plunged into the desperate war with the mother country. No section had suffered so much before; no section gave more now to the cause of the Revolution or gave more heartily. Many a thrifty man was wrecked by the Continental currency, repudiated by the bankrupt nation. People here went insane over suits at law whether in collecting debts or in defense where there was nothing but one's means of livelihood with which to pay. Debts simply could not be paid. Lawyers and courts as debt collectors were inopportune. The people were incensed against them. One man, for instance (one, however, who had too good sense to rebel), who owned several thousand acres of land in a Hampshire town and before the Revolution had spent strenuous years establishing and organizing a settlement and improving his property, was obliged to sell out to a Boston land company, some time after he and his two sons went into the war. When he came home at the end of the war, almost a wreck, having left one or both sons on the battlefield, he

found the money he had received was absolutely valueless. Nevertheless the courts maintained the validity of the sale. There was I believe an appeal made to the legislature for redress, there certainly was one made to Congress but without results. One of the finest and most energetic souls that ever lived died in miserable poverty, while others fattened on his life's labors. This was the Rev. Cornelius Jones of Myrifield (Rowe). There were thousands of tragedies like this in these counties. The lawyers and courts acted without sympathy towards the debtors, strangely unconscious of their numbers or the depth of their distress. They were debonaire and contented, as a man with a full stomach and without the grace of God, is sure to be, when others perish. They even argued, which of course was insolent. There were no arguments acceptable to a man fighting with back to the wall, except relief. The people decided to shut up the courts and hang the lawyers.

At Colrain there were only two men dissenting from this program; and those barely escaped lynching. In Greenfield the people were pretty well divided. Some towns sympathized more and some less with the plan of shutting up the courts. Demagogues were active, of course. Sam Ely of Conway seems to have been a demagogue; and many foolish things were done by his advice. He seems to have been the chief spokesman of the rebellion. But he had no organizing ability or ideas like a Samuel Adams, whom no doubt he tried to imitate on a small scale, and no sense of the remedy appropriate. And yet there was reason in the cause, which enlisted many good men. Captain "Grip" Wells of Greenfield was one of them; and Captain Thomas Grover of Montague was another. He was Montague's first Captain of minutemen

in the Revolution. An even greater worthy than Grover, who threw his soul into the rebellion, was Moses Harvey. Harvey was also a minuteman who was in Grover's company that responded to the first Lexington alarm. He was one of the first representatives of this district in the General Court and had been a member of the first committee of correspondence. The name of Harvey was one of the very first established in our Montague geography which has never changed, the hill of that name honoring Moses Harvey's father. And Moses Harvey left his name to a section of one of the first highways, now abandoned, "Harvey's path." When Shays failed at Springfield and his men were scattered over the hills of Petersham, Moses Harvey came home and faced the music; and his fellow citizens, who had so many times delighted to honor him, were now regaled with the sight of him sitting on the gallows one hour with a rope around his neck. He also paid a fine of fifty pounds. Captain Grover escaped to Worcester and from there issued an address stating the reforms he had expected to see put in force. In his preamble he modestly disclaims any purpose of calling attention to himself, but feels that it is his duty to speak in defense of the insurgent cause, "because it has fallen to my lot to be employed in a more conspicuous manner than some of my fellow citizens in stepping forth in defense of the rights and privileges of the people, more especially of the County of Hampshire." And here is a résumé of the reforms which he proposed: 1. Revision of the constitution. 2. Total abolition of the Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace. 3. Location of the capital outside of Boston. 4. Dispensing with the office of deputy sheriff. 5. Dispensing with certain state officers connected with finance.—A sufficiently radical pro-

gram, such as a man contemplates when he orders the doctor to saw off a gangrened leg.

Of course the rebellion was a pitiful affair from start to finish. It was the chills and fever of a people worn out by cruel labors and sufferings. The bad logic of it was, as Dr. Holland intimates, it was the people fighting themselves for their own mistakes and failures. They must have patience with themselves. Justice, in matter of property and finance, cannot be settled by the talk of Sam Ely and a handful of ill-organized soldiers. It is a big subject, the biggest subject before the world still. None of the leaders of Shays' rebellion, however, seem to have received one ray of inspiration or uttered a single principle as a contribution to emancipation of the poor.

Almost as pitiful as Shays' rebellion was our second war with England in 1812. The causes were very much the same, the waspish, worn-out nerves of suffering and exhaustion. The country was a long time in recovering from the old wars. The wounds of the Revolution bled afresh with every latest slight of the big mother nation. And we had become just prosperous enough to feel bumptious. There were undoubted acts of meanness, particularly upon the lonely ocean then ten times broader than now and more lawless where pirate law still ruled between civilized nations, and so when the baffled king's men met ours

> Alone on a wide, wide sea;
> So lonely 'twas, that God himself
> Scarce seemèd there to be.

And so we read, that in May 1811, the British sloop *Little Belt* fired upon the American frigate *President*, probably at the name. But immediately afterwards the *Little Belt* was probably sorry, being nearly cut in pieces

by the hot resentment of the *President* folk. Meanwhile Napoleon carrying out the fine law of nations in those days had gathered in several million dollars worth of American shipping, and we liked it. England on the whole was really trying to be good; and there was no excuse for American insistance upon war. When she saw that hot blood was up, she revoked some offensive "orders in council" and swore she would not search our ships, if we didn't want her to. But it was no use.

Henry Clay and a group of bumptious Americans were afflicted with Anglo-phobia. On June 12, 1812, war was declared. On August 13, Captain Porter ran down the British ship *Alert*, unawares, and in eight minutes made her apologize to the stars and stripes. Six days later Captain Isaac Hull, of the *Constitution*, suddenly came upon the little *Guerrière* off St. Lawrence and, in a towering passion of patriotism tore into her with his whole forty-four guns and sent her to the bottom with one hundred English heroes. It all happened inside of thirty minutes. On the 13th of October, the *Wasp* (named for the American war party) tackled the British *Frolic* (which was doubtless out only for fun) and carried it off bodily. Then the *Hornet* did some remarkable work.

Finally John Bull thought he was being personally attacked and got angry and sent a lot of fellows over here to burn Washington, the main nest of the wasp and hornet fellows.

Montague was disgusted at the whole thing from start to finish. Promptly upon receiving news of the declaration of war, a town meeting was warned July 13, 1812, Major Benjamin S. Wells presiding. Hearty disapprobation of the war was voted. A memorial to the President and Congress was adopted and generously subscribed to,

praying that war might cease. Also Doctor Henry Wells was sent as a delegate to a Convention at Northampton "to consider the state of the country." That convention representing our three valley counties, also condemned the war. Never but one Montague man, Chester Taylor, volunteered service in that war. Fifteen others were drafted, however, as members of the state militia. The town took no note of their names, offererd no bounties, made no provision of any kind for the alleged cause. That was a last recrudescence of the old Revolution fever, that came from a bitter grudge against England. It was as illogical and unnecessary as Shays' rebellion. Its main, if not its only accomplishment, was to furnish a lot of exciting incidents for a long line of boys' story books, highly flattering to juvenile pride in bumptious victory for victory's sake.

The land then had rest for thirty years, during which we grew rich and powerful. The *per capita* wealth of New England in the '40's (and there were no great fortunes whatever) was said to have been the greatest of any community of equal size in the history of the world. The average intelligence and mental activity was correspondingly great, perhaps the greatest since Athens in the days of Pericles. Population swelled immensely; and we had begun to settle the great spaces west of the Alleghanies, and to establish there our successful democracy; when another foolish war came upon us, the Mexican war of 1845. Philosophically speaking, one would judge that war as a deliberate case of national wickedness, the criminal outcome of coveteousness, of course chargeable directly to the slave power. But Massachusetts had formerly been a slave state and had never done anything constitutionally to stop the iniquity of buying and selling human

beings. In fact in Indian times Massachusetts had been a cruel example in trading off Indian families to West India planters, generally for some slight offense against arbitrary Christian laws. A few personal servants were held as slaves by the wealthy; but local slavery died out, not on moral or constitutional grounds, but from economic desuetude. That is, because slave labor being the least skilled of all labor, had no large areas of land, ready fertilized and prepared by nature for cropping, in New England, to furnish any economic basis for its use. That is why slavery ceased here and in England and other European countries.

Slavery was on the point of dying out in the south until cotton was introduced, a crop that could profitably employ a large amount of least skilled labor, on virgin soil. Climate, soil, and wide uncultivated areas combined for a few years to give slavery a vigorous lease of life. But the southern lands were soon worn out; and the masters were compelled to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." By this time, however, the economic and moral evils of slavery had become so apparent to people living outside its wasting, demoralizing grip, that there sprung up a determined opposition to its extension to new territory, beginning with the "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, on. Hence the bloody struggle in Kansas and Nebraska, and the encroachment upon foreign territory in Texas.

In 1836 Sam Houston had fought the Mexican troops in Texas and set up an independent republic. In 1844 the cotton planters wanted it for a slave state. But when it was annexed in 1845, they found it would never be enough. A boundary dispute arose and more land was taken from Mexico. James K. Polk who had been the "dark horse," pledged to assist the slave power, and

elected President, promptly sent the United States regulars into Texas to back up all claims. Then another pretense was soon trumped up. Polk's troops were attacked by the Mexicans, who were defending their border. This was made an excuse for taking the rest of Mexico.

Most of the fighting of this war was like repelling the attacks of a swarm of mosquitoes. The Mexicans at that time did not seem to have the serious abilities of professional or natural fighters. The country was soon overrun; and the capital taken. And when peace was solemnly declared our government at Washington arranged to take over a territory, (in addition to everything claimed before the war) as large as Germany, France, and Spain combined. The slave power was indulging happy dreams. And Mexican humorous cartoonists have ever since been pleased to represent Uncle Samuel in the figure of a fat hog.

The north could not prevent the annexation of New Mexico, Arizona and California; but fought to exclude slavery from the conquered dominion. The "Wilmot proviso," and other measures following, worked to this end, and put the South at bay, fighting for its life. The attitude of New England towards the war of 1845 was well voiced in the *Bigelow Papers*, by James Russell Lowell:

> Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
> W'ether I'd be sech a goose
> Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
> The etarnal bung wuz loose.
>
> She wants me fer home consumption,
> Let alone the hay's to mow:
> Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
> You've a darned long row to hoe.

Montague has no public record of connection with events of the Mexican war. But this much has been necessary to recount, to lead up to the feeling that was growing here against the institution of slavery. The war was generally condemned and democrats (more and more that party absorbed the pro-slavery elements) were hard to find. Anti-slavery feeling was running high in 1840, when "Uncle" Avery Clapp drew on the front yard fence at his house a picture of some negro slaves and a man with a cat-o-nine-tails lashing them. Underneath he put the word *Protection*. This was the rallying cry of the other political party, the *Whigs*. And the cartoon was intended as a satire upon that whiffling party, without any real issue but the "get elected" one, sometime called "practical politics." The Whigs had become so practical, in the election of 1840, that they did not dare risk their success even to ambiguous and lying promises as is usual with practical politics. They issued no platform. The same year, the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, a man who had lived long in the South and sympathized with the democrats, made a political speech in Montague. The late Samuel D. Bardwell remembered a single scrap, describing this staggering attitude of the Whigs: "Here's to the Democratic party, tauntingly termed by their enemies, 'loco focos,' which being literally translated signifies 'light in high places.' But any light in any place is enough to despel the utterances of the whole Whig junto."

In 1844 the Whig party stood out against the policy that made for war with Mexico. This emptied the party of pro-slavery men. Montague went almost solidly Whig, but cast three out-and-out anti-slavery votes, those of Samuel D. Bardwell, Joshua Marsh, Jr., and Elijah Gunn.

Before another election, it became apparent to many

that the Whig party, as organized, could never be trusted to lead the country in any straightforward way on the issue of slavery, as it was coming to be clearly defined. So the *Free Soil* party was started. This seemed to satisfy the anti-slavery sentiments in all parties. Montague was the first town in the region to win an election on this issue. In 1848 the *Free Soilers* sent Joseph Clapp to the legislature. Afterwards they elected Alpheus Moore for two successive terms. In 1852, the national election year, the Whigs proved so hopelessly few, they never seriously entered the field again.

The Democrats availed themselves of their complete control to break down the old "Missouri compromise," which had prohibited slavery from the territories. In 1854 Kansas and Nebraska were so reorganized that minions of the South could camp in them long enough to set up slavery and retire. This was called "squatter sovereignty." Montague had a very earnest word to say on this matter, while the Kansas-Nebraska bill was pending in Congress. March 6, 1854, it was "resolved that the 'Missouri compromise' is a solemn compact between the North and South and that the 'Kansas and Nebraska bill' (which had passed its third reading in the senate) is frought with evil tendencies." It was further the belief of our citizens that "the Missouri compromise broken down, we are at the mercy of a Caligula or a Nero." It was also voted to instruct our representative at the General Court, to introduce an order requesting Edward Everett (who had shuffled the issue) to resign his seat in the United States Senate. This same year the *Republican* party was organized. And when in 1860 the vote for president was counted, it was found that Montague had given, of her 234 votes, 211 for Abraham Lincoln.

The following years were scenes of mustering troops and shattered stragglers home returning. Of all sad wars we cannot help feeling, this one was the worst. Brother's blood was steeped in brother's on a vaster scale than the world had ever known. Hell reigned for four years. And when great victories came to the North, they came with sobs and crying; for had we not been embrued to our horses' bridles in kindred blood? And underneath all, a deep moral sense of relief, of a titanic quarrel of a generation ended. The North was right; and all honor to her men who stood up to the guns of "Union and freedom," when the South had lost all moral stamina and principle. But after all is done and said, the chief result of the Civil war was in bringing itself and the quarrel of thirty years to an end. The honor of this is due to the just, humane man Abraham Lincoln and every human being who supported him and when it was over shared his "charity towards all."

As a part of that charity we must recognize that the South was fighting for life and home as circumstances had developed them. None of us are so fond of throwing off the habits and circumstances in which we and our fathers for generations may have been comfortable and even happy and suffered and loved much. And so for me, though a northerner of pure Republican and Puritan traditions I cannot help dropping a tear also on the graves of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and their men, praying God that such great loving hearts may stand always like a wall of fire around the homes we love. But for North, South, East and West together I pray that we may learn to leave to Him who has made life, to settle all matters of its taking away; and that we may henceforth bend our energies and self sacrifice to developing the hardly

touched resources of the earth, rather than contending for the few scraps of property now above ground; and for securing each man in what he actually earns.

I will now outline the chief things in Montague Civil war record.

May 2, 1861: voted uniforms for the soldiers, at the expense of the town; to give soldiers leaving a wife, $10 a month, $3 a month for each child, and $3 for a dependent aged mother; to give the use of the town hall for drill; to raise and appropriate $1000 to carry out these purposes.

May 11, 1861: voted to rescind the vote of May 2 relating to the pay of soldiers; and voted to pay $1.00 a half day for men drilling, and to borrow $500 for this purpose.

November 4, 1861: voted to appropriate $500 to aid families of volunteers; to open the town hall free of expense for all war matters, including the work of the ladies for the soldiers.

July 24, 1862: voted to give $100 bounty for each of the seventeen volunteers enlisted to fill the towns' quota under the President's call for 300,000 men; to borrow $1700 for this purpose. A subscription was opened and $1875 was subscribed.

September 8, 1862: voted to give $100 to all men in service under the last call for nine months men; to pay $100 to each of the three surplus men who volunteered.

March 2, 1863: voted to raise $4000 for state aid to families of volunteers.

Here is the list of men in service May 1, 1863: Guy Bardwell, Dennis Boswell (died), David Burnham, Chas. K. Burnham, Truman Bowman, J. D. Boutwell, J. A. Bascom, Erastus Burnham, Lewis A. Drury, Henry J. Day, James W. Horton, G. C. Kaulback, James M Matthews, C. A Murdock, James W. Potter, Alfred Pierce,

H. W. Payne, George D. Payne, Charles W. Peeler, J. S. Pierce, G. S. Pond, Henry Taylor, Jr., Albert Smith, Lucian H. Stone, W. Cheney Stone, John P. Sawin, Parley H. Smith, Frederick Sanderson, Manley Stowell, A. Monroe Webster, Charles B. Wait, George Wait, G. N. Watson, Charles P. White, W. H. Spear, Levi Brizzee, C. Holden, S. D Phillips, E. L. Goddard (died), John Mealy, Douglas Stevens, S. O. Amsden (died), Patrick Britt, Christopher Arnold (died) S. S. Shaw (died).

May 6, 1864: voted to raise $3000 state aid for families of the volunteers; to give $125 bounty to each of ten men who shall volunteer or be drafted to fill our quota. The men seem to have been drafted and $1250 was raised.

June 4, 1864: voted to borrow $3000; to call for twenty-four volunteers and three more to make out our last draft for our quota for this year; to raise $2200.

July 1, 1864: a list of men in service, with their ages and regiment numbers; Jedediah Boutwell 33–52d (injured) David Burnham 25–10th, C. K. Burnham 23–34th, Levi Brizzee 26–27th, Patrick Britt 36–10th, Oscar Britt 25–27th, Moses H. Bardwell 18–2d Heavy Artillery, Joseph Burns 28–30 Battery, W. G. Boutwell 22–3d Battery, William E. Bardwell 19–2d Heavy Artillery, Otis E. Caswell 35–32d, Andrew L. Cooley 18–2d Heavy Artillery, Henry Dickinson 27–10th, Henry Dewey 42–10th, Lewis A. Drury 39–27th, E. S. Dewey 23–57th, James S. Day 18–2d Heavy Artillery, E. Payson Gunn–drafted, Charles D. Gunn 34–25th, E. L. Goddard 27–31st (sick), J. W. Horton 34–34th, Dwight D. Holden 22–27th, George C. Kaulback 29–10th, H. W. Loveland 25– (in war), Frederick A. Loveland 23– (in war), Emerson Newton 18–34th, Truman Newton 27–34th, Marcus Newton 26–34th, J. P. O'Meeley 24–31st, Joseph Potter 38–10th, Walter

Pierce 26– (in war), Meander Patrick 25 (in war), Brigham S. Ripley 21– (in war), Elihu Rockwood 22– (in war), Frederick Spaulding 28–31st, Stephen F. Spaulding 22–3d, William H. Spear 24– (regular), Albert Smith 34–10th, Charles D. White 29–27th, George Wright 24–10th, Fredercick E. Wright 18–2d Heavy Artillery. This list serves to illustrate how young the men are who usually go to war.

April, 1865: voted to raise $1500 for families of volunteers.

There were in all about 3500 men from Franklin County serving in the "Civil war," of which Montague sent 120 out of a population of fifteen hundred or about half its able bodied men. Following is the list: E. S. Dewey, 10th, O. E. Caswell 32d, Guy Bardwell 10th, D. A. Boswell 10th, Patrick Britt 10th, S. S. Waterman 34th, Philip Atwood 10th, O. H. Littlejohn 10th, J. W. Potter 10th, David Burnham 10th, Walter Pierce 34th, Albert Smith 10th, C. K. Burnham 10th, Alfred Pierce 27th, Cyrus Marsh 34th, Brigham Ripley 27th, J. W. Horton 37th, J. W. Matthews 1st, L. H. Stone 52d, C. W. Stone 52d, H. W. Payne 52d, George D. Payne 52d, A. M. Webster 52d, L. D. Gould 53d, Henry Taylor 52d, Chas. B. Wait 52d, George F. Wait 52d, John P. Sawin 52d, Truman Bowman 52d, Charles A. Murdock 52d, G. N. Watson 52d, Charles P. Peeler 52d, S. S. Shaw 52d, J. D. Boutwell 52d, Christopher Arnold 52d, Henry J. Day 52d, A. H. Sawin 52d, J. S. Pierce 52d, George F. Adams 52d, J. L. Andrews 52d, E. N. Marsh 52d, John A. Bascom 52d, Erastus Burnham 52d, George S. Pond 52d, Parley H. Smith 52d, Frederick Sanderson 52d, Henry W. Sandford—P. H. Goddard 26th, E. L. Goddard 26th, Otis Spencer 27th, Julius Clapp 27th, Truman Ward 27th, Frederick A. Spaulding 26th, Stephen

Spaulding 26th, Joseph Burns 22d, Charles D. Gunn 25th, William H. Adams 10th, E. F. Hartwell 10th, Dwight Armstrong 10th, George Reynolds 10th, David Pratt 10th, Frank Ripley 10th, John Brizzee 34th, Dwight Stewart 27th, A. E. Stevens 27th, Meander Patrick 26th, Edward Mawley 10th, Marcus Newton 34th, Tyler Williams 10th, Ethan A. Taft 37th, Morton E. Taft 27th, Levi Brizzee 27th, E. D. Burnham 10th, C. A. Clapp 10th, O. E. Caswell—L. A. Drury 27th, Henry Dickinson 10th, George P. Holden 27th, D. D. Holden 27th, H. W. Loveland 27th, Frederick Loveland 27th, L. D. Phillips 23d, E. R. Rockwood 10th, Manley Stowell 52d, William H. Spear 21st, T. O. Ansden 27th, Joseph F. Webster 10th, Charles P. White 27th, Charles C. Brewer 52d, Charles B. Gunn 52d, A. L. Cooley 27th, E. N. Stevens 27th, D. A. Stevens 27th, Oscar Britt 27th, James K. Knowlton—, Moses C. French 10th, George C. Kaulback 10th, John P. O'Meley 31st, Munroe Wright 10th, Gaines T. Wright 10th, E. W. Whitney 34th, Geo. A. Wright 10th, Otis S. Munsell 22d, E. P. Gunn—, W. E. Bardwell 2d Heavy Artillery, M. H. Bardwell 2d Heavy Artillery, F. E. Wright 2d Heavy Artillery, James S. Day 2d Heavy Artillery, Truman Newton 34th, Emerson Newton 34th, William G. Boutwell 3d Battery, Henry B. Graves 3d Light Artillery, W. J. Potter 34th, Edward L. Loveland 1st Heavy Artillery, D. L. Warner 12th, Charles Webster—C. N. Lawson 27th, R. N. Clapp 52d, Laureston Barnes—.

The following lost their lives in the service: Guy Bardwell, D. A. Boswell, O. H. Littlejohn, Cyrus Marsh, Brigham Ripley, J. M. Matthews, S. S. Shaw, Christopher Arnold, John A. Bascom, P. M. Goddard, F. A. Spaulding, Dwight Armstrong, Frank Ripley, A. E. Stevens, Tyler Williams, E. A. Taft, M. E. Taft, T. O. Amsden, D. A.

Stevens, Gaines T. Wright, E. P. Gunn, William G. Boutwell, Warren J. Potter, Levi Brizzee.

Here follow brief chronicles of the three Massachusetts regiments in which the Montague boys were most numerously enlisted. The *Tenth Massachusetts Infantry* was made up largely of the *10th Mass. Militia.* It responded to the call of May 15, 1861 for three years men. It rendezvoused at Springfield the 14th of June. Colonel Henry S. Briggs was put in command. It left for the seat of war July 16, and sailed from Boston to Washington which was reached July 28. A few of the men were taken into the gunboat service of the West on the 5th of February, 1862. March 26, the 10th entered ship and was taken South against Richmond; and it was initiated May 31 at the battle of Fair Oaks. General Keys, who "had led a hundred regiments in battle," said, "their conduct was unparalleled in the whole war." July 1 they were in the front lines at Malvern Hill. Jan. 5, 1863 Colonel Henry L. Eustis was in command. In the spring of 1863 G. C. Kaulback of Montague, Lieutenant in Co. B., had charge of a balloon corps on the Rappahannock. May 3 the regiment was in the battles of Salem Heights and Chancellorsville. About the middle of January the Rev. Perkins of Montague became chaplain. He built a log chapel for religious services and organized a lyceum. May 5, 1864, they were in the battle of the Wilderness where they lost one third their number. May 12 they were at Spottsylvania, and June 3 at Cold Harbor. Then they came back to Springfield to be mustered out July 1, 1764, what was left of them—220 men.

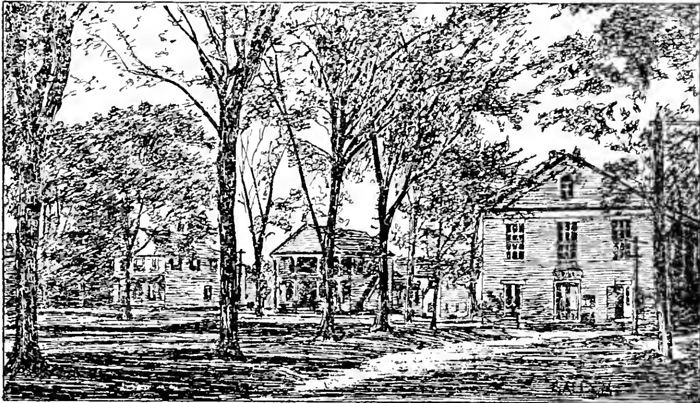
The *Twenty Seventh Regiment* was organized at Springfield September 20, 1861, under Colonel Horace C. Lee. It reached Annapolis Md. the 5th of November 1861. It

saw battle at Roanoke Island February 7. It was in the battle of Newbern N. C. March 11, 1862; Gum Swamp May 20, 1863; Arrowfield Church (Va.) May 9, 1864; and on May 15, Drury's Bluff; where a quarter of its number were captured and taken to Libby prison. One hundred men of the twenty seventh died in southern prisons. After Drury's Bluff the regiment was reorganized under Major William Walker. June 3 it was in the battle of Cold Harbor, where Major Walker was killed. The command devolved upon Captain Caswell and on June 13 was transferred to Captain Moore. June 18 the regiment was at Petersburg, one of the hottest battles of the war. In that vicinity it was continually under fire until August 27. On September 27, 1864, 179 men were mustered out at Springfield. March 8, 1865 the remainder of the regiment was captured at Goldsboro. In all, 430 men had been prisoners.

The *Fifty Second Regiment* was organized in 1862 at Camp Miller in Greenfield under Colonel H. S. Greenleaf. The men were enlisted for nine months. They reached New Orleans November 19. They were employed in the investment of Port Hudson and on strenuous marches scouring the surrounding country for many leagues up and down the river. They were, at one stretch, twenty-five days in the siege lines before Port Hudson. And this was the first regiment after Grant's taking Vicksburg, to ascend the Mississippi. Probably no regiment has been as well written up as the 52d Massachusetts, in Colonel Greenleaf's history, and in James K. Hosmer's *The Color Guard* written on the field in a most stirring literary style from personal experiences.

Of the closing scene at Port Hudson he wrote: "The clash of the hostile forces here had been tremendous. It

was impossible to think of the Northern power except as a terrible fiery tide, which, responding to some tempest breathing of God, had hurled itself upon this outpost. I came when the storm was gone, and could see the mark of the sublime impact. The sea had torn its rugged zig-zag way through the bosom of the hill and plain, dashed against battlement and cliff, and reared at the bases until it had hollowed out for itself deep, penetrating channels. Everywhere it had scattered its fiery spume. Within the citidel lay siege-guns and field-pieces broken and dented by blows mightier than those of trip-hammers; wheels torn to bits; solid oaken beams riven as by lightning; stubborn parapets dashed through almost as a locomotive plow dashes through a snow-drift,—these and the bloody garments of men."



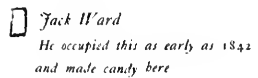
Book XI ✦ Old Town Memories

Transcript of Notes made by R. P. C. of a Conversation had with Samuel D. Bardwell of Shelburne Falls in August, 1895.

SAMUEL D. BARDWELL born in 1819 on the Chauncey Loveland place. Left Montague in 1856.

In 1834 the old church bell, which had been bought by subscription, was taken down in the night lest some of the people who had subscribed to it should make an objection. Henry Taylor was employed to do it. It was cracked in the process of lowering. It was afterwards hung in the new church.

In the spring of 1833 I went into Carlos Allen's store. This was in what had been a hotel kept by Col. Spencer Root, who afterwards moved to Greenfield. He married an aunt of mine. Allen ran it two or three years. I collected for him one year. The store was in the south end of the building in a wing. No country store then could live without a good stock of liquor. There were three stores then in the village. The other two were Ferris & Ward in the basement of the present hotel, and Delano at the upper end of the street. Used to work until eleven o'clock in the evening. Was awakened frequently in the morning by calls for rum. My father lived then in the north part of the house. My father moved from the Chauncey Loveland place in 1833. First after moving lived in this building; next we lived on the Chenery farm—



Avery Clapp's house built about 1838
The Hunter place was bought by father Stone (Sarah's father) and it is now the L part of our house.
Martin's Hotel was covered with signs and legends making conspicuous its character as a temperance hotel.
Afterwards cut in two.

Montague Center in 1842

According to Joseph Clapp, Jr.

the Nathan Chenery farm. This place embraced the land where Isaac Chenery now lives and territory adjoining. The farm ran clear up to the cross road which runs from Warren Bardwell's to Federal Street.

Lyceum

In 1834–1835 I went to school in the village. Erastus F. Gunn and Elihu Gunn (the latter a cousin of Edward Payson Gunn) and myself started a Lyceum. My brother Warren, and Moses Root (son of Salmon Root) were also of the originators. I think in all five met to organize. Our first question, which was then one of the advance questions of the day, was whether capital punishment should be abolished. I was president, Erastus and Elihu were the disputants. That organization was kept alive and flourished from 1834 or 1835 until into the '50's.

[Mr. Bardwell thinks the Lyecum described by Seymour Rockwell was merely a continuation of this one.]

The Eb Whitney house stood south of the hotel. The first store I remember in it was the one kept by Cephas and Spencer Root—the same ones that kept the hotel opposite. It was a general country store. They moved to Greenfield. My father moved them. This was before we moved down from the Loveland place. Next after their removal Colonel Ferry kept store there. Do not think anybody kept there after him.

When John S. Ward came from Petersham, Ferry was keeping store in the hotel basement. Squire Ward—John's father—came to town after John came.

When Delano came down street and built the store opposite the present hotel, John S. Ward began to keep store up-street in the old Chenery store.

The place on which Edgar Bartlett lives was the Joseph Gunn farm.

I think that Squire Ward (John S. Ward's father) bought it late in the 30's. He lived in the old house now torn down about opposite the Keyes place. When John was married his father built the present Bartlett house for him. The Squire's name was Henry Ward. He died about 1847. He was accounted one of the wealthiest men in the County. John was then living in the new house. Deacon Leach of Wendell built it. When the house was nearing completion the old Squire was out there, palsied and infirm, gazing at the columns as I passed by. I bade him good morning. He said: "I tell John that I have known many a man to build himself out of doors." He was a very wise man. One saying of his has been worth more to me than all the pulpits in the land. I was sitting in the old Chenery store (it stood a little farther west than the one where Isaac Chenery kept the post-office; made into a tin shop afterwards). No one was in the store but John, his father and myself. (I then lived in the Holton house.) A man came in to settle his account. John and the man did not agree and had a violent dispute. I had never heard such talk before. The old Squire sat there with his hand shaking on his staff, never saying a word. Finally, after the brush ended and the man had gone, the old Squire looked up at John and said in his pleasant voice, "John, I have seen many a man get in a passion, but I don't know as I ever saw one act the wiser for it." That made a lasting impression on me.

I remember Otis B. Gunn well. I remember when he began engineering under Alfred Field of Northfield, who was a noted engineer.

I kept store in the basement of the building near the

depot. I built it and opened the store in the fall of 1848. I had a store at Grout's Corner in 1848. The railroad was opened to Brattleboro in December 1848. I then moved my store to Montague. I took a contract to supply the railroad from Grout's Corner to the Connecticut River with ties. In the fall of 1849 I finished the store into a house. This was afterwards the Dr. Armstrong house. I married that winter and moved into it. Moved my store to the north side of the barn, which was the second building I put up there. Then I built the house next to the road with the brick basement. Here is where I kept store until 1853. Kept store in the barn while I was putting up the building next to the street. I sold out that year to Humphrey Stevens. He was chosen Register of Deeds in 1855 and I bought the place back from him. In 1856 I traded both houses and the barn for the stone hotel building in Shelburne Falls.

Leonard Chenery (Hollis Chenery's brother) in 1840 kept a general country store and a good store it was. He built the store. The place is where Field now is. He had built it only a year or two previous. We lived then in the old Elisha Root house. Nathan Chenery was Leonard and Hollis father. He died about 1830. Nathan kept a store in the old building that was afterwards a tin shop. He left a large estate. He left four sons, two daughters and a widow. The widow was Apollus Gunn's sister. Leonard Chenery was a bright, witty fellow. He died about 1846. Hollis succeeded him in the store. He took in J. H. Root, forming the firm Chenery & Root. Afterwards it was Root alone.

Elisha Root bought of my father the old house and a little land around it. He made wagons but failed up. He was postmaster at one time.

Military Companies

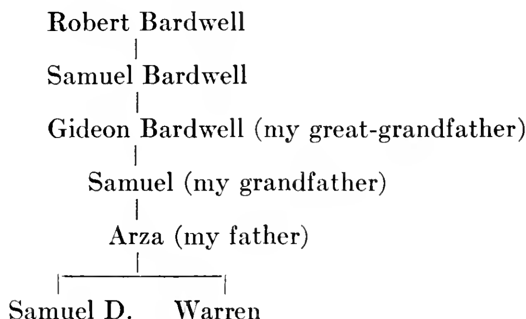
I remember the "Floodwood" company and when it disbanded. As far back as 1830 it existed. Between the ages of 18 and 45 I think all men were subject to military duty. The Company only appeared in May, some members in uniforms and some without—a motley throng. The militia was reorganized in the '30's and independent companies formed. Capt. Lord organized the Franklin Guards. I trained with them a few years. We used to go to South Deerfield to muster. Captain Parker,—Lord, Roland Shaw and Rufus Stratton kept the hotel at different times. I do not remember any muster in the days of the "Floodwood" company, but think there may have been. I think Roland Shaw kept the hotel in 1840, 1841 and 1842. Think Lord went out a little before 1840.

The mill opposite the Whitney place was built by an Asa Orcutt for a saw mill. Silas Lamson, a Jew, bought it of Orcutt in about 1837 or 1838. He did nothing there after 1840.

The blacksmith Elihu Root had a son Elihu who ran away and went to sea. He had also several apprentices, among them John Gunn.

Martin Gunn owned the Chenery farm bounded (roughly) north by the road running across the north end of the swamp from Warren Bardwell's toward Federal Street; west by the road from Thaxter Shaw's to the depot; south by the village street; east by line of the Goddard lot—a line running south from the brick yards. But the farm did not come out on to the street from the present town hall easterly. Martin Gunn I think sold to Nathan Chenery and my father Arza bought of him.

Bardwell Ancestry



Gideon came from Deerfield. He moved from Greenfield when my grandfather was two years old. He was born in 1759, hence the time must have been in 1761. The general grant of land may have been made to Gideon's ancestor. It embraced what was called a "mile square" but think it was really much greater.

Gideon built the Chauncey Loveland house. When Arza came down to the village he sold the place to Col. Spencer Root.

Jonathan Hartwell I remember well. He was not much of a lawyer. He built the present Robert Brown house after I left Montague. He previously lived in a little house on the same site. He was a man who read Shakespeare and Burns a good deal. He was a good story teller. I never knew him to have a case in court. He farmed it a little; was postmaster; then he went to the legislature for I don't know how many years in succession. He had a wooden leg.

Moses Gunn

The Moses Gunn that I knew lived as long ago as I can remember, where Henry Day now lives. He was then per-

haps 70 or possibly 75. He was probably born in the neighborhood of 1760. He is said to have died childless. I don't know who his father was.

We always went to church in Greenfield as long as we lived in the north part of the town. The Unitarian church was built about 1834. On the Unitarian side among the prominent ones were Clapp Wells' father (Col. Benj. S. Wells); Selah Root, afterwards Deacon, who lived opposite Squire Goddard's place; Salmon Root and Elihu Root, who were brothers. Elihu was a blacksmith. Also Judah Nash, son of the original Judah Nash; Erastus Root (afterwards Deacon), father of Joseph H. Root and Harry Root; also my grandfather Samuel.

On the Orthodox side were my uncle, Deacon Rudolphus Bardwell; Eliphaz Clapp (Deacon Richard Clapp's father) Joshua Marsh, Sr.; Deacon Lucius Marsh; Obed Taylor, who lived on what was afterwards the Harris Sawyer place; Cephas Bangs; Gunns; Roots.

My father Arza never was in either of the churches up to 1834. He never had a pew in the Orthodox church.

Dr. Shepard and Daniel Rowe (father of Richard and Henry) were Episcopalians.

Transcript of Notes made by R. P. C. of conversation had with Deacon Richard Clapp in August, 1895.

My father always called the village Scotland. In my day the common lands were supposed to have been disposed of; but there were some. A committee consisting of Abel Benjamin, Zebina Taylor and Jesse Andrews were appointed about fifty years ago to look up the remaining common lands. The committee found quite a good deal and it was sold. The clean-up occurred within my remem-

brance. I do not know the origin of the Common in the Village.

Country Hill is next north of Pine Hill, which is next north of Bald Hill.

My father used to spear salmon at the mouth of Cold Brook near Seymour Rockwell's. Probably there were very few there in last century.

The old house here on Federal Street was built by Capt. John Clapp in 1754. It was a barricaded place; surrounded by palisades. It was a place where, if there was an alarm, the people came for the night.

The schoolhouse on Federal Street was built in 1820 or 1821. J— M., who lived on the present Poor Farm would not send wood to the schoolhouse because he claimed it was not in the middle of the district; so when his boys S., A., etc. (there were nine of them altogether) came to school in winter, the other boys would not let them come near the fire.

The practice of sending wood to the schoolhouse was kept up down to Deacon Clapp's boyhood days. If a man did not send his share he was considered too mean for anything, although there was nothing done about it.

The first meeting house was two stories high and had galleries on three sides. The floor space was divided into square pews. The entrances to the building were on the south, west and east sides. There was quite a tall steeple and it had a good bell, procured about 1800.

Transcript of Notes made by R. P. C. of Conversation had with Miss Louisa Rowe in August 1895.

Born in 1811.

The old school house stood where the brick church stands. I went there. I also went to it after it was

moved over near Avery Clapp's house. I began to go to school at probably the age of five. I think there was no other school house in town then except one up at the old Taft place near the mouth of Millers River. Mr. Durkee kept hotel there. I went with my brother George who was a little older than myself. Other pupils were Erastus Avery and Cyrus Clapp and Aunt Julia Whitmore. The latter was about my age. The first man teacher I remember was a Mr. Durfee who afterwards became a minister. My father Daniel Rowe built this house. [Referring to the house where she lived and where I had the conversation with her.] Richard afterwards raised it up. My grandfather's name was Daniel, too. My great-grandfather was John Rowe. His son Daniel—my grandfather—came here in 1798 from Litchfield, Conn. He bought a house and farm of Mr. Harvey. The old house was taken down some twenty-five years ago by George Gilbert, who built his present house on the same site.

I have heard our people say that some Taylor—I think it was Ira Taylor's father—lived in a house that stood only a short distance beyond Mr. Lyman's house (the Henry Rowe place) on the same side of the road. It was not far from the Lyman house. The Taylor site was called the Lawrence lot; before that, the Frink lot. Ira Taylor was a cousin of Henry Taylor.

Ensign Keet I remember. He lived where Joel Shepard afterward did.

As long ago as I can remember there was a gristmill on the site of the present Nim's mill.

I remember my father and mother telling about a funeral service over the death of Washington. My mother was Mary H. Wells. The service referred to occurred before they were married.

The old church had a bell as long ago as I can remember.

My father and mother were great hands to dance. They always spoke of dances as "balls." I used to dance myself a good deal. I attended dancing school at eleven years of age at Col. Spencer Root's hotel. A part of this hotel is on the street back of Jo Clapp's. Dancing was not disapproved of so much in those days as it was afterwards. There was nothing else to amuse young people in my early days.

I can remember also Martin Root's keeping the hotel. He was then getting pretty old. He used, however, to entertain old travellers that had been accustomed to go there.

Domer's Lane

Mr. Elihu Clapp lived in the Kentfield place on Domer's Lane. In the middle house one Caleb Kingsbury lived. He was the father of Mrs. Apollus Gunn and Mrs. Eli Moody. In the little house between the Kentfield place and the Gunn place there lived "Daddy" Monroe. Salmon Gunn lived in the Gunn place and died there. I remember him. I remember also Henry, his son, who lived and died there.

Dr. Henry Wells was my grandfather. He died when I was three years old. Benjamin, his brother, lived opposite. That is where Cyrus Clapp afterward lived. He [Henry] was the grandfather of Kate Armstrong. Clapp Wells was Benjamin's son. Henry, who was an active physician, died in 1814. He moved to Montague, from Brattleboro in 1781. He was noted for his public spirit while in Brattleboro and he had a great reputation as a physician while here. Had consultation all over the State.

He was a mild, benevolent looking person—Quaker-like in appearance.

Notes taken by R. P. C. in August, 1895, of a conversation with Joseph Clapp [Transcribed in April, 1909]

Speaking of the older inhabitants, Capt. Lucian Stone, Dea. Richard Clapp, George Rowe, S. D. Bardwell, Alpheus Moore and Erastus Gunn are all within a few months of the same age.

We moved from Taylor Hill to the "Jew" Place in 1838. Lived there 4 years, came to the Severance house about 1842, and staid there one year; then one year in the old house by Uncle Jock Ward's on site of the house that Elisha Ward built. The old house is now next to the covered bridge on the west side of the road. The Severance house was the old one next south of the Shoe Shop. Was occupied by E. W. Severance, a tailor.

Next, about 1843–44, lived in the house built by Joseph (my father) and Erastus.

Father and I built my present house about 1850 or 1851.

Old District Schoolhouse—the brick one by Charles Gunn's. Think I remember it back as far as the thirties. My school mates were: Cephas Wright, Charles Kellogg, Bela Kellogg, Phineas Hosmer, Silas Hosmer, Freeman Smith, Maria Hosmer Lucia Ware, Solomon Root.

Some of the teachers were: Zebina Field, Solomon Gleason, John Hamilton, Elijah Bent (of Wendell), Sarah Holmes, —— Hawley, J. P. Felton (now living in Greenfield).

The old schoolhouse in the village was moved away shortly after 1842. The school was for a short time kept in the Town House. We (Joseph and Sarah) attended

school there. The old building, in the interval between its removal and the erection of the schoolhouse, was used as a place of storage.

In 1834 were built the Brick Church, the Grist Mill and the old Red Shop. The White (Unitarian) also built that year.

The first teacher that I remember in the new schoolhouse was Mrs. John Ward—or possibly Miss Page. Samuel Bardwell taught there at one time.

Blacksmith Shop: Uncle Elihu Root before my day kept a blacksmith shop in the old portion of Dike's Mill. There used to be a trip-hammer there. Once when Zebina Marsh was sitting astride the handle or lever, Uncle Elihu soon set it going! !

Sports: We used to play "round ball" every Saturday afternoon. I remember one game where there were 13 on each side. We played until sundown. The victorious side was only two "tallies" ahead. Some of the participants in the game were:

Capt. Stone, Luther Bardwell, Geo. Rowe, Moses Peeler, Henry Dewey, —— Drake, Porter Kellogg, Joseph Clapp. The "pitchers" were Drake and myself. Used that day a wound-rubber ball. My crooked fingers on the right hand are a memorial of that day.

Gunn Ancestry

By Mrs. Lyman O. Gunn

The first ancestor I have any authentic account of was Jasper Gunn, who came to this country in the Defence, in 1635, with Ann his wife. Was a physician, and settled in Roxbury. After ten years he moved to Hartford Ct. where he died in 1670, leaving one daughter and four sons, Job, Daniel, Nathaniel, Mehitable and Abel. Nathaniel

married Sarah Day November 17, 1658. He died in 1662 leaving one son Samuel. His widow married Samuel Kellogg of Hatfield and was slain by the Indians September 19, 1677.

Samuel was born 1662, married 1685 and was one of the forty first settlers of the town of Sunderland, and lived on the site where John M. Smith now lives. He was a deacon, also prominent in town affairs. He was also engaged in the campaigns against the Indians. He died in 1755 leaving ten children.

Nathaniel, born July 30, 1693 had three wives and seven children, Hannah, Nathaniel, Moses and Asahel, etc.

Nathaniel was one of the first settlers of the town of Montague locating there about 1726. His son Moses was the first representative from this district to the Provincial Congress in 1774 for which he received 3 lbs., 14 shillings, and 4 pence.

Asahel Gunn was born November 10, 1750 and married Thankful Marsh, 1751. He had eight children two of whom served in the war of the revolution, Asahel and Eli. I know nothing of Uncle Eli's war record, but I very well remember the curiosity I had to see the silver dollars the pension man (as I then called him) brought his widow who made her home with us.

Asahel Gunn, my great-grandfather was paid 2 shillings a year for turning the key in the meeting house, and seeing that the doors were properly opened and closed.

His wife, Thankful Marsh Gunn, taught the first school in the town of Montague. Their principal books were The New England Primer, Webster's Spelling Book and Pike's Arithmetic. Their slates were made of birch bark, their pens from goose quills, and the ink from the bark of maple trees.

Asahel Gunn the third child of Asahel Gunn was born February 5, 1757, and served in the war of revolution.

He appears with rank of lieutenant in Lexington Roll of Capt. Robert Oliver's company of minute men. Colonel Samuel William's regiment which marched April 22, in response to the alarm of April 19, 1775.

Later he appears as Sergeant and afterwards was chosen Capt. Commissioned May 7, 1776. Discharged October 3, 1778. He had two wives and eleven children, the youngest being my mother, Phila Gunn. She married William Nims who was a direct descendent of Godfrey Nims who emigrated to this country from England about 1666 and settled in Deerfield. He was the first constable of Deerfield, at that time an office of importance, was selectman, and held other offices.

His son John was taken captive by the Indians in 1703.

In 1704 his house was burnt, four children killed, his wife and two children captured. Mrs. Nims died on the march, and one child never returned from Canada.

There was no family who suffered more than the Nims family in the Deerfield Massacre. There is a tablet placed in Memorial Hall.

Book XII ✦ Peskeomskut

THIS Indian name of Turners Falls means the place or river divided by rocks.

About the last canal boat passed the locks at Turners Falls in 1856. Rushes and willows and settling mud began to choke and fill the old water way. The "Proprietors of the Upper Locks and Canals" had become an empty name; when in 1865 the genius who had built the Fitchburg railroad together with the Massachusetts and Vermont and was successfully urging on the great bore through Hoosac mountain, saw in the cataract at Turners Falls and the immense power of contributory streams in the neighborhood, the basic means for building up the greatest city of New England. He had already risen from poverty to wealth as paper manufacturer and leading railroad magnate. This was Colonel John Alvah Crocker of Fitchburg.

In 1865, Mr. Crocker and others bought all the stock of the old canal company; and in 1866, by act of the legislature changed the name to *The Turners Falls Company.* The capital of the reorganized company was $200,000, with privileges to increase to $1,000,000 and to use the river for industrial purposes. Wendell T. Davis, the clerk of the old company, held the same office in the new. Mr. Crocker was the first president. Twenty-four thousand dollars were spent immediately on a bulkhead in place of the old lock by the dam. And March 20, 1867, the present dam was completed. It has a thirty foot fall, much higher than the old one. It cost $105,000.

Seventy-five hundred horse power were developed. On April, 1872, the water rights at Factory Village were bought for $40,000 of the Greenfield Manufacturing Company. About seven hundred acres of land along the river, and the site of the present village, were bought. By 1879, the land holdings of the company were about 1300 acres; and the capital stock had been increased to $300,000. A noble city was laid out, up the sand downs and over the Plain towards Montague town. William P. Crocker, a brother of Colonel Crocker, was the first engineer of the company and made all its plans.

At that time, a good part of the land was the farm of Merrill Taft, whose house still stands near the end of the upper suspension bridge, west of the Montague Center road. Nearly opposite, and nearer the stream was the home of G. H. Taft, the brick house still there. These were the only private residences on the site of the present village of Turners Falls, in 1858. There were besides, a hotel, the buildings of the canal company, and a little schoolhouse, all near the upper end of the present Avenue A; a sawmill where the cutlery stands, and another canal building at the south end where the canal crossed the Montague City road.

In the summer of 1904, the canal was enlarged so as to double the available water power, and extended 900 feet, with a new power house, and most modern generator, at a cost of $350,000. About the same time the company acquired the land at Indian dam, another great water power site, further down stream.

The officers of the Company, in 1892, were: President, Charles A. Stevens of Ware; Clerk and Treasurer, Charles W. Hazelton of Turners Fallls; directors, B. N. Farren of Montague City; C. T. Crocker of Fitchburg; Charles A.

Stevens of Ware; Moses Bulkley of New York; R. N. Oakman of Montague City; George F. Fay of Fitchburg; Clemens Herschel of New York; D. P. Abercrombie of Turners Falls. In 1904, Mr. Crocker was President; Mr. Hazelton Secretary and Treasurer; directors, Charles T. Crocker of Fitchburg; Jonathan Bulkley of New York; Charles A. Stevens of Ware; Alvah Crocker of Fitchburg; William P. Dustin of Turners Falls; D. P. Abercrombie of Turners Falls; and C. W. Hazelton of Montague City.

Other institutions founded by Mr. Crocker were the two banks: the Crocker National Bank in 1872; the Crocker Institution for Savings in 1873; and the Montague Paper Company, with $125,000 capital stock at first. Of the latter he was president. Altogether Colonel Crocker put a half a million dollars of his personal capital into the development of Turners Falls before his death, the 27th of December, 1874.

The village it is believed would have grown much faster if Mr. Crocker could have been young and with years enough to carry out more of his plans. At the time of his death it had seven churches, twenty-five stores and about two thousand inhabitants. The lower suspension bridge was built the year before, at a cost of $36,000. In July, 1872 *The Turners Falls Reporter*, a weekly paper was started by A. D. Welch. He sold to Cecil T. Bagnall, the present editor and proprietor, in the fall of 1874. The upper suspension bridge was called for this same year, on the site of Bissell's ferry, which had operated for over one hundred years. There was much opposition to building the bridge; and one of the arguments made most of in its favor was the alleged profanity of the ferry-man. Two witnesses testified to this, and declared that on ac-

count of it the ferry ought to be indicted and the bridge built. It was finally built in 1878, at a cost of $42,000.

The first industry to settle at Turners Falls was the large cutlery plant of the John Russell Company in 1870. This was for a long time the largest thing of the kind in the world. It was originally established in Greenfield in 1834 as *John Russell's Chisel Factory* and afterwards as the *Green River Works*. Matthew Chapman, who learned the cutlery business in Sheffield, England, managed the works here until 1874. In 1873, the company was reorganized as the *John Russell Cutlery Company*, with $405,000 capital. R. N. Oakman, Jr., became manager and was succeeded some few years later by W. P. Dustin. Many hundreds of tons of steel are used in a year at the cutlery and thousands of varieties of goods are made, including one hundred and fifty kinds of pocket knives.

The *Montague Paper Company*, now a part of the International Paper Company's system, located the second large industry in 1871, nearest the dam. The capital grew in a few years to three quarters of a million. Newspaper has been the chief product.

The *Keith Paper Company* came in 1871, to make fine writing paper. It had a capital of quarter of a million, which was trebled by 1874. It was burned out in 1877, but it quickly rebuilt its works. John Keith, the founder came from Holyoke.

The *Turners Falls Paper Company*, now absorbed by the International combination, came in 1879 with $120,000 capital. Its product has been newspaper.

The same year, *Joseph Griswold* of Colrain completed a cotton mill of 20,000 spindles capacity, and brick tenements to accommodate 200 operatives.

These were the larger and older establishments. Other

industries have come and gone. There was a shoe factory which had a brief life. The failure of the Marshall Paper Mill was one of the depressing events of the 90's. The Clark and Chapman Machine Company, which made pumps and water wheels has been superseded by the *Turners Falls Machine Company.* The *Esleeck* mill took the property of the defunct Marshall mill half a dozen years ago and is making fine writing papers.

The cutlery and the first and largest paper plant have been largely under the direction of the same men who developed the water power and controlled the land of the community. These men again with the successful merchants who have grown up with the village have directed its financial institutions.

A number of merchants have been here from the early days of the village.

The senior of the present merchants is G. L. Rist of Rist & Conant.

One of the pioneers was Captain Joseph F. Bartlett, who was here in 1870. He opened in December of that year a paint and paper hanging store at the corner of Fifth and L streets. Captain Bartlett talks interestingly of the beginnings of Turners Falls, as well he may in view of the fact that when he came here there was only one building on Avenue A and the only mills were those of the cutlery company and the Turners Falls Pulp company. He built a brick block on the avenue a few years later and occupied it early in 1880.

F. I. Webster, the hardware merchant began in 1873 as a member of the firm of Braddock & Webster and in 1875 bought out his partner's interest.

C. P. Wise, the grocer, started in business in 1874.

The Allen Brothers opened their clothing store in September, 1881, the junior of the firm, Myron B. Allen, having been previously a salesman in another store here for some time. They built their present store in 1881.

Another of the early comers still here is F. Colle, the druggist, who built the Colle opera house block among the first.

The dry goods stores of the present day are in newer hands. The Boston store, which started in the early days, is now owned by C. H. Jillson, who largely added to its business. C. H. Rice & Co., located on the avenue at the corner of 3rd street.

Turners Falls is a distinctly 19th century village with 19th century ideals, and cosmopolitan. I have been giving largely the history of 18th century ideals and problems. The 19th century aimed at a practical materialism; that too is passing away or rather being taken up into a movement to socialize the manufacturing villages and big cities. The 18th century ideals were mainly social and political. The 18th century solved the problem of civilization for a rural population; answered the question, "How can men live independently together on their separate estates?" The 19th century undertook to show how men by getting together may get material comforts less laboriously by the use of invention. But socially the 19th century village and city have never been as well organized as the old New England town was. The 20th century has entered vigorously into the task of socializing and beautifying the barbarous 19th century city, and introducing material comfort into rural life by modern invention, art, industry, and intensive culture of the soil. The 18th century gave us a free constitution. The 19th

century gave us a practical science of mechanics, chemistry, etc., foı lightening labor and increasing comfort. The 20th century will more and more offer these advantages to the least member of a free community. The missionaries of the 19th century proclaimed to the world the joys of possessing a free spirit. The 20th century mission is to proclaim the bounty of God to every creature. And to what end? Surely, that our villages may have the poetry that they lacked and that the country may have the life that it lacked. Money has flowed as water in our villages, but through sewer mains as it were, without reference to sentiment and art. There has been abundance, but little care as to who lived or how many of us lived. The farm has really increased in productiveness during this industrial reign of terror. But the old farm has not shown anything like its modern possibilities as a money machine. Now that we are swinging back a little to the "rights of man," the farm is already being studied intently by millions of people, for the first time in the history of the world, with a view to applying science and art to it, in order to give the individual that fullness of life which modern industrial organization denies while providing the means for easy production. Relatively the people have never benefited yet from the introduction of labor saving machinery. Relatively in both city and country they have lost. The relative loss to the country districts has been enormous. This has intensified the struggle for existence and brought on labor wars all over the world. Men do not fight for a fixed standard of comfort, but for a relative social standing with their fellowmen. This is human nature, the nature that will never be changed. Where there is human life, there is strife until there is justice. God has given men an instinct in these

matters that never becomes absolutely debased nor fully dies.

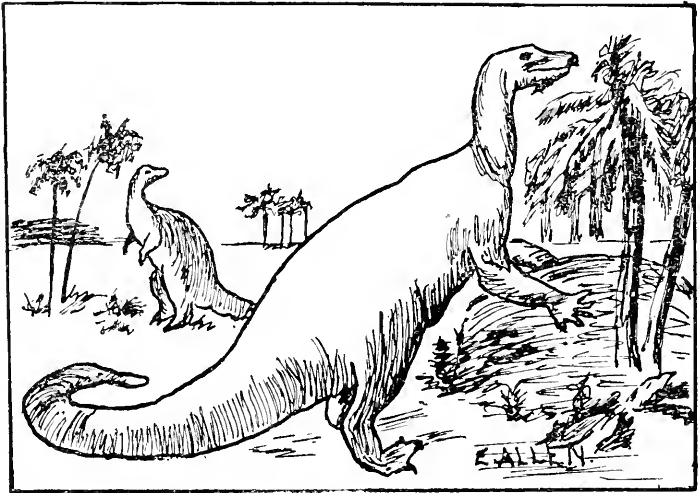
But do you not hear the music in the mill wheel and the spindle that is full also of prophecy? We have missed for many a year the song of the jolly boatman making the best of a hard, romantic life, pushing his boat with the "white ash breeze" up our hard waters, bleeding at the shoulder—and withal singing. But in the spindle God himself is singing, a new song:

'I nourished fishes by thousands. I fed, out of my stream, my Red children. They knew no arts. They came to me from Mantehelas and Mattampash, from Cowas and Squakheag, from Pequoig and Quaboag, from far-off Nashuelot and Wachusett—and I fed them all. I fed also the infant colony of the whites with my fishes.

'I come again in the spirit of this ancient stream new-born. I weave your cloth. My vapor trundles your car and sends your carrier ships down the grooves of the sea. And so I clothe the folk of Africa; I wind the Hindu's turban, mayhap, for prayer and meditation, I clothe the gay South American senor tinkling tunes to his lady in the cool twilight. I frock thousands of school girls around the world. And I will clothe you.

'I grind the pulp. I spread the films of paper. I cover the world with electric nerves that speed the press and carry the news and with knowledge as the sea. I rest not. I balk not, nor ever strike. I am infinite as the atoms of the stars. I break the rocks in the wantonness of my strength. I draw down blessings from the hills and clouds of heaven above. I am gravitation. I am the lightning. And I sing with the voice of the thunder. An angel passes in the troubled waters, and another in the brain of man; and the wisdom of the brain clasps the

angel in the turbine and will not let him go except I bless. And in the ages to come, I will bless the river banks and my meadows and the plain and the valleys and the mountains.'



Book XIII ✦ Old Town Industries

THE first industry in Montague was lumbering, preceding agriculture. Billings' mill is near the site of the first sawmill built by a company of men (as stated in the book of *Pioneers*), before 1715 and was contemporaneous wth the settlement of Sunderland. A grist mill was soon built near the same place.

Above the bridge where Federal street meets the North Leverett road, Asa Orcutt built a dam and sawmill; and sold to Silas Lamson, a Jew, about 1837. In 1830 Orcutt was engaged chiefly in making shingles there. Lamson made scythe snaths for a short time. Then Erastus and Joseph Clapp continued the same business there from 1838 to 1842. The mill stood on the east bank. The finishing shop was on the west side of the river.

The *Red Shop* was built by John S. Ward and Colonel Ferry for a store, which was moved there from the basement of the Tavern in 1834. It stood north and a little back from the present street half way between the Town hall and Court square. When Ward took the old Chenery store, nearer the common, he let the *Red Shop* in 1842 to Erastus and Joseph Clapp, who moved down from the "Jew's mill" with their scythe snath business, and continued until 1860. After that, Melvin Bancroft made saw frames there. Then it became the furniture factory of George F. Richardson and Company.

Dike's mill was built (ensemble) for furniture manufacturing, about 1854, by George B. Richardson, (father of George F. and "Jim"). But there was an older ac-

cumulation of buildings there, which Richardson bought and added to, the whole making the most picturesque mill property in the region. It possesses a romantic history which begins far back. Just previous to Richardson's contribution to the pile, it is known that George A. Clapp and Moses Peeler were making rakes there in an ancient sawmill. Earlier than that, was a blacksmith shop and another still older building, which was moved by a man by the name of Dodge, before 1842, and made into a residence on the site of Anson Cobb's, near the foot of Main street. I quote further from the Springfield Republican of 1909:

"The old Dyke mill, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts and capitalized for $5000, just out of Montague village on the road to Millers Falls, is being thoroughly repaired and put into shape for the various village industries that are to be carried on there. The early history of the mill is involved in some obscurity, but enough is known to show that its beginnings were long ago. Its interior, more especially the attic, is a veritable curiosity shop, and in the basement there is much of interest to be seen. Elihu Root worked at his trade as blacksmith in a building a part of which is the brick wall of the main structure. In 1832, Joseph R. Kilburn bought the property with the intention of converting it into a cotton mill, but met with so much opposition that he abandoned the plan. The portion called 'The Lightfoot and Thunderbolt saw-mill' was fitted up with an old-fashioned up-and-down mill for cutting out lumber. As for those noted highwaymen, it is highly probable that only by liberal stretches of imagination can they be connected with the mill.

"The venerable sage of Deerfield, the father of local

history, whose interest in historical matters began many years ago, was living near Brattleboro many years ago, and says 'Thunderbolt,' one of the two Scotch highwaymen, practiced medicine at Brattleboro before the middle of the last century, dying between 1840 and 1850, under the name of Dr. Wilson. He was a reputable man, had a good practice, and not until after his death did it become known that he was one of the men to ply the vocation in Scotland of the noted Jonathan Wild, who much earlier flourished across the border in England. Dr. Wilson always wore a scarf or muffler round his neck and after his death a scar was found on his neck, and one of his heels was cork. There were also found his highwayman's weapons hidden. (By what was discovered after his death at Brattleboro, it was possible to identify him with the 'Thunderbolt' of Scotland.) 'Lightfoot' was executed in Scotland for highway robbery. So far as is known, the two were not accused of counterfeiting. Counterfeiting was, however, carried on in a building adjacent to what is now the printing office. There a triphammer and bad half-dollars, 'half struck,' the other side being unfinished, were found years ago.

"A frame building was erected there for the manufacture of chairs and settees by Richardson & Dike and later by J. Dike & Sons. Later Augustus Dike had a grist-mill there. For a long time the mill stood idle and seemed destined to slow but sure decay. The property was bought a year ago last May, and last June repairs began. The foundation walls have been relaid, a cement wheel pit constructed, cement sills put in to supersede the decayed wooden ones, machinery added and things generally put to rights for carrying on business. The officers of the corporation are Edward Harmon Virgin of New

York, president; Charles F. Kimball of Montague, secretary, and Carl Purington Rollins, treasurer and manager. Ample power is furnished from water in the pond and the waters of the river running down from Lock's pond can be easily diverted to the stream running into the pond.

"The printing office is a pleasant room, well lighted, and the equipment is ample for doing fine book and job printing. The printing and other lines of industry carried on at the mill are the outgrowth of different industries started in Montague at various times by different persons. Mr. Rollins is a practical printer, whose work is of a high order of merit and the equal of that done anywhere. An unoccupied corner of the main structure, west of the printing office, will accommodate a cylinder press. It is the aim of the incorporators to do good work, to do those things which are worth doing, and at the same time earn a good living. They make use of machinery as tools, but not as masters of men. The cabinet work is done in the shop, as opposed to the factory system. It is the aim to produce a wide range of work in the cabinet shop, from toys to furniture and decorations. The cabinet shop, like the printing office, was moved from the village shop which was a link in the educative work started in 1901 by the Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Pressey and others, and is in charge of Mr. Kimball. Mrs. Solley's formulæ are used in dyeing materials for the rug department. There is a Knowles & Crompton loom for weaving wool pit rugs of various sizes. A dye-house has been made ready for use, and it is probable that rug weaving will become a prominent feature of the work of the Dyke mill. The bayberry dip candles are made in different sizes and packed in attractive boxes. These candles emit a pleasing odor when burning and are

beautiful in appearance. Over the cabinet shop is a room for finishing furniture. In the attic loft is a rich collection of miscellaneous articles, parts of wooden chairs, produced years ago and for which there is no sale now, relics of an old organ brought over from Leverett, articles of millinery, and, the best of all, Elisha Ward's gig."

The present grist mill was built in 1834; and was operated by Alvah Stone. But there was an older mill on the site, dating from the 18th century. This is one of the most picturesque mill sites in this region so wealthy in the picturesque. Some of the proprietors, after Alvah Stone, have been L. H. Stone, S. S. Holton, Sylvester Bangs, W. H. Nims and George M. Stratton.

Below *Stone's gristmill*, in the same steep gorge of the Sawmill river, some time it is supposed in the '20's or '30's, *Colonel Cephas Lawrence* built a sawmill and a *carding mill;* also an auxiliary mill near the old bridge, some rods above the present iron bridge. The auxiliary mill was some years afterwards converted into the dwelling of Norman Potter. The bridge at this point was the one "near the meeting house," referred to in an early town record. At these mills, the wool was carded into rolls for the farmers. Then after the rolls had been spun into yarn and the yarn woven into webs of white cloth on the great hand looms, the cloth was taken back to *Lawrence's mill* to be fulled, that is to be shrunk, thickened and compacted; then dyed and compressed in a hot press with alternating layers of thick pasteboard between. The sons of Colonel Lawrence, Charles and Henry, continued the sawmill until some time after 1865. Thomas F. Harrington occupied this plant for a good many years, making fig boxes, beating carpets by a process largely of his own invention, and sawing lumber; and latterly he estab-

lished the electric light plant. Carl Wright, Mr. Harrington's son-in-law, is the present proprietor.

Carriages and wagons were made by Avery Clapp, Sr., in 1837, in *Morse's Shop*, opposite the old town hall. When the new town hall was built, in 1858, Clapp seems to have moved to the old hall adding the brick basement for a shop, where Avery Clapp, Jr., was doing something at the business until his death a few years ago. *Thayer and Dodge* also made wagons in a shop north of the present town hall.

In 1855 there were two *candy* factories, *J. Ward's* in a building north of Marsh's dry goods store; and *T. E. Searles'* where John Lawrence now lives.

Early in the '30's *Amos Rugg* began manufacturing rakes, in a shop on the Leverett road above the present canal owned by Frank Cross. At that place was another canal now entirely filled up by the wash of the river. Afterwards the Ruggs bought a shop near the site of the present *Village shop* where E. S. Clapp had made scythe snaths; and developed in addition to their rake making a large furniture business. Their drying and storage sheds extended into the meadows far beyond the present Montague steam laundry; the office building occupied the site of the *Village shop;* while the main building was directly over the flume. The old water wheel, made in Orange, was of twenty-five or thirty horse power. It was removed from the ruins of the old wheel pit in 1902, when the *Village shop* was built. *Rugg's works* were responsible for Montague's historic fire of 1889, in which this plant and half of one side of the village street were burned. Rugg reëstablished his business in Greenfield; but Montague never recovered from the blow.

Emil Weisbrod started in 1870 a pocketbook manu-

factory, moving into the old schoolhouse on the common, next the "White church," when the new brick schoolhouse was built in 1873. But that business also moved to Greenfield after it had prospered for a few years.

Bricks were made early in different places in town, especially near the north end of the Mile swamp on the old county road. *Ward and Lanois* did a good deal of business there until very recent years.

A coöperative creamery operated here some years, on the Montague City road, a mile from the Center. It took two medals at the Paris Exposition of 1890. But the members got tired of working together about two or three years ago.

The old town industries suffered a period of change and eclipse. But manufacturing by machinery under the factory system will in turn see great changes. At Montague Center changes have been going on for ten years, as part of a world wide movement for reviving all the old industries which are artistically interesting. The future will see a division of labor between drudgery-saving factories and handicraft shops. The handicraft shops will be located generally in the rural communities.

The beginning of the new movement in old town industries was in 1901 when the *Arts & Crafts* committee was organized in the Women's Alliance of the Unitarian church by Mrs. E. P. Pressey. The women at that time revived certain lines of artistic needle-work. A year or two later the work was reorganized outside the church as the *New Clairvaux Arts & Crafts Society*. The work of this society is small but steadily growing. In 1902, as a link in the same chain of ideas, the *Village shop*, an educational handicraft shop, was built and occupied by Mr. Pressey and associates as a sort of handicraft experi-

ment station. And from that time successive industries and ideas have formulated themselves there and gone out into this and many other communities. In the course of a year or two the *Spring Farm* dyehouse was started, and a shop for renovating antique furniture at the same place. The dye works have continued at the *Dyke Mill.* The hand loom shop of *Frank C. Cross* and a number of other craft shops were successively started; in 1908, the Dyke mill. *Country Time and Tide* was published through eleven volumes by Mr. Pressey. It circulated the current ideas of handicraft revival, intensive agriculture, and a richer social life. *Handicraft* formerly published in Boston, is now done at the Dyke mill and is the organ of the *National League of Handicraft Societies*, representing many parts of the United States.

In 1908 the *Montague Agricultural School* was established by the town and state to be a high school educating along the line of ideas advocated by the promoters of Kindergarten, Sloyd, Manual Training, Handicraft industries and the like, which have taken such a hold upon the old town and surrounding towns like old Deerfield of late years. The philosophy upon which the "new education" is founded, is that the brain, the hand and the moral nature have to be trained at one and the same time in order to develop good results; and further than this, that finest culture which shows itself in a sense and love of beauty cannot be preserved in any other way than by fashioning useful things with the hands and living with natural forms, to some useful purpose, through schooldays. In a word, brain power, character, culture are the ideals of the Handicraft movement; and this is closely allied with the new education.

Book XIV ✦ Education

THE first log schoolhouse was voted in 1757, "South of the road near Ensign King's barn and near the Mile swamp." Meanwhile it was voted December 5, 1757, "to have four months school in Joseph Root's corn house." Samuel Harvey, Jonathan Root and Moses Taylor were the committee to see to it. But December 29 the vote was reconsidered in favor of *Widow Smith's* house until "more suitably provided." School had been kept from house to house for some years before this time. The same year, Eliphalet Allis and Samuel Harvey were directed to arrange for one month of school on "*Country Road*." This may have been the north Federal street school at the foot of Country hill.

December 11, 1758, it was voted to provide stuff for building the schoolhouse in the spring. If it was built, it was burned down; for December 17, 1759, it was voted to buy *John Scott's* house for a schoolhouse. This house too seems to have been burned soon after removal; for in 1763 the district prayed relief from a Province fine for failing to send a representative to the General Court, the district alleging that it had lost two schoolhouses by fire.

In 1765, released from the fear of Indians, the district began extending the area covered by summer, or "dame" schools. One was to be kept at *Sergeant Harvey's* (Country Road); one at *Moses Taylor's* (North west); and one at *Doctor Gunn's* (South).

December 2, 1765, it was voted to pay John Gunn, Jr.,

one pound twelve shillings a month for keeping school three months.

The *Little Brown Schoolhouse* of many memories seems to have been provided for by vote of March 3, 1766, when it was ordered, "to build a school house 18x13 of wood." It was built on the site of the present brick church. "It had three or four windows" (according to Mrs. Welsie Gunn Haskins, who wrote about it from personal memory many years ago), "a large old chimney and fire place, with two large stones to support the fire wood. The teacher's seat was at the north end of the house, where was a small one-sash window to let in the light on the teacher's head. On the north side of the chimney was a rough closet exposing the poles and beams, and on the west and south were two small windows to reflect the rays of the sun on the well informed pupils. Their principal books were the *New England Primer*, *Webster's Spelling Book* and *Pike's Arithmetic*. Birch bark was used for slates. Such a thing as a dictionary was not then thought of in schools. On two sides were seats fastened to the walls, which were sealed around and over head with pine boards from the Plain, which extended far north of the village, where the wolf, elk, and fox and other animals roamed at large. For their writing desk they had a table similar to their long kitchen tables. On two sides sat the writing scholars, with pens made of quills plucked from the goose's wing, and ink made from the bark of the maple tree. On the other side was a movable seat, made with holes on the rounding side in which were placed four legs to support it. On the south side of the fire-place was a similar seat for the A, B, C class. Every day they went through a regular course of lessons. On some days, occasionally, they had other exercises. For one, the scholars were

paraded in the yard each side of the door, while the teacher walked to and fro teaching them to say: 'George Washington, President of the thirteen United States of America!' encouraging them to raise their voices to the highest point, which made the welkin ring with the unearthly sound. As the scholars increased and the old brown house became too small and rather on the decay, the inhabitants collected to consult building another, upon a more enlarged and convenient plan." Front of the schoolhouse "stood two large oaks growing like twin brothers or sisters, standing upright, with branches above their reach, yielding abundance of acorns for play-things; and the beautiful shade was the place where the scholars played *Pound the Ring* and *Thread the Needle*."

Amongst the early teachers in the *Little Brown Schoolhouse* was Oliver Root, who taught in the winter of 1770, receiving thirty-six shillings per month. The same year summer schools were kept at *Zebediah Allis'; Mrs. Abigail Carver's; Lieutenant Clapp's* and *Ebenezer Marsh's.* Aaron Estabrooke taught ten months in 1773.

School was kept for several years in the *old meetinghouse* north of the common. The late Joseph Clapp, Jr., and his wife Sarah remembered going to school there. The meetinghouse was destroyed by a mob in 1834. Part of the old schoolhouse was moved to the Dr. Cobb place by Gideon Bartlett for a wagon shed. The other part is built into the Everett Scott house in the lane north of the town hall. This was in 1842. But for a few years the old schoolhouse stood intact in a temporary resting place as a storage, west of the street at the south end of the common.

The *new schoolhouse* had two stories. It is the building which afterwards was remodeled into the pocket-

book factory of Emil Weisbrod about 1873; then into a tenement house in the '80's; and is now owned by William Griesbach, next the "white church." The upper story was first used as a hall. As the pupils increased, all over ten years, fifty-two at one time, were assigned the upper room.

After the school at the Center was well established, the usual fund raised by the town for schooling was $250. In 1800 this was raised to $264; and 1801 to $300.

In 1812, the *Canal District* (Montague City) was set off with a separate school. Little schoolhouses now began to be built all over town. This was the beginning of the "deestric" school system with us. The *North west* schoolhouse is mentioned in 1815. This stood on the Montague City road near the Oakman place, in view of the river and was a landmark to the boatmen steering up the crooked channel of "School meadow flats." Louise Rowe remembered a schoolhouse in the *Taft district*, on the hill this side the mouth of Miller's river in 1816. In 1819 Simeon Remington was chosen a separate committee for the *Turners Falls district.* In 1821, the brick schoolhouse on *Federal street*, opposite the Deacon Clapp place, was built at a cost of $429.50. The *South district* was formally set off in 1823, and included all the territory south of a line running from the mouth of Sawmill river to the bridge on the North Leverett road. Nathaniel Gunn and Solomon Root were the first committee. The present schoolhouse there seems to have been built some time before, by the people of the district, who recovered a part of the cost from the town when they were set off. In 1828 the *West district* was set off. The schoolhouse stood at the northern foot of Taylor hill on the triangle between the "meadow" and Taylor hill roads.

By 1836 the districts were quite definitely defined throughout the town and numbered as follows:

No. 1—the "Center" school.
No. 2—"East Center" (Federal street).
No. 3—"South" (By George Toomer's).
No. 4—"West" (By Oscar Rice's).
No. 5—"Northwest" (Near Bardwell's Landing).
No. 6—"Montague Canal" (City).
No. 7—"North" (mouth of Miller's river).
No. 8—"Dry Hill," or "East."
No. 9—"Southeast" (Chestnut Hill).
No. 10—"Lafayette" (at Gunn's brook southeast of Harvey hill).
No. 11—"Turners Falls."

During the winter of 1836, the town hall was rented for $5.83 a quarter to a *select school*, which seems to have been the egg which hatched our high school.

In the early days instruction in singing had been paid for by the town as an assistance to the public worship. But there was so much trouble collecting the tax from Baptists and other dissenters, this fell into private hands. So in 1836 we find the town renting the town hall for six cents an evening to a *singing school.*

In 1838 *the school near Martin Grout's* comes up for consideration as a district. This was probably descended from the ancient "Country Road school;" and with the "North" or Taft school comprise the Millers Falls district of to-day.

May 22, 1869, the school property of the town was appraised as follows: Center $1500, West $900, Northwest $300, City $1200, Grout's $150, Dry Hill $75, Chestnut Hill $550, Lafayette $150, South $75, Federal street $450, Miller's River $450.

And it was voted to build a new schoolhouse at Turners Falls. Now Turners Falls was on the eve of growing from a boating station to a manufacturing city. H. W. Rowe, N. E. Babbitt, Alpheus Moore, were chosen as a building committee. A lot was secured on the corner of Avenue A and 3d street, 110x50, then relocated; and the cost was estimated $1800. The building burned in 1871 and was replaced with a brick building costing $14,000. R. N. Oakman, G. L. Rist and N. Gilmore were the building committee.

January 20, 1871, it being proposed to establish a *high school* at the Center, this committee was chosen to report the matter: John Andrews, David Cronyn, Thaxter Shaw, E. A. Deane, Seymour Rockwell. They recommended $10,000 for a building that would accommodate a high, an intermediate and a primary grade. Alpheus Moore, N. E. Babbitt, J. C. Andrews, R. L. Goss and Isaac Chenery were chosen to build the same. But the pressing need of *Millers Falls* coming up, it was voted, April 8, to postpone building the Center schoolhouse and appropriate $2500 for a building at Millers. A. W. Grout, Charles Amidon and Edward Conant were the committee for this. Then in March, 1872, $8000 was appropriated, together with the proceeds of the sale of the old schoolhouse to Mr. Weisbrod, to build the new building at the Center. November 5, it was found necessary to add $2000 to this fund.

The plan of transporting children from the outlying districts was first adopted in March, 1875. I have been told that it was the idea of Seymour Rockwell and that this was the original town to adopt such a system.

May 27, 1879, it was voted to build a schoolhouse at the

South End in Turners Falls, and to raise and appropriate $3000 for the same.

In 1880 a schoolhouse was built at the Falls at a cost of $6000. And in 1889 $10,000 was spent for another.

In 1893, a $300 extension and a $2000 heating plant were added to the Center school.

In 1897, the town adopted the provision for professional supervision of schools.

In 1910 the town had invested in school property $167,475, the valuation of ten buildings with land. The last addition to the plant in 1905 was a *new high school* at Turners Falls, valued at $63,000. There are besides, four large graded schools at Turners Falls as follows: The Oakman, grades 7 and 8; New Eighth Street, 5 and 6; Old Eighth Street, 3 and 4; Central Street, 1 and 2. The South End school, also at the Falls, has grades 1 to 6. The other schools are Montague City, grades 1 to 8; Millers Falls, grades 1 to 9; and the Center, grades 1 to 13 including in the upper grades the new *Agricultural School*, which superseded the Center high school in 1908. The little school on distant *Dry Hill* is the sole survivor of the old district school system. *Night schools* were opened in 1909 at Millers and Turners. In 1910 the town of Montague will have paid out about $45,000 for current expenses of its highly organized schools.

Several periods of development are quite distinctly to be seen in the history of our schools. The first may be called the *provincial period*, the reign of the master and dame, a winter master at the center and an itinerant dame in the summer.

After 1815 the dame school rapidly crystallized into the *district school*. The master's school gradually disappeared. The provincial schools taught the "three R's"

only, "Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic," the *New England Primer*, *Webster's Speller*, and *Pike's Arithmetic.*

The chief object of the Pilgrim Fathers' coming to these shores, as stated by themselves, was not "freedom to worship God." They already had that in perfection in Holland, with prosperity besides. They came here to preserve their English tongue. And to this function the provincial school was devoted; and added the rudiments of mathematics.

With the advent of the district school and more months of schooling, other subjects became optional with teachers and pupils, while the "three R's" remained the prescribed studies. The writer received all his elementary education in the district school. Up to 1880, or for a period of more than half a century there was very slight change in this system, excepting that more and more stress was put upon arithmetic and less upon language. In my school days we "ciphered" the whole of the forenoon, in the upper classes. In the afternoon besides reading and spelling we had anything we pleased, U. S. History, Grammar, Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Book-keeping, etc., if enough could agree on a subject to form a class or the teacher were indulgent to the solitary pupil who thought him or herself competent to branch out. By fits and starts, as pleased the teacher, we had half days given to declamation, and half hours given to practicing writing in the copy book. But it seems to me I just "ciphered," often in school and out, all my school days through. I had two good winters in which I devoured the whole subject of political and physical geography, from primary to high school grade; and about the same time got a smattering of Geometry and Book-keeping; and a little later a modicum of Algebra, sufficient

to give me a college condition on the subject six years later. But I do not remember that I ever had any opportunity to learn anything else on any subject at district school. And our schools were considered to be of the best.

The best thing I remember about the district schools, after twenty-seven years, is the personality of some of our teachers, loving, loyal, and ambitious for us. I do not think that the teaching in itself amounted to very much.

In the third period, *method* has been introduced into teaching. Teachers and pupils have been subjected to a system laid out for them, studies and pupils graded, ranking introduced, generalship, psychological method of approach to the pupil's mind. All was changed. We had a wonderful machine; but the question has been more and more insistently asked in the last ten years, "What are we doing with it?" "As with our industrial machines," the answer came, "not as much to the point as we would like."

When music and drawing were introduced it was the thin edge of a third revolution in public school education. And that is the revolution that is everywhere at its height now. We are coming rapidly to an *education by doing things* and learning to think correctly about what we do and to feel right about it.

Another educational institution flourished in Montague in the '40's and '50's, the *Lyceum*. But there was no library until after the Civil war. Some towns established "association" libraries soon after the Revolution. The chief credit for Montague's original *public library* is due to a stranger among us, a Miss Bailey who was a teacher in the Center school in 1868. She collected some books and

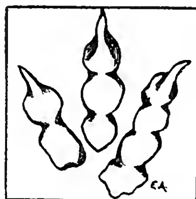
by the proceeds of a fair secured $1000. This fund was put into the hands of a library committee, consisting of Rev. Edward Norton, Dr. E. A. Deane, Thaxter Shaw, Isaac Chenery, Rev. David Cronyn, W. W. Thayer, Benjamin Fay, and R. N. Oakman. These tendered the library to the town, which accepted it as a town institution and voted to provide a place for it. This was March 11, 1869. The directors chosen were Rev. E. Norton, Rev. D. Cronyn, Dr. E. A. Deane, R. N. Oakman, J. H. Root. One dollar a year was charged each family using the books. "Poor families" were charged twenty-five cents a quarter, fifty cents for six months. At the end of ten years there were 1700 volumes.

March, 1874, it was voted to establish a library in Turners Falls, when $500 should be privately subscribed. In 1876 a library was maintained privately in the Colle building. One thousand books were accumulated during the next three or four years. The town appropriated some money for it but did not regularly establish the Turners Falls branch of the town library until March 6, 1887. At the same time this was done both branches were made free. Six hundred dollars was appropriated for the whole library.

In 1903, a third branch was established at Millers Falls. In the same year $12,500 was accepted from Andrew Carnegie, the well-known library founder, for a building at Turners Falls. The town issued bonds for an equal amount and agreed to devote $1250 annually to maintenance. In 1906 Mr. Carnegie added $1000 to his gift on condition that the town give $100 more, annually, for support of the library. The town is now spending $2500 a year for its libraries.

Thus it is seen that Montague has plodded away me-

thodically, faithfully, progressively through more than one hundred and fifty years to build up its educational system. At present the eyes of the state are focussed upon its advanced position.



Book XV ✦ Religion

THE first meetinghouse, begun in 1753 or '54, was a number of years in process of building. October 3, 1757, it was voted "to finish the body of the meeting house all with pews except two or three short seats in the body near against the end doors." Lieutenant Clapp, Deacon Keet and Ebenezer Sprague were chosen a committee "to determine the manner, place and largeness of said pews and seats and to plan out the same." It was not until 1760 that the meetinghouse was underpinned and the back finished under the direction of Lieutenant Clapp, Clark Alvord, and Reuben Scott. A belfrey and spire were added in 1802, for which Joseph Clapp, Sr., was paid $390.

The meetinghouse, now being complete, let us take a look at it. Says Mrs. Haskins, "it had folding doors on the east, south, and west sides. In the north side, was the pulpit; with two long narrow windows and a plain seat beneath them, desk in front with a swing seat attached for the convenience of the aged pastor while he performed the services of the day. Over his head was a large half circle with pannel work about the edge, which was called the 'mending board.' On the floor below, almost under the desk, was a seat, in front of which was a breast-work to which was attached in front a long swing table for the services of the Church. This was called the Deacon's seat, where they were always found on the Sabbath. From the front door you turn, after passing the wall pews, to the right and left into alleys, at

the ends of which are stairs leading into the galleries, where were two long rows of seats, near the center, the front seats reserved for the accommodation of the singers. On three wall sides were square pews for the young people of the congregation. Under the pulpit was the place where the military stores were kept, which was a doleful place to the scholars. It was called the dungeon, which was very terrifying whenever the door was opened for the unruly to enter. On the north, outside of the house, were two horse blocks, one of which was reserved for the old 'Parson' and 'Madam.' These were then thought respectful terms. The Parson on the saddle, with his cocked up hat, small clothes, long stockings and large buckles in his shoes. The Parson on the saddle, Madam on the blue pillion behind. To give the people notice that it was time to go to church, Uncle Moses, the blacksmith, or some of his family would blow a large sea-shell, the sound resembling that of a trumpet (the shell is still in being, in 1873). The blacksmith being the only man in the neighborhood that owned a clock, and that whittled out in the garret with a knife by an apprentice, as he stole away from the shop unbeknown to his master till it was completed, which was a family time-piece more than thirty years."

The Rev. Judah Nash was ordained and settled over the Hunting Hills church, November 22d, 1752. He was a native of Longmeadow and a graduate of Yale in the class of 1748. He was a stripling of twenty-three. He continued to preach for fifty-two years and three months.

Religious life in those early years of this town had the emphasis upon faithfulness, loyalty, affection, and all those virtues that make of the church a community. There were no revivals, no special manifestations such as

came later. The earlier Puritans made efforts to ascertain whether the candidate for church membership had passed through any experiences of "supernatural regeneration." But gradually by "half-way covenants" and other laxities a subscription to the creed came to be the only test for admission to the church. And that was about the way it was in Judah Nash's day.

The minister was a priest of the established church, with authority vested in him by the state to correct moral delinquents by sharply admonishing them. His advice was official and was respected on almost every subject. He labored to develop in his parish extreme sensitiveness of conscience against every known form of evil. This was the very worthy expert function of the Puritan divine. His ethics were democratic and Christian; for he held passionately that the citizen has no master or lord but God. He was bound affectionately to his flock as a shepherd, as a spiritual wife, till death should them part. He was buried in the old burying ground and his wife years after him amongst the people to whom a life service and affection had been given, the first and last Puritan divine in this place.

When he came to Hunting Hills, there were about two hundred souls in the parish. He saw it grow, by the slow process of clearing and breaking hill land, to twelve hundred. Like the good parson's parish in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,*

> Wide was his parish and houses far asunder,

embracing more than thirty-six square miles, divided by trackless hills and swamps, and at one place by a three mile open plain, into five or six partly dismembered dis-

tricts. Yet his obligations as recipient of the tax rate of all were to all. The life was necessarily full of formality and method, and still very close to the people and full of loyal sentiment. He was a scholar, with a tenacious memory, versed in church history and so steeped in the Bible that he habitually talked and thought in Scripture phraseology. He was very dignified but not a pompous man. The Springfield, Chapin sculpture of the Puritan (while being a speaking piece of art) is a caricature of the Judah Nash type of Puritan, and probably of most Puritans. He presided graciously at most of the conventions of the church in this region; and at the time of his death it is said that he had delivered the charge to most of the surviving ministers in this vicinity.

In theology, Judah Nash was a hair splitter, an accomplished logician full of "scripture arguments," a terror to "cavillers," "infidels" and "fatalists."

His home was a typical haven of 18th century hospitality, such as was when people took time to be social, whatever happened. Mr. Nash was a good listener, not antagonizing opinions. He was saved by a gracious feeling; and thoroughly enjoyed himself with persons of good humor; of moral enthusiasm of any sort; or who knew anything to talk about.

A good part of this information we get from the printed funeral sermon by Rev. Joseph Kilburn of Wendell. Said Mr. Kilburn in closing, "the candle of life, which so long shone in the candlestick of our Lord, is now extinguished," having (as we might add), during his pastoral vigils here consumed $300 worth of candle-wood, and upwards of three thousand five hundred loads of firewood by true record of the parish.

They saw in him a resemblance to the vicar in Gold-

smith's poem and carved some verses of it on his stone. He certainly was more related to the medieval priest than to the modern Congregational minister.

> Ever ready to hear affliction's cry,
> And trace his Maker's will with curious eye,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allur'd to brighter worlds and led the way;
> At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorned the venerable place.

To this were added two original, sententious lines:

> Tutor'd by thee, sweet Christianity exalts thy voice to ages;
> And informs the rising generation with love, sentiment and thought never to die.

Rev. Aaron Gates succeeded Mr. Nash in 1807. He was a native of East Hadam, Connecticut; a graduate of Williams college in the class of 1804. He derived his knowledge of divinity from the Rev. Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield, with whom he studied, the writer of 5000 sermons in sixty-five years; but his pastoral theology he got from Jonathan Edwards of Northampton and Stockbridge. He was a frail man physically, all fire and emotion. Judah Nash had been the grand old man, a fine reverend gentleman of the "old school," all sweetness and light, wearing character in his bearing and in his face. He pushed his way patiently, insistently into the conscience and there thundered the law of Sinai. He wound tendrils of love and duty around the hearts of all and by force of his own aspirations lifted his people with him towards righteousness.

With the Rev. Aaron Gates it was no such matter. He was moulded by the *Great Revival*, which followed the wake

of Jonathan Edwards. He began life by condemning and torturing his own soul (for years after he had fully determined to prepare for the ministry) as that of an unregenerate lost sinner. It was some time before he left college, that he believed he had the evidence of his redemption. He religiously eschewed philosophy and all speculative thinking "made in Germany" and stuck to the "home made" product of New England, which he regarded as more scriptural and therefore of greater "integrity" as to doctrine. "Back to the elder Puritans" was his motto, the Puritans who stopped Maypoles and Dancing and introduced the recreation of meditating upon eternity and death and hell. He frequently told young persons who wanted to join the church and expressed tender hearts towards things holy and against all wickedness, "not to deceive themselves;" for that they were most probably damned; that he could "see no good evidence of their regeneration." He said he "could see no good in encouraging false hopes." His manner of preaching was so earnest that his tears streamed upon the pulpit. He was often quite effective. In the ninth year of his ministry he was rewarded by seeing a *bona fide* revival by which he took twenty-one members into the church. This was in 1816. After that, revivals were prayed for and expected at irregular intervals. Another occurred in 1819 when thirteen persons were "regenerated;" in 1822, twenty-nine. There was one revival under Mr. Bradford in 1831; and others in 1839, 1847, 1853 and so on up to recent times.

Mr. Gates finished his labors here in 1827 in the midst of the Unitarian upheaval which had reduced the church to beggary so that it had to receive home missionary aid for some years both before and after disestablishment.

The religious history of the town from this point on

becomes the story of sects, more or less in rivalry and competition for a steadily waning class of habitual and regular church goers.

The Unitarian church at the Center has led an intermittent life since the early years. A Catholic church was established at Millers Falls in the '70's; a Congregational church in 1872. The Baptists organized at Turners the same year and have held the ground. The German Methodists and Congregationalists organized there in 1875 and survive. The German Evangelical came in 1879; Unitarians in 1884 and have given up. An American Methodist church also built and gave up. St. Mary's in 1872 was the first Catholic church in the county. The French Catholic came along in 1885. In 1909 the Polish Catholics bought the property of the Unitarians. A pretty good feeling exists between all the denominations.

Book XVI ✦ Visions

I AM now to speak of a few matters in a light that appeals to the imagination; and gives Montague an almost unique and distinguished place in the histories of the little commonwealths of New England. I do not believe any equal plot of New England ground has had so many varied visions, at different times, under such varied circumstances, of a golden age waiting for it in the future. Perhaps this vision of future greatness is the very thing that has kept her people plodding so faithfully through the centuries, paving the way for some king of glory. Nature itself marked this patch of valley, surrounded by gorges and steep hills and myriad rushing streams as an especially desirable place in which to live.

The earliest of these visions is but shadowy in its outlines. In the spring of 1675, King Philip, that wonderful Indian dreamer took up his residence here, it is supposed on Smead's island, a mile below Turners Falls; built a fort there; surrounded himself with his faithful Narragansetts, the Nipmucks, and the broken remnants of the Pocumtuck Confederacy and from this place as his capital, laid active plans to build his Indian empire. Northfield in the rear was to be the safe retreat for the wounded Indians of his war and for the women and children. The meadows from Vermont to Deerfield were planted with corn and Cononchet, a sachem as great as Philip, risked his life and lost it in an expedition to bring away the seed corn from the Narragansett country to this new empire. It is related by those who were with Philip at this time that he

had not the least doubt that his vision would come true.

The next vision related to the year 1797 when the Montague locks and canal were but a few years old. Montague had been much advertised abroad through the efforts to raise foreign capital, particularly in Holland, the banking country of the world at that time, to build the canals. What glories of the spot got into the speech of the agents as they discoursed upon the traffic and wonders of the far away Connecticut valley, we can only guess. But it is certain that some particular argument or appeal to the imagination fixed upon the head of deep water navigation on the river as the seat of a great commercial city, another Tyre or Bagdad. Pursuing this vision across the Atlantic ocean, a company of adventurers came from Germany and secured title to a good deal of land around the foot of Montague canal, and began building their city. I have been told that there is somewhere extant a drawn plan of Montague City as then dreamed of. But I have searched and cannot find it. I understand it was something magnificent in dimensions, we can imagine it with great stone piers along the river from Bardwell's landing to Greenfield bridge for handling wares from every part of the world. We may imagine the promontories jutting out from the high plain adorned with beautiful facades of colleges and spires of cathedrals and the meadows, to Indian dam, threaded with streets and swarming with men, and miles of factories up the serpentine banks of the river. Here we can picture men coming to great commercial houses for their annual contracts of goods, from the northern valleys, from the Green mountains, the White mountains and the Berkshires. Here we may see great theatres and varied amusements and various conventions for all

central and northern New England, in this Babylon of the hills. Here the Germans would establish their learning; and great libraries, museums and institutes would be endowed; and Captain Elisha Mack would become president of a great polytechnic university. Great authors would establish the glory of the city; and poets would sing the charm of the hills, meadows, river.

But only a few two story houses were built in carrying out this vision. The hamlet that grew up there was for years known as Montague Canal. But as time went by the vision had sufficient interest to the inhabitants to give the name of "The City" to this little village. In 1855 the wood working mills of R. L. and D. W. Goss were the most important manufacturing interest in town. They sawed and planed a million feet of lumber, made three hundred piano cases annually and handled twelve hundred cords of wood. In 1869 this establishment was running a grist mill, three planers and several small saws besides the one large mill saw. The firm employed seventy-five men. The business closed out some time before 1875. Nothing remains of its plant except the old brick chimney stack near the tow path of the ruined canal near the lower course of Papacomtuckquash. There are large brick yards still a few hundred rods to the north and, close by, the prosperous fishing rod works of Hazelton & Bartlett, the largest little thing of the kind in the United States. A flourishing little village has grown up around these newer enterprises. But of the "City" there is nothing but the name.

The next vision that came to Montague centered in the northern part of the town, further to the eastward. This was about 1844, and was called into being by the approach of the first railroad into these parts. As origi-

nally planned, the railroad was to go no further west than Montague. It was well known that Colonel Crocker had his eye fixed upon the unlimited water powers of the Connecticut river and tributaries in this locality. The railroad was actually built to Grout's corner and thence up the Connecticut to Brattleborough. According to Mr. Crocker's plan, Grout's corner or the mouth of the Miller's river would have been the center of a great manufacturing community, the circumference of which would have been a circle running through Northfield Farms, Factory Village, Montague City, Montague Center and Farley. The citizens of Montague responded very eagerly to this grand scheme to make their town the manufacturing center of New England as it was in a way the geographical center. Certainly the water power was here, the greatest collection of water falls within small area anywhere to be found. Undoubtedly much more would have been done in Mr. Crocker's life time had it not been for the energetic and tireless distraction forced upon him by Greenfield men who also stirred up the whole western part of the state with the Greenfield and Troy scheme, which included the Hoosac tunnel.

There is no question of what Montague thought of the Greenfield scheme and of their fear of not becoming the metropolis, perhaps the capital of the state. January 1, 1844, it was "Resolved" (after some commendation of "The enlarged views of the grand enterprise" of Mr. Crocker) "that we view with regret the movements of the citizens of Greenfield to carry this improvement through their corner village, which to us appears to be founded in selfish motives disregarding the true and great interest of the whole county, while they look at immediate and remote consequences to themselves, pro-

vided they shall in this movement accomplish their designs.

"Resolved, therefore, that we are opposed to any body of our fellow citizens from whatever motives, placing themselves in the way to obstruct, divert or finally prostrate the grand enterprise and thereby prevent the citizens of the county from enjoying the proffered benefits through all future time. Therefore in view of these promises,

"Resolved that we do hereby authorize the selectmen and town clerk in behalf of the town, to present a memorial to the legislature of the Commonwealth, with copy of these resolves attached, by the town clerk" (this was Jonathan Hartwell a gifted man and a lawyer who also represented the town in the legislature) "in conformity to the spirit of these resolutions, who is herby authorized, to make a record of same in the town book of records."

Here is something more than a tempest in a teapot. We see here the collision of two opposing visions of tremendous consequences to the whole of New England whichever way it was decided. We known that Greenfield won, defeated Montague (at least for a hundred years) used up and broke Colonel Crocker's splendid energies and diverted his vision upon Hoosac tunnel and Western trade. History has recorded the further consequences. Hoosac tunnel, while we are very proud of it as one of the great artificial wonders of our state, has never been worth what it cost. And if the western railroad ever did facilitate western trade, and we have no doubt it did by its easier grade than that through Springfield, it just so far contributed to the ruin of New England agriculture.

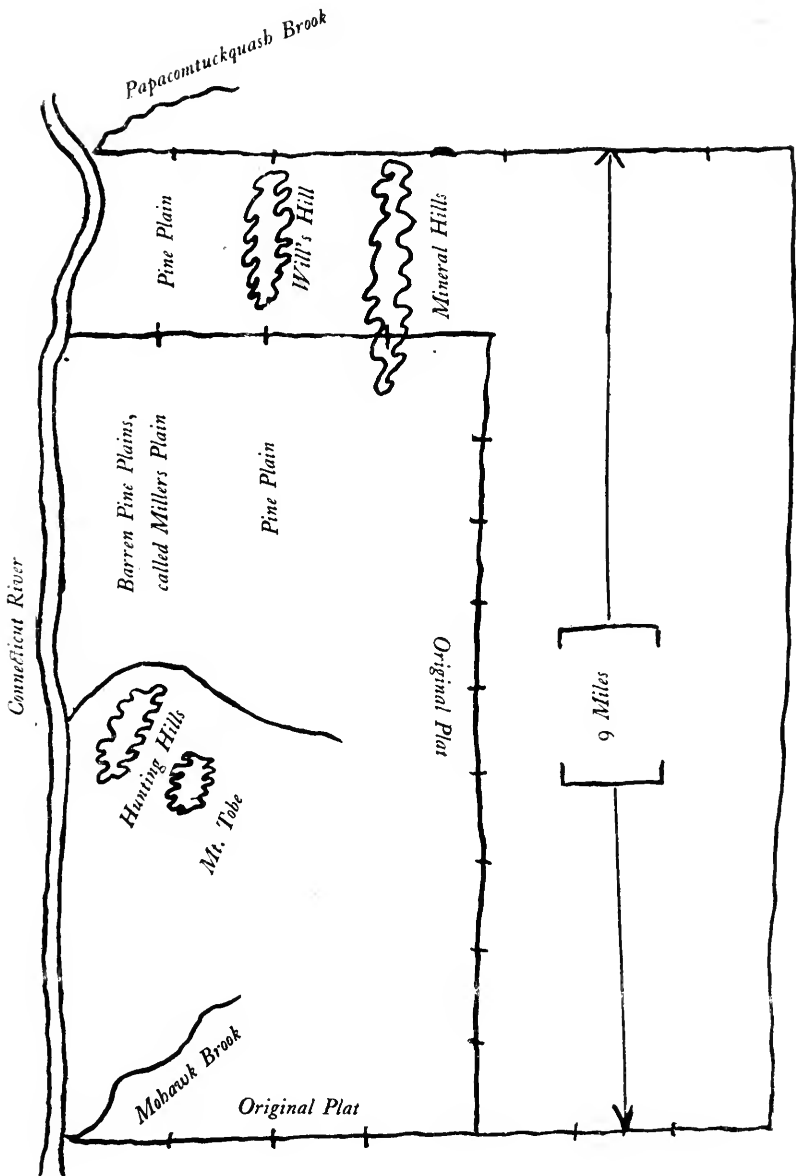
It was unquestionably a good thing to get into closer and closer touch with the west. And yet Montague's challenge to the scheme then proposed was to the point.

It was, "Shall we do it now at this frightful cost of life and treasure and worst of all the expense of this great genuis of Mr. Crocker and to the undoing of the East, and particularly of this county, the most rural and remote of Massachusetts with the greatest water power lying totally undeveloped, waiting a hundred years for just such a promise as the coming of John Alvah Crocker?" Fellow citizens, I feel that Montague was right and that Greenfield led us a wild goose chase in this matter. Hoosac tunnel took forty-eight years to build, from the time the Greenfielders broke the first rock at the east portal; cost nearly thirteen million dollars, and one hundred and thirty-six lives. And when it was done, almost every town which had been promised prosperity (Greenfield being almost the sole exception) began rapidly to decline in population and in valuation. The Montague counter proposition, Colonel Crocker's own first thought and his latter vision, when he returned in his last declining days from tunnel boring to found Turners Falls, is worth considering.

At any rate, Montague has seldom been as much wrought up over anything. Ten days after the resolutions quoted in part, another town meeting was held and more lengthy and specific arguments were presented. From these it appears what the Miller's river vision was, more in detail. "Montague," they said, "is the exact center and heart of the county." The railroad, they declared, should go down Miller's river to the center of water power facilities, as I have described above, and thence direct north. The expensive Western scheme, even ten miles more road to Greenfield (particularly on account of Greenfield's delusive attitude) or any diversion whatever west of the river at present was declared irrele-

vant to the original plan and injurious to the permanent interests of the whole county. And Montague again was right. If industrial development, the utilizing of our streams is a good thing for this county then Greenfield set it back one hundred years. For the energy of Colonel Crocker's twenty years devoted to Hoosac tunnel we know must have made of this region a leading manufacturing center. Of course, now, it is only a question of time when the promises of 1844 will be renewed by the energies and vision of others.

It may come by plodding and by evolution, through the accumulation of many visions. Grout's corner at least has grown into the sizable village of Millers Falls by the vision of a man who found how to make a bit brace more useful than anything known in that line. And Turners Falls with the hearty coöperation of the whole town in the spirit of the resolutions of 1844 is plodding away at the vision now these forty years. The old town has newer visions of its own. There is a charm in the sky and the water falls here that leads to vision. And the future of human life here is enchanting to think about, is a beautiful, divine mystery, like my tale which is told.



Map of Swampfield

Dated December 21, 1714

Accompanying a petition for a strip of three miles additional on east side.

APPENDIX

Representatives from Montague

REPRESENTATIVES from Montague at the General Court from 1774 to 1857 when Montague became a part of the 6th District.

Moses Gunn
Joseph Root
Moses Harvey
Caleb Kinsley
Henry Wells
Martin Root
Nathan Chenery
Medad Montague
Helaz Alvord
Jonathan Hartwell
Martin H. Clapp
Elisha Leffingwell
Elihu P. Thayer
Nathan Hosmer
Joseph Clapp, Jr.
Alpheus Moore
Erastus Andrews
R. N. Oakman
Zenas Clapp
George Clapp
Calvin Russell

Town Clerks of Montague, 1756 to 1910

Joseph Root, 1756–61
Moses Gunn, 1761–70, '71–81, '82
Elisha Root, 1770
Caleb Kinsley, 1781
Joseph Root, Jr., 1783–1805
Moses Severance, 1805–09
Elisha Root, Jr., 1809–11, '12
Salmon Gunn, 1811
Selah Root, 1813–18
Cephas Root, 1818–20
Isaac Chenery, 1820
Salmon Root, 1821
Solomon Root, 1822
Helaz Alvord, 1823–27
Jonathan Hartwell, 1827–35, '42–52
Lathrop Delano, 1835–37
E. W. Chenery, 1837–42
J. C. Bangs, 1852–62
C. P. Wright, 1862–67
J. H. Root, 1867–84
Wm. P. Crocker, 1884
W. S. Dana, 1885–95
H. D. Bardwell, 1895–1910

Selectmen of Montague, 1756 to 1910

Captain Joseph Root, 1756-64, '66-68, '70-73
Sergeant Samuel Bardwell, 1756, '58, '74-78
Ensign Simeon King, 1756-58
Clark Josiah Alvord, 1756-61, '65, '68-69
Sergeant Samuel Smead, 1756-57, '59, '63-64, '66
Ebenezer Marsh, 1757
Lieutenant Reuben Scott, 1758-59, '65-66, '70, '72-73, '83, '88
Lieutenant Carver, 1759
Lieutenant John Clapp, 1760
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C. W. Hazelton, 1885, '86, '87, '88, '91, '92, '94, '99
John McIlverne, 1889, '90
Lucas J. March, 1893
J. F. Bartlett, 1895, '97, 1901, '02, '06, '07
M. B. Collins, 1896
Timothy J. Carroll, 1898
W. S. Dana, 1900
Alfred J. Nims, 1903
E. M. Alden, 1904, '05, '08
John W. Haigis, 1909, '10

Our Hall of Fame

A CHAPTER under this title was designed. It was to offer a brief tale of the acts of twenty of the most famous folks who had lived in Montague. But afterwards I did not feel equal to the responsibility; and so I offer this list as an interesting hint. This, some day, may be added to and subtracted from and put up as a frieze in the town hall or historical room of the Carnegie library building.

1. King Philip, Indian sachem, seer and reformer, according to

tradition made Peskeomskut the center of his Indian commonwealth, with chief village and fortification at Smead's island; and was here with a thousand warriors for the struggle of May 19, 1676.

2. Dr. Moses Gunn, patriot, eloquent, wise counsellor, was in every movement in the state for saving the democratic constitution of the towns, during the period of the Revolution.

3. Captain Moses Harvey, honest patriot. In his zeal for liberty he made the mistake of joining Shays' rebellion. When all offenders were pardoned he insisted upon taking his punishment of paying fifty pounds and standing an hour on the gallows at Northampton. Leader in the Baptist movement for general franchise, on Committee of Correspondence, minuteman, representative in the legislature.

4. Dr. Henry Wells, healer in whom the people of this county had wonderful faith, noted particularly for staying the plague of dysentery in 1802, a magnetic personality.

5. Captain Elisha Mack, mechanical engineer, discoverer of the cantilever bridge, built the first dam on Connecticut river, at Turners Falls in 1793.

6. Dexter Marsh, tireless collector of fossil sandstone tracks, "the American Hugh Miller," in the science of geology; member of the American Association for Advancement of Science, member of the Lyceum of Natural History, N. Y., corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia. He worked all his life as janitor, sawed wood, made gardens, etc., and spent his holidays on the river collecting fossils. His scientific collection, sold at auction after his death, brought nearly nine thousand dollars.

7. Reverend Walter Gunn, distinguished missionary to India. The facts of his life have been told in a biography of 150 pages.

8. Jonathan Johnson, historian, tireless investigator of traces of the aborigines, collector of relics, chief founder of the "Indian room" in Memorial Hall, Deerfield.

9. E. Benjamin Andrews, educator, president of Brown University, superintendent of Chicago schools, chancellor of the University of Nebraska.

10. Honorable Charles B. Andrews, justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, sometime governor of the same state and leader on the floor of the house of representatives.

11. R. N. Oakman, model citizen, for quarter of a century leading town father, financier, distinguished for system of caring for town poor.

12. Seymour Rockwell, nearly forty years member of the school board, a power for a wisely progressive system of public schools; is said to have originated concentration and grading of country schools; a richly stored mind.

13. Henry Root, artist, distinguished painter of stage scenery.

14. Dr. Cornelia Clapp, zoölogist, teacher in Mt. Holyoke College, noted traveler amongst American foreign missions.

<table>
<tr><td>15. Elder Erastus Andrews</td><td rowspan="4">state senator.</td></tr>
<tr><td>16. Sanford Goddard</td></tr>
<tr><td>17. J. H. Root</td></tr>
<tr><td>18. Joseph F. Bartlett</td></tr>
<tr><td>19. Clapp Wells</td><td rowspan="2">high sheriff of Franklin County.</td></tr>
<tr><td>20. Isaac Chenery</td></tr>
</table>

Latest Indian Finds

SINCE this volume went to press two significant discoveries have become known to the writer.

Rufus Thornton in the early summer unearthed an Indian "kitchen heap" in the lot between Domer's Lane and the Central Vermont railroad near the Harvey hill road. The heap contained an arrow point, pieces of war paint or cosmetic, a broken stone knife blade and numerous scraps of highly ornamented pottery.

William Marsh has shown me two Indian sacred symbol stones, figuring seemingly the spread wings of the "thunder bird," the war god, one very rare with eye pierced for standard, the other slightly carved to suggest feathers, both beautiful. These relics were found at different times within the same circle of ground which seems to have been made softer and clearer of stones than the surrounding gravel, one hundred rods east of Willis hill, west of Lake Pleasant, in the middle of Montague Plain, at the point where Kunckwadchu, the sacred mountain most impressively punctuates a wide horizon of hills when the August sun or the February moon is highest in the heavens. We guess that this was an important ceremonial place. The dreamy King Philip may have been consulting his dusky oracles on this very spot the night of Captain Turner's descent upon Peskeomskut. For it is recorded that the Indians were celebrating a period of festival in their old haunts.

Conventicles (A Footnote to Book VI)

I HAVE just heard a story of the Rev. Aaron Gates, commonly called "Priest Gates," which illustrates the difference between the established church, whether Catholic, Episcopalian, or Congregational, and the mild appeal to character and feeling of to-day. Some people were holding a meeting by night, possibly a Baptist prayer meeting or a Unitarian study club or yet perchance an Episcopalian vestry, in some outlying schoolhouse. The quivering form, like a wraith, of Priest Gates suddenly glided from the shadows of the doorway. With right hand uplifted he advanced, with all eyes upon him, to the center of the open floor and in the name of God, the Son, and the Holy Ghost and by the authority vested in him by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts dissolved the assembly. His uplifted arm and his whole body scarcely moved until the last sullen file, too rebellious for protest had dissolved into the outside shadows, and he turned to meet the muttered indignation of the leader of the "conventicle" with biting words of scripture, unanswerable—unless at the polls of free men. And then Priest Gates mounted his horse and rode away through the woods. The conventicle as by instinct promptly reassembled in the long kitchen of Judah Wright or the cooper's shop of Thomas Bagg. Priest Gates left for his monument the Solley place now occupied by the Montague Agricultural School and commonly known by the name of Thaxter Shaw. The material was dug from the clay bank a few rods west in the ravine to make the most lordly place in Montague town. A few years later the "Red Church" was dug from the same bank.

Route of Hatfield Captives

ON the morning of September 19, 1777, the Indians, who had been scattered after Philip's war, descended upon Hatfield taking captive seventeen persons, mostly women and children. On their route north through the ruins of Deerfield they captured Quentin Stockwell, discovered rebuilding his house. During the night the Indians crossed the Deerfield mountain, making "strange noises as of wolves and owls and other wild beasts, to the end that they might not lose one another; and if followed they might not be discovered by the English,"

says Stockwell. At daybreak they took their captives over the river to a point just below Montague City. There they made on the trees a record of their exploit, quarreled over ownership of the captives, and waited some time for a foraging band to come up with food and horses. From there they followed a trail to Peskeomskut Falls and there in the afternoon crossed the river again to the Gill shore. During this march through Montague Stockwell fainted from old wounds received in the Indian war and expected to be killed when he suddenly revived and marched away with the band into the northern woods. The Indians were a remnant of the Hadley tribe which once occupied a part of Montague. They sold their English captives to the French.

Lake Pleasant

FOR forty years there has been growing up, in the center of the town but not of it, a summer camp of seveial hundred cottages. The New England Spiritualist Campmeeting Association has been the chief agent in building up this summer city. In a large airy hall in the grove it carries out an annual month's program.

The first attention given to the Lake however was in 1870, when George W. Potter of Greenfield acquired land near the present railroad station on the lake shore, established a rude picnic outfit in the grove and started off with an old folks' outing from Greenfield. For four years the charming resort grew in favor for political and temperance conventions and holiday outings. Amongst the distinguished speakers imported in that period were General Benjamin Butler and Senator Henry Wilson.

In 1872 Mr. Potter sold to the railroad company, who put up a dancing pavillion and railroad station with other accomodations and generally made the grounds serviceable and attractive to pleasure seekers, including the driving of "Jacob's Well." Throngs then resorted to the place from every quarter all over the county and adjoining country.

In 1874 H. A. Buddington and Dr. Joseph Beals at the suggestion of J. J. Richardson, a caterer—all of Greenfield, became active in organizing a Spiritualist campmeeting to be held annually at the Lake. Consequently 75 tents, including a large bell tent for meetings, were soon pitched on the "Bluff" and "Montague street," in August that year. Im 1879 the campers, after five years of lively and very picturesque success, incorporated their organization with the present name.

In 1880 a large three story hotel was built under the sanction of the Association by H. L. Barnard of Greenfield. The Association also acquired by lease the property in the grove belonging to the Fitchburg railroad. By this time 90 substantial cottages had been built and the whole of fifty acres divided into campers' lots and occupied. There were two thousand residents that year. The place became, in short, a Mecca for those of the Spiritualist cult.

In 1887 The Lake Pleasant Association, a new organization of the nature of an improvement society, bought the campmeeting grove for $15,000. Then having completed its work of providing many modern conveniences, including water works and an electric light plant, sold out to the Campmeeting Association and dissolved.

On April 25, 1907, one of the sensations of this town was the burning of the hotel and pavillion at Lake Pleasant and about half of the cottages, in all 112 buildings. There remains, however, a good deal of vitality in the camp as well as power of fascinating beauty in this sacred lake of the Indians. For the past three years have seen a considerable rising from the ashes; and contracts have just been let for rebuilding the hotel. The attractions of the season just closed at the temple included many entertainments, musical, literary and dramatic. The spirit of the management has been liberal towards culture and live thinking of every brand. One cannot help thinking, if town and camp should some day think of pulling together, what an unusual chance for an ideal rural playground with a distinctive rural stage for literary and historic pageants and native drama.

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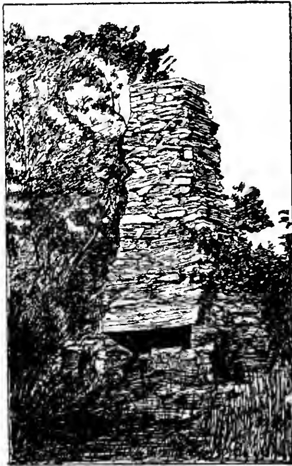

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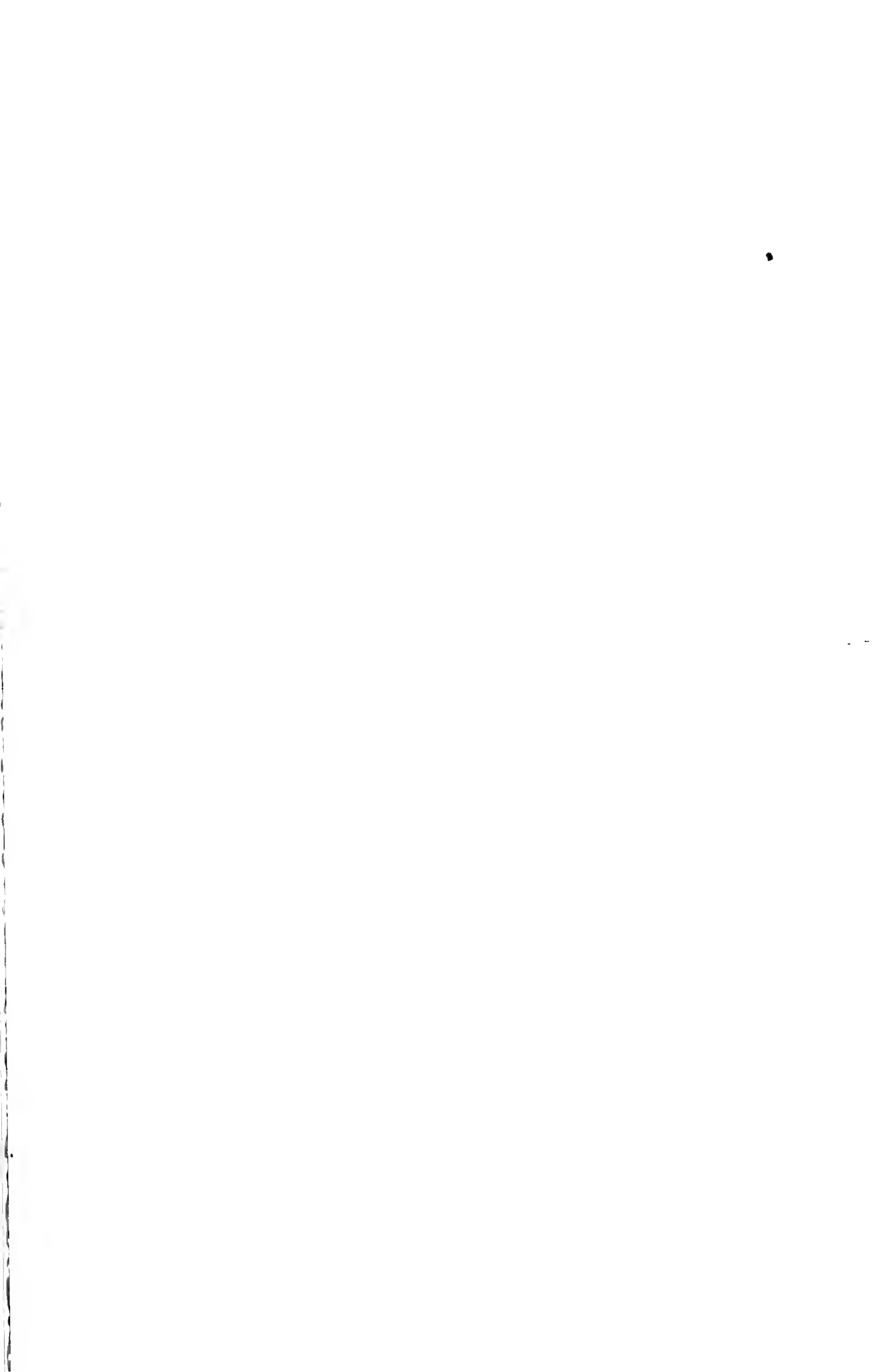

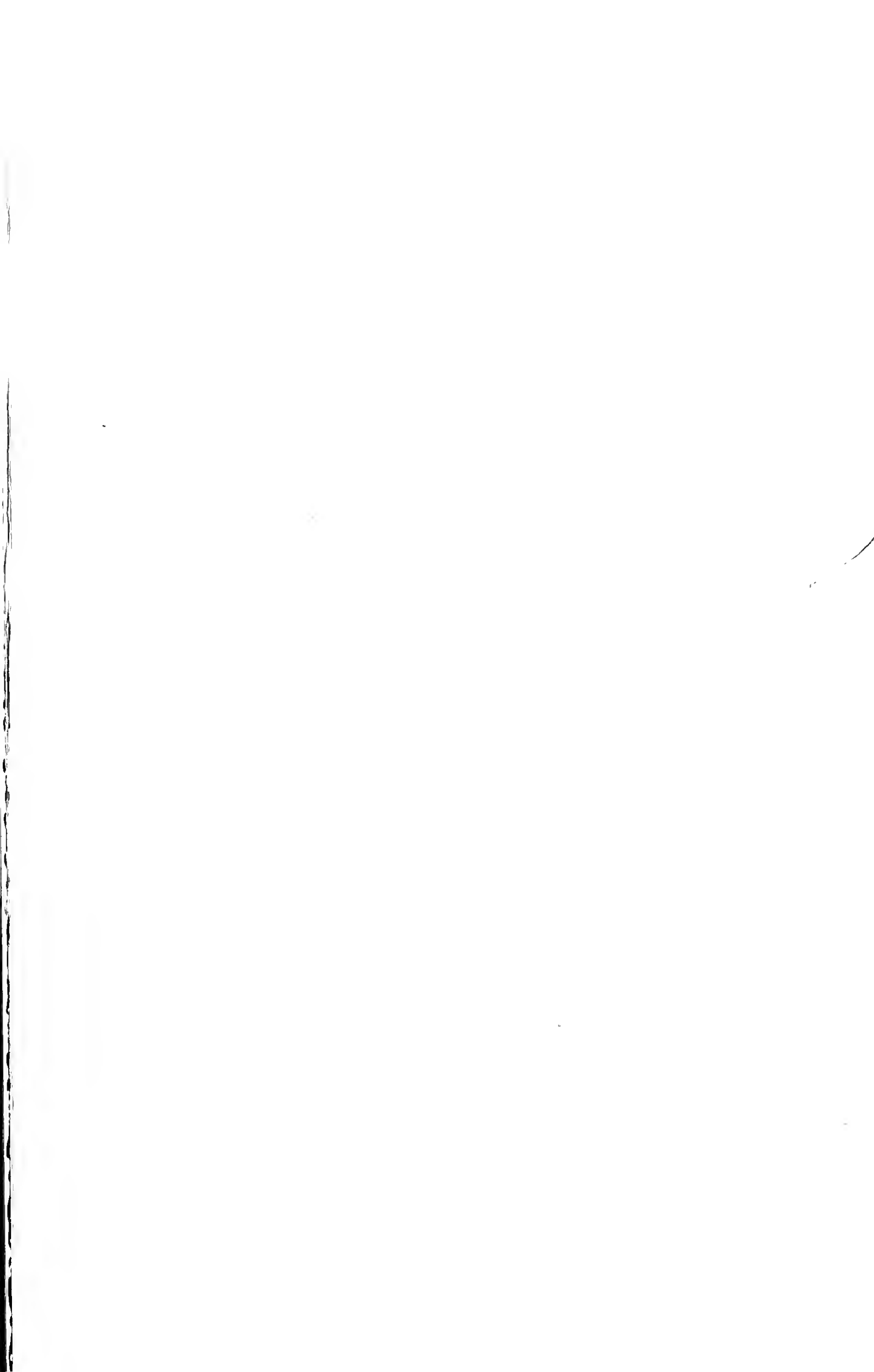

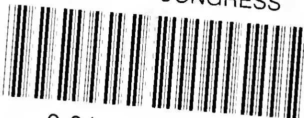
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